

# SPAWN



image®

90

DIGITAL  
EDITION

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Capullo

MCFARLANE  
DAN:





ELMHURST,  
ILLINOIS.

SHUT  
UP! JUST  
SHUT UP  
AND  
LET ME  
THINK!

WE  
DON'T NEED  
TO THINK. WE  
NEED TO GET OUR  
ASSES OUTTA  
HERE.



THIS  
IS  
BAD,  
MAN.



WE NEED  
A PLAN. LET  
ME FIGURE  
THIS OUT.



WE DON'T  
NEED A PLAN.  
NO ONE KNOWS  
WE'RE HERE.  
NO ONE SAW  
US.



WE DON'T  
KNOW THAT. AND  
THAT'S *MY* CAR OUT-  
SIDE. IT'S *MY* PLATES  
THEY'RE GONNA RUN  
IF SOMEONE SEES  
US. OKAY?



I SWEAR  
TO GOD, I'M  
NOT GONNA  
TAKE A  
FALL...



...I'M  
NOT GOING  
TO BE NO  
OSWALD.

YOU  
SOUND  
LIKE A LITTLE  
GIRL, YOU  
KNOW THAT?  
TRY BEING A  
MAN ABOUT  
ALL THIS.

WHO'S  
OSWALD?



NO ONE.  
NO ONE IS  
OSWALD.  
JUST STAY  
CALM AND  
EVERYTHING'S  
COOL. I  
GUARANTEE  
IT.



YEAH?  
HOW DO  
YOU KNOW?  
YOU EVER  
DONE THIS  
BEFORE?



SCREW YOU.

SCREW  
YOU, TOO.

THIS  
IS BAD,  
GUYS...





THIS  
IS  
REAL  
BAD...



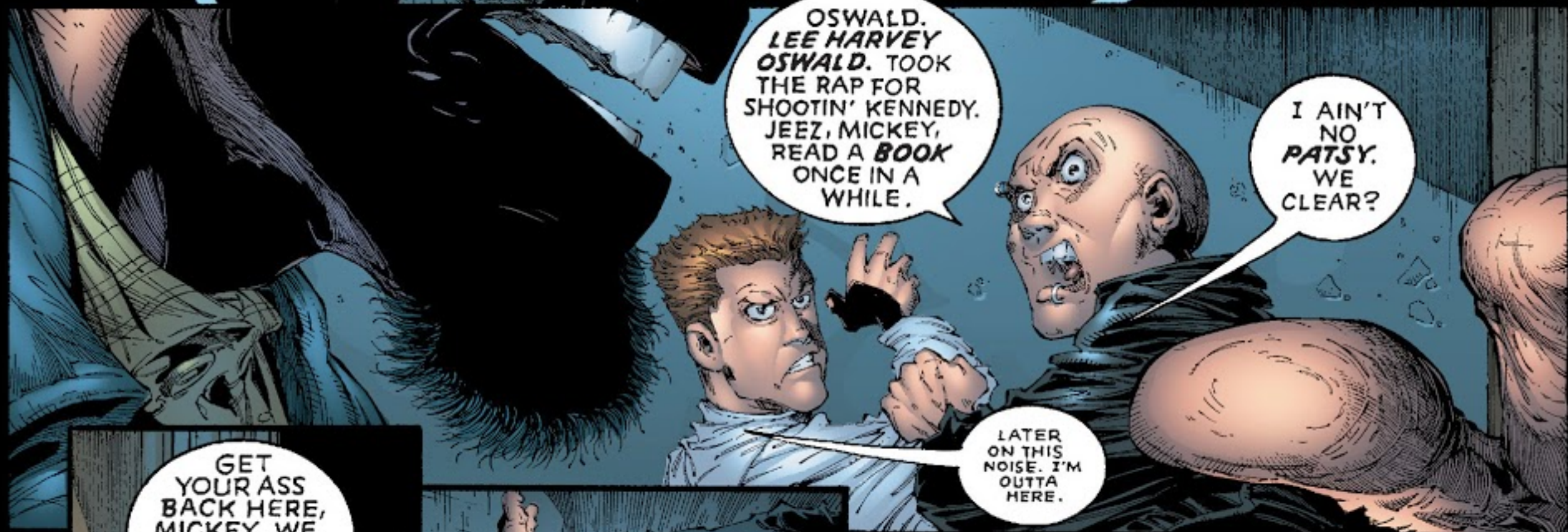


OKAY... WE'RE ALL A LITTLE FREAKED OUT. LET'S JUST TAKE A... TAKE A BREATHER HERE.

AIN'T YOUR FREAKIN' OSWALD, NERO...

NO ONE'S CALLIN' YOU "OSWALD," DANNY.

COULD SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME WHO THE HELL "OSWALD" IS?



OSWALD. LEE HARVEY OSWALD. TOOK THE RAP FOR SHOOTIN' KENNEDY. JEEZ, MICKEY, READ A *BOOK* ONCE IN A WHILE.

I AIN'T NO *PATSY*. WE CLEAR?

LATER ON THIS NOISE. I'M OUTTA HERE.



GET YOUR ASS BACK HERE, MICKEY. WE GOTTA GET OUR STORY STRAIGHT.



DAMN IT. SOMEONE LOCKED THE DOOR.

*UGHN!*



WHAT "STORY?" HUH? YOU PLAN ON TELLING ANYONE ABOUT THIS?

THERE *IS* NO LOCK ON THE DOOR, Mac-GUYVER. MOVE ASIDE.



WHAT THE HELL? FRAME MUSTA SWELLED UP FROM THE WEATHER OR SOMETHING. SUCKER'S REALLY STUCK THOUGH.

*GODDAMNIT!!*

COULD YOU MAKE A LITTLE MORE NOISE? I DON'T THINK THE COPS AT THE DONUT SHOP CAN HEAR US.



GUYS...

GIMME A SEC. I THINK I GOT IT.

GUYS...

WHA--?





JESUS  
CHRIST! WHO  
THE *EFF* IS  
*THAT?!*

YOU ALL  
HAVE SOME  
EXPLAINING  
TO DO.





WHO IS THIS FREAK? WHERE'D HE COME FROM?

HOW THE HELL DO I KNOW?

SHUT UP. EVERYONE SHUT UP. NO ONE SAYS ANYTHING.

SIT DOWN.

GO TO HELL!

NOW!

S'COOL.

NO PROBLEMS.

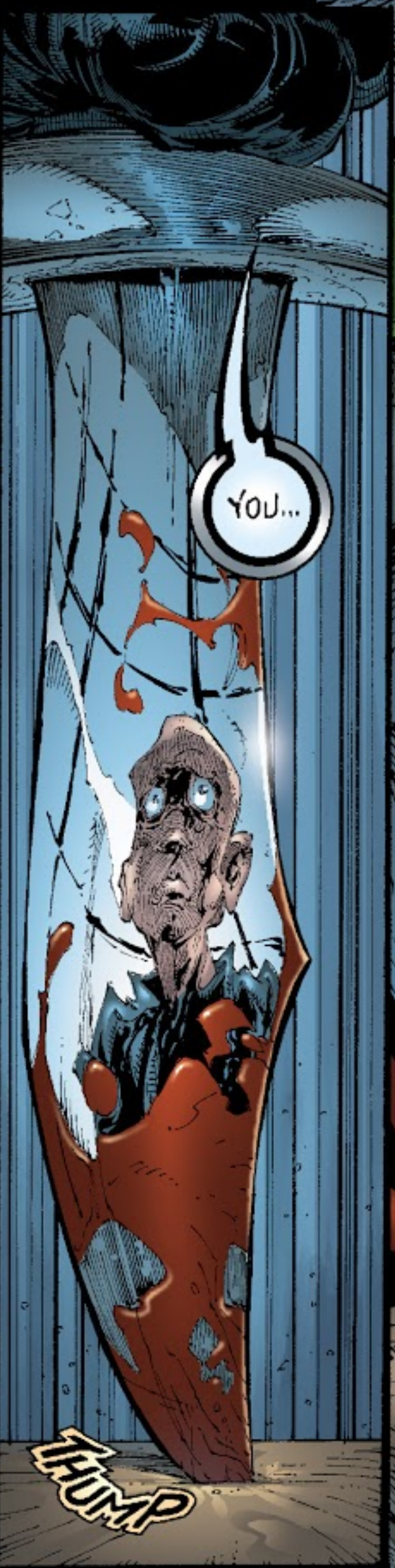
YES, SIR.





LOOK,  
MAN... I...uh...  
I KNOW  
WHAT IT LOOKS  
LIKE, OKAY?  
I MEAN I'M  
NOT STUPID.  
IT LOOKS BAD,  
I KNOW...

BUT  
THERE'S...  
LIKE... AN  
EXPLANATION.  
HONEST. NOW,  
I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU  
SAW, BUT...



YOU...

THUMP



TELL  
ME...

TELL  
ME THE  
TRUTH.



YEAH.  
YEAH. NO  
PROBLEM.  
LIKE I SAID,  
THERE'S AN  
HONEST  
EXPLANA-  
TION...



SO... um... ME AND MICKEY MET UP WITH DAN AT THIS COFFEE PLACE BY THE COLLEGE, RIGHT? JUST KICKIN' IT, S'ALL. DAN BOY SAYS HE'S HOLDING SOME TOKE, SO WHAT THE HELL, RIGHT?



I REMEMBER WE STOPPED AT THE SWIFT-T-MART FOR SOME BEERS. YOU KNOW, MAKE A NIGHT OF IT. THEN WE PILED IN DAN'S CAR AND HEADED OUT PAST PINECREST.



THE HOUSE HAD BEEN EMPTY FOR, GOD, I DON'T KNOW. KIDS COME HERE TO KICK BACK, GET STONED, NO BIG THING. WE HOP THE FENCES AND FIGURE EVERYTHING'S COOL.



BUT WE GET TO THE DOOR AND IT ALL GOES BAD. THERE'S THESE **BLACK DUDES**. I DON'T KNOW, FOUR, FIVE, MAYBE MORE. NEVER SEEN 'EM BEFORE.



AT FIRST WE FIGURE THEY'RE JUST SMOKIN' UP OR SOMETHING. BUT THEN WE SAW **HER**. JUST LAYING ON THE GROUND, NOT MOVING. AND THEN **THEY** SAW **US...**





THINGS WENT  
DOWNHILL  
PRETTY FAST  
FROM  
THERE...



WHAT'CHOO LOOKIN'  
AT, WHITE BOY?

YOU BE  
MINDIN'  
YOUR OWN  
MIND, YOU  
KNOW  
WHAT'S  
GOOD  
FOR  
YOU.

AT THIS POINT, TO TELL THE  
TRUTH, THINGS GOT KIND OF  
BLURRY. I MEAN, I KNOW  
SOME WORDS WERE SAID...



YOU'RE IN  
THE WRONG PART  
OF TOWN, DARK MEAT. THIS  
HERE'S A DESIGNATED "NO  
*PIMP*" ZONE. SO WHAT  
THE HELL YOU DOIN'  
IN *MY* HOUSE?

NERO,  
TAKE IT  
EASY.

SO SOUL BROTHER NUMBER  
ONE, HE TAKES A SWING AT ME.  
SOME CHICKENSHIT SUCKER  
PUNCH. CLOCKED ME IN THE  
JAW PRETTY GOOD.



OOF!

EFF YOU, YA  
*BITCH*! GO HOME  
AND KISS YOUR  
MOTHER.

SO NOW, I'LL BE HONEST. I'M  
REALLY PISSED. I'M READY TO  
MIX IT UP. BUT BEFORE I CAN  
GET BACK ON MY FEET, THE  
SONS O' BITCHES SPLIT.



LEAVE  
IT. LET'S  
SCRAMBLE.

AN' THEY JUST LEAVE THE CHICK  
LYING ON THE FLOOR AND HEAD  
OUT THE BACK. I WANTED TO  
GO AFTER 'EM, BUT THE GUYS  
STOPPED ME.



NOW AT THIS POINT, WE DON'T KNOW  
WHAT'S GOING ON WITH THIS... THIS  
ASIAN BROAD. IS SHE SICK? IS SHE  
STONED? PASSED OUT? TAKE A LOOK  
AND, JESUS CHRIST, LITTLE BITCH  
WAS DEAD.



THAT'S HOW WE  
FOUND HER. CAN'T  
BLAME US FOR BEING  
A LITTLE FREAKED.





THAT'S THE TRUTH, MAN. I SWEAR. DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT. I TOLD YOU WHAT HAPPENED.

YOU WANT TO NAIL SOMEBODY, GO AFTER THEM.

I FIGURE MAYBE IT WAS A GANG THING. INITIATION, LIKE. OR MAYBE SOME VENDETTA. PIMP POSSE 'GAINST THE HONG KONG TRIADS. SENDING A MESSAGE.

OR MAYBE THEY WERE JUST HIGH ON CRACK AND WANTED A LITTLE FUN. I DON'T KNOW. IT'S NOT LIKE THEY *NEED* A REASON, RIGHT?

YOU KNOW HOW THEM JIGABOOS ARE. EFFIN' *SAVAGES*, ALL OF THEM. KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

I MEAN THEY'RE PROBABLY LONG GONE, BUT MAYBE THEY LEFT SOME TRACKS OR SOMETHING. AND WHO KNOWS WHY THEY DID IT. I MEAN, WHO CAN TELL WITH THESE PEOPLE?



MMMMMMN.





YOU.  
LOOK  
AT  
ME.

WHAT  
**ARE**  
YOU,  
MAN?

I  
MEAN...  
ARE YOU...  
YOU  
KNOW?

ARE YOU  
WHAT I  
**THINK**  
YOU ARE?



TELL  
ME THE  
**TRUTH.**

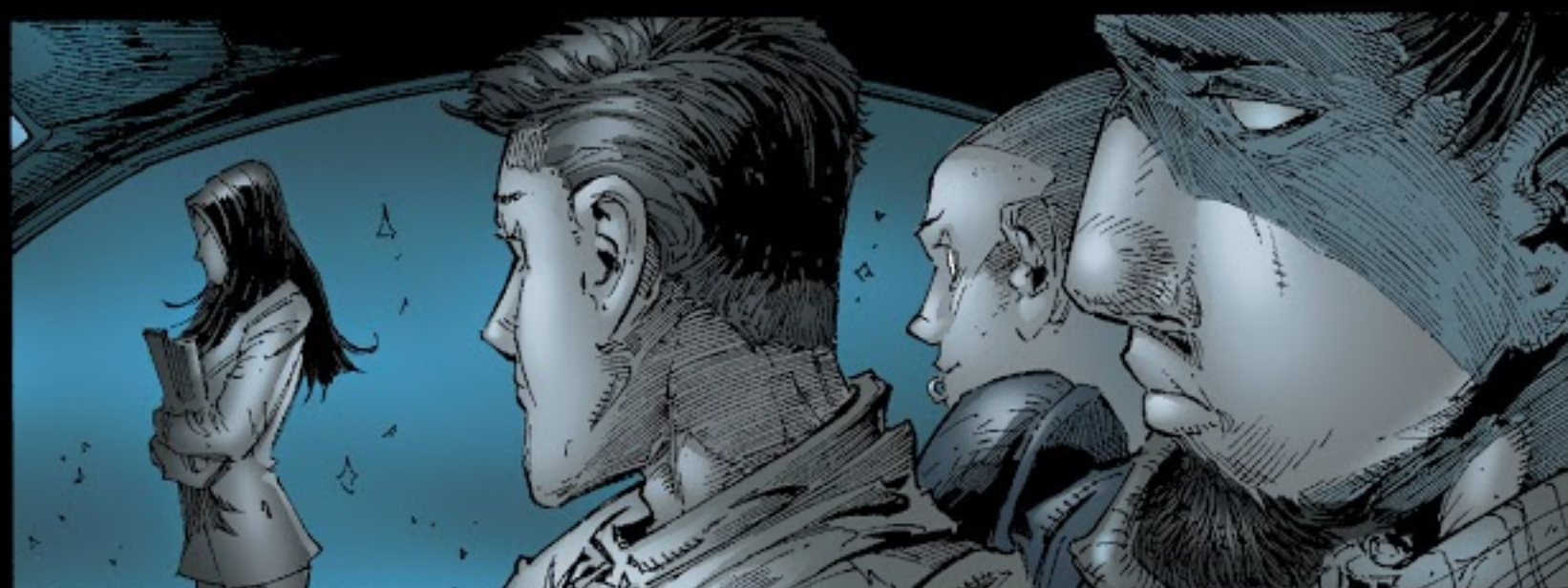
OKAY.  
BUT IT  
WASN'T  
ME, MAN.  
I DIDN'T DO  
IT. I SWEAR.  
I JUST  
**HELD**  
HER...



WE WERE TOOLING 'ROUND NEAR THE COLLEGE IN DEAN'S CAR. I WAS DRIVING. ME AND NERO, WE'RE TOWNIES. DAN GOES TO THE SCHOOL THERE. MET HIM THROUGH THIS, LIKE, CLUB. THIS **ORGANIZATION**...



'WHILE LATER, DAN SEES THIS CHICK WALKING ALONE. KNOWS HER FROM ONE OF HIS CLASSES. SHE'S CHINESE OR JAPANESE OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT. WE PULL UP ALONGSIDE HER.



DAN TELLS US SHE CAN BARELY SPEAK ENGLISH. BUT SHE'S IN COLLEGE ANYWAY. ME AND NERO GOTTA BUST OUR BALLS MAKING MINIMUM WAGE. BUT SHE'S IN COLLEGE.



THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG WITH AMERICA. WHITE MAN'S THE NEW MINORITY. SLAVES HAD IT BETTER THAN US. THAT'S A FACT.



IT TOOK SOME CONVINCING, BUT SHE GOT IN. WE PLAYED REAL NICE AT FIRST. IT WAS DAN'S IDEA TO BRING HER OUT HERE TO THE HOUSE. WE MEET HERE SOMETIMES. TALK POLITICS. HANG OUT.



SHE GOT PRETTY SCARED. BUT DAN'S THERE AND HE'S PUTTING ON THE CHARM, TELLING HER EVERYTHING'S COOL. ME AND NERO, WE'RE JUST TRYIN' NOT TO LAUGH.





ONCE WE'RE INSIDE, WE LET HER HAVE IT. CALLING HER YELLOW TRASH. TELLING HER HOW IT'S PEOPLE LIKE HER THAT'S RUINING THIS COUNTRY.



HOW THEY COME OVER HERE AND DON'T LEARN THE LANGUAGE. HOW THEY THINK THEY'RE BETTER THAN US. WRECK OUR ECONOMY. TAKE OUR JOBS. TAKE FOOD FROM OUR TABLE.

Oh, ME SO HOR-NEE. ME RUV YOU RONG TIME!



DAN SAYS WE'RE GONNA TEACH HER A LESSON. PAYBACK FOR PEARL HARBOR AND KAWASAKIS AND NINTENDO. TEACH HER TO RESPECT HER BETTERS.



SHE FREAKS. STARTS SHOUTING. REALLY LOUD. MAN, I THOUGHT SHE WAS GONNA WAKE THE DEAD.

NO! AIIIEEEEE!



THE THREE OF US GRAB HER, MANAGE TO GET HER TO SHUT UP. SHE'S REALLY CRYING NOW. I REMEMBER THINKING IT WAS PRETTY FUNNY.



BUT DANNY, MAN, HE WAS SERIOUS AS A HEART ATTACK.

YOU SCREAM, YOU DIE, YOU SLANT-EYE BITCH. I THINK YOU UNDERSTAND THAT PRETTY GOOD, huh?







I GUESS WE FIGURED, WHAT THE HELL. WHAT WAS SHE GOING TO DO? IT WOULD BE OUR WORD AGAINST HERS. BESIDES, WE PROBABLY ALL LOOK THE SAME TO HER ANYWAY.



IT HAPPENED PRETTY FAST. KINDA GOT CAUGHT UP IN THE MOMENT. AT SOME POINT YOU GOT TO STAND UP FOR YOURSELF, TAKE PRIDE IN YOUR RACE. THAT'S WHAT WE TOLD OURSELVES WE WERE DOING.



SHE WAS A LITTLE THING, BUT MAN SHE WAS STRONG. STRUGGLED REALLY HARD THERE FOR A WHILE. BELTED NERO IN THE JAW AT ONE POINT AND ALMOST GOT AWAY FROM US.



THAT'S WHEN DAN PULLED OUT THE KNIFE. MADE IT REAL CLEAR WE WERE DONE PLAYING GAMES.



I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOT INTO HER. IF SHE HAD JUST KEPT STILL, IT WOULD'VE BEEN OVER SOON ENOUGH. WE WERE JUST TRYING TO SCARE HER. SHOW HER WHO'S STILL BOSS IN THIS COUNTRY.

SHE SAID SOME WORD I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND AND SPIT RIGHT IN DANNY'S FACE.



MAN, SHE REALLY SHOULDN'T'VE DONE THAT.





I DIDN'T  
KILL HER MAN.  
I SWEAR. I JUST  
HELD HER DOWN.  
THAT'S ALL. DANNY,  
HE WAS THE  
ONE WITH THE  
KNIFE.

I  
JUST  
HELD  
HER.



I MEAN,  
YOU CAN  
CHECK IT OUT.  
KNIFE'S GOTTA  
HAVE HIS  
**PRINTS**  
ON IT.

WHAT?



YOU  
**SONUVABITCH!**  
I KNEW YOU  
WERE GONNA TRY  
AND PIN THIS ON  
ME! YOU  
**BASTARDS!**



SILENCE.





LOOK  
MAN, THEY'RE  
TRYING TO SET  
ME UP. THAT WAS  
THEIR WHOLE  
PLAN. THEY'RE  
TRYING TO MAKE  
ME OUT TO BE  
A *PATSY*.

Now  
you...

TELL.

ME.

THE.

TRUTH.



THUMP



OKAY.  
YOU WANNA  
KNOW THE  
TRUTH, YOU  
GOT IT. I'LL BE  
GLAD TO  
TELL YOU.



YEAH, MY FINGERPRINTS ARE ON THE KNIFE. AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY. I BARELY KNOW THESE LOSERS. I'M A SOPHOMORE OVER AT THE COLLEGE. THINGS CAN BE A LITTLE TIGHT WHEN YOU'RE A STUDENT.



SO I DEAL A LITTLE ON THE SIDE. TO MAKE ENDS MEET. NOTHING SERIOUS, NOTHING TOO HEAVY. JUST SHIFT A LITTLE FREIGHT NOW AND THEN TO FRIENDS AND SELECT CLIENTELE.

I KEEP MY NOSE CLEAN. I'M A POLI-SCI. PLANNING TO RUN FOR SENATE SOMEDAY.



I'M IN MY ROOM, STUDYING. I GET BEEPED. I RETURN THE CALL. IT'S MICKEY AND NERO. WE'VE DONE BUSINESS BEFORE, BUT WE'RE NOT EXACTLY BEST FRIENDS, RIGHT?



THEY ASK ME IF I'M HOLDING. I SAY YEAH. THEY SAY THEY'RE INTERESTED AND WANT ME TO BRING IT TO THEM AT SOME OLD ABANDONED HOUSE. I SAY COME AND GET IT YOURSELF. THIS AIN'T DOMINO'S.



BUT THEY OFFER ME AN EXTRA HUNDRED FOR DOOR-TO-DOOR SERVICE. SO I SAY FINE. I CAN USE THE MONEY. I MEAN, DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT TEXT BOOKS COST? IT'S A SCANDAL.



I FIND THE HOUSE OKAY AND PARK MY CAR. I TAKE A QUICK LOOK AROUND TO MAKE SURE THERE'S NO COPS OR ANYTHING. I MEAN, LIKE I SAID, I DON'T REALLY KNOW THESE GUYS TOO WELL.







I GET TO THE DOOR AND EVERYTHING'S CASUAL, EVERYTHING'S FRIENDLY. THEY ASK ME INSIDE AND WE'RE ABOUT TO GET DOWN TO BUSINESS, I FIGURE. BUT I WAS WRONG.



NERO HANDS ME SOMETHING AND I TAKE IT WITHOUT THINKING, JUST BY REFLEX. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS. IT'S DARK IN THERE.



BUT THEN I SEE IT. IT'S A KNIFE. A BIG GOD-DAMN KNIFE WITH BLOOD ALL OVER IT.



I DON'T HAVE THE FIRST CLUE WHAT TO THINK OF ALL THIS. I MEAN, IS THIS A JOKE? SOME KIND OF WEIRD-ASS PRANK?



I MEAN IT WAS REAL BLOOD. I THOUGHT FOR A MINUTE MAYBE THEY WERE PART OF A CULT, MUTILATING ANIMALS OR SOMETHING. THEY TOOK ME IN THE OTHER ROOM.



AND THAT'S WHEN I SAW *HER*.





THEN THEY START LAUGHING, LIKE IT'S ALL A BIG JOKE. THERE'S THIS *DEAD GIRL* LYING ON THE GROUND AND THEY'RE LAUGHING!

AND THEN THEY SAY, "HEY SMART BOY, TIME TO START THINKING. YOU BETTER COME UP WITH A WAY OUT OF THIS MESS."



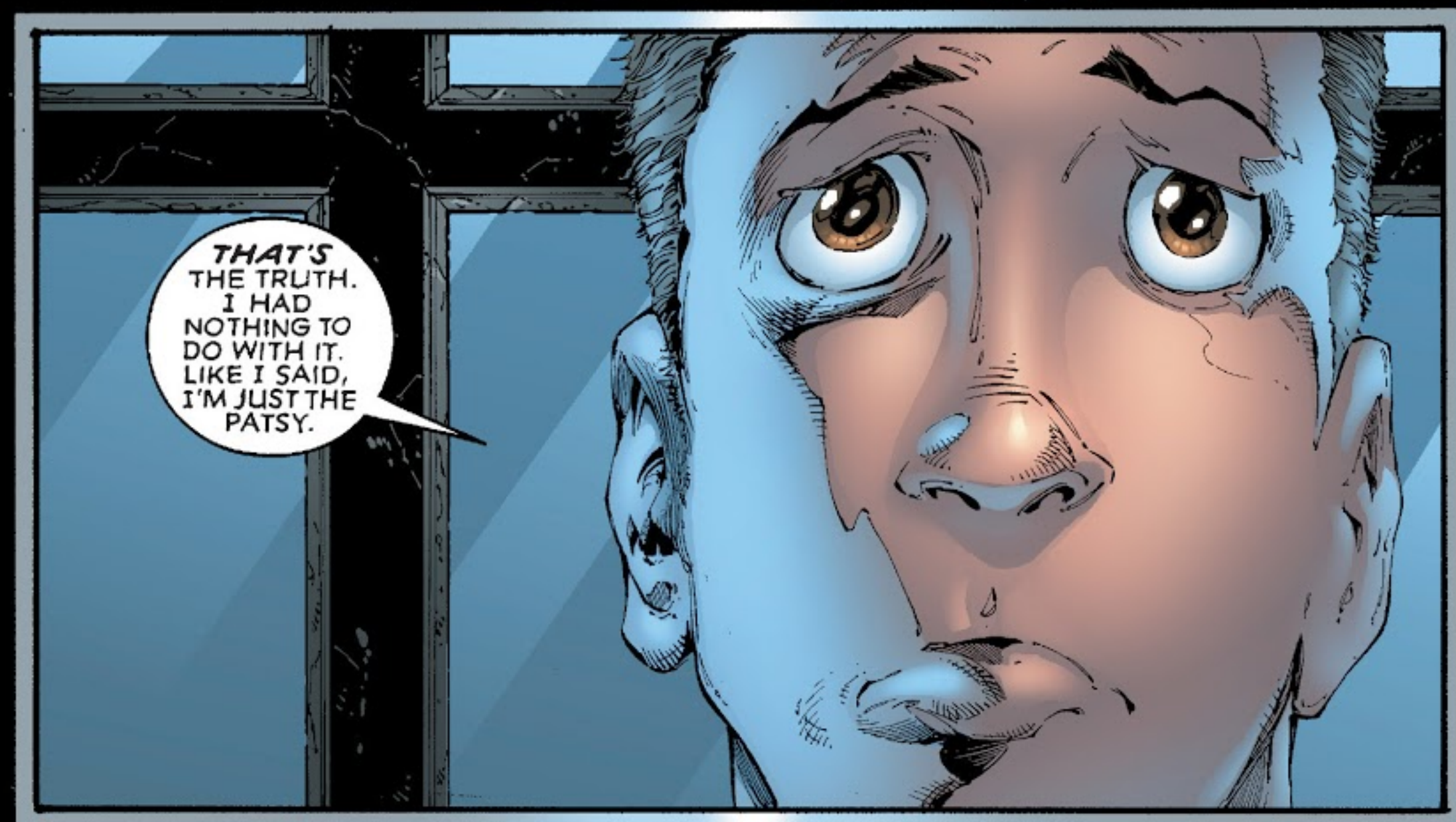
THEY KNEW MY DAD WAS A LAWYER. SAID HE WOULD HAVE TO GET US *ALL* OFF THE HOOK OR I WOULD TAKE THE FALL.



THEY GOT MY FINGERPRINTS ON THE KNIFE. SAID THEY WOULD BOTH TESTIFY THAT IT WAS *ME* WHO KILLED HER.

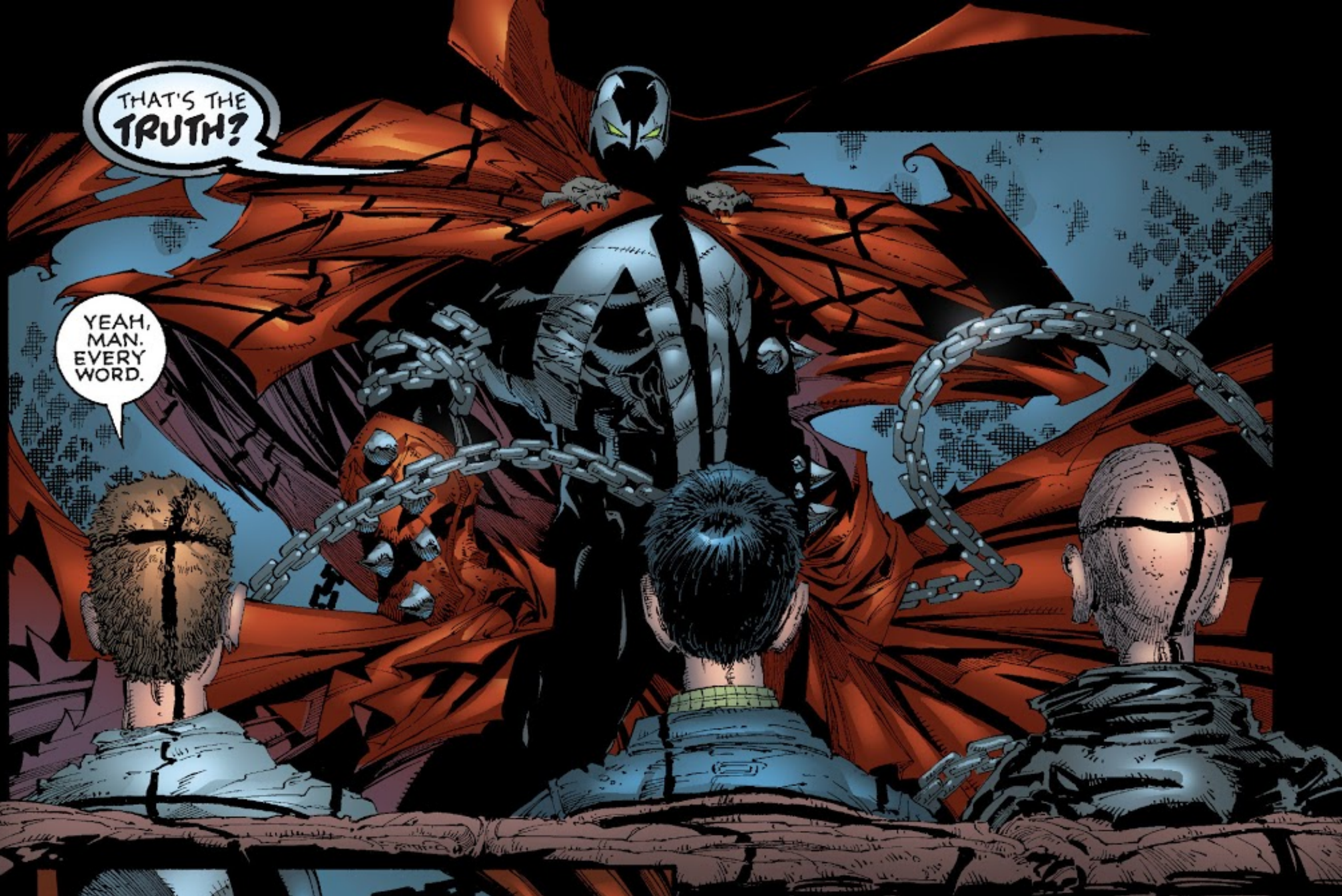
IT'S FREAKIN' RIDICULOUS. I MEAN, LOOK AT THESE GUYS. AND LOOK AT ME.

DO YOU REALLY THINK I'D THROW AWAY MY FUTURE, HANGING AROUND WITH A COUPLE OF RACIST DIRT-BAGS LIKE THEM? NO WAY!



*THAT'S* THE TRUTH. I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT. LIKE I SAID, I'M JUST THE PATSY.





THAT'S THE  
TRUTH?

YEAH,  
MAN.  
EVERY  
WORD.

DO YOU  
SWEAR  
IT?

HELL,  
YEAH! I  
SWEAR ON MY  
LIFE. IT WAS  
THOSE SICK  
MOTHERS. THEY'RE  
GUILTY AS SIN.  
THEY DESERVE  
WHATEVER'S  
COMING TO  
THEM.



VERY  
WELL.

Huh?



LET  
JUSTICE  
BE DONE.





YOU SWORE THAT THEY TOOK A LIFE. YOU SAID THAT THEY DESERVE WHATEVER COMES TO THEM. SO YOU SHALL CARRY OUT THE SENTENCE.

DON'T, DANNY. PUT IT DOWN.

THIS IS NUTS, MAN.

HAHAHAH!

NO! AAH!

HOLY CRAP!

THIS IS WHAT YOU GET, YOU BASTARDS. YOU SHOULD'VE THOUGHT TWICE BEFORE MESSING WITH ME.

I WARNED YOU I WOULDN'T TAKE THE FALL FOR THIS!

STOP IT, DANNY. IT'S US!

NO WAY.

PLEASE... NO...

YOU'VE GOT NO ONE TO BLAME BUT YOURSELVES.



ENOUGH.

YOU'RE  
PRETTY  
HANDY  
WITH  
THAT  
KNIFE...

WHAT?  
YEAH, I  
GUESS...

DAN?  
HOW  
COULD  
YOU,  
MAN...

JUSTICE.

YEAH. YOU  
GOT WHAT YOU  
DESERVE, YOU  
SICK FREAKS.  
SOMEONE HAS  
TO PAY FOR  
ALL THIS...

THIS  
AIN'T  
RIGHT. IT  
WASN'T  
US...

HE'S  
LYING...

IT WAS  
**HIM**. WE  
JUST HELD  
HER...

I  
SWEAR...

I  
KNOW.

THAT'S  
WHY YOU  
GOT OFF  
EASY.

Huh?

AS FOR  
YOUR  
FRIEND...



HE'S  
COMING  
WITH  
ME!!





# SPAWN

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Chaula  
McFARLANE  
JG



91  
DIGITAL  
EDITION



SANTA  
MONICA,  
CALIFORNIA.

OVER THE  
SCREAM OF  
SIRENS, I CAN  
HEAR WAVES  
CRASHING ON  
THE BEACH.

THE MURMURING OF  
THE CROWD. THE  
SCREECH OF TIRES.

JEEZ,  
WHAT A  
MESS.

KNEW  
SOMETHING  
LIKE THIS  
WOULD HAPPEN.  
SHOULDA TORN  
THAT PLACE  
DOWN YEARS  
AGO.

MY FACE BURNS  
BUT MY HANDS  
ARE FREEZING.  
I CAN'T FEEL  
ANYTHING AT  
ALL BELOW MY  
WAIST.

I CAN'T TURN MY  
HEAD AND I'M  
AFRAID IF I CLOSE  
MY EYES, THEY'LL  
NEVER OPEN AGAIN.

SO I JUST  
STARE UP  
AT HIM.

AND HE STARES BACK.



I WONDER IF HE'S *LAUGHING*.

ALL  
RIGHT,  
EVERYONE  
MOVE BACK.  
NOTHING  
TO SEE  
HERE.





TWO DAYS  
EARLIER...

IT'S A  
CAT.

I CAN SEE  
IT'S A GODDAMN  
CAT, OFFICER. THE  
QUESTION IS, WHAT  
KIND OF SICK  
INDIVIDUAL WOULD  
LEAVE IT ON THE  
CHURCH STEPS?  
LOOK AT IT!  
IT'S BEEN  
MUTILATED.

WHAT ARE  
YOU GOING  
TO DO ABOUT  
IT? I HAVE  
MORNING  
SERVICES  
IN 20  
MINUTES.

SOMEONE  
GUTTED IT,  
FILLED ITS  
BELLY WITH ROCKS  
OR SOMETHING.  
COULD BE A CULT  
THING. PROBABLY  
JUST KIDS,  
THOUGH.

I'LL CALL  
ANIMAL  
SERVICES.

LOOK AT  
'EM, DIZ.  
FREAKIN'  
SHEEP. DOESN'T  
TAKE MUCH TO  
SPOOK THEM,  
DOES IT?

SHEEP.  
YEAH.

THIS WORLD  
IS A VALE OF  
LIES, A  
HAVEN FOR  
HYPOCRITES  
AND  
COWARDS...





ALL CLINGING PATHETICALLY TO ANTIQUE NOTIONS OF "RIGHT" AND "WRONG." THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS SOCIETY. NO SUCH THINGS AS RULES.

CIVILIZATION DIED A LONG TIME AGO. WE'RE JUST MAGGOTS CRAWLING OVER THE FESTERING CORPSE.

SAY WE GRAB SOME BREAKFAST, DIZ?

YEAH. BREAKFAST.



HEY, SINBAD. YOU OWE ME A FREE CUP OF COFFEE. THAT ONE I GOT YESTERDAY TASTED LIKE SOUR CAT PISS.



NO. COFFEE FRESH. ALWAYS FRESH.

CALLING ME A LIAR?



HEY, LOOK AT ME WHEN I'M ARGUING WITH YOU...



YOU ALWAYS ARGUE. NO COME BACK.

BITE ME. I DO WHAT I WANT.



WITHOUT SOCIETY THERE IS ONLY THE INDIVIDUAL. THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE *TRIBE*.

AND THE WHOLE OF THE LAW SHALL BE "DO WHAT THOU WILT."



THE SUIT-AND-TIE SLAVES LOOK AT US WITH AMUSED PITY. THEY DON'T REALIZE WE ARE THE *TIGERS* IN A WORLD OF *LAMBS*.

GUILT. COMPASSION. SENTIMENT. THEY ARE SIGNS OF SPIRITUAL DECADENCE. WEAKNESSES TO BE EXPLOITED.



HEY YOU! GIMME SOME MONEY!



YES. OF COURSE.





BUT EVEN THE TRIBE CAN BE VULNERABLE...

RENEE! HEY GIRLFRIEND!

HEY, SHONA. WELL, I FINALLY DID IT.



PUT AT RISK...

YOU DID? COOL.

YEAH. MY MOM'S PROBABLY FREAKING RIGHT NOW, BUT WHATEVER. SO I NEED A PLACE TO CRASH.



IT'S ONLY AS STRONG AS ITS WEAKEST MEMBER.

THERE'S A ROOM AT THE SQUAT SINCE RICKY LEFT, BUT YOU GOTTA TALK TO MARK. HE'S THE GATE-KEEPER.

I CLOCKED HER FOR WHAT SHE WAS RIGHT AWAY. ANOTHER DISILLUSIONED LITTLE PRINCESS FROM THE PALISADES.

MARK, THIS IS RENEE. SHE NEEDS A PLACE. SHE'S COOL.

I DON'T KNOW HER.



WELL, I KNOW SHONA. AND I KNOW RICKY. HE USED TO CRASH AT BECKER STREET, RIGHT?

RICKY? THAT LITTLE FAGGY KID? HE'S LONG GONE. FOUND HIMSELF A SUGARDADDY, I'M GUESSIN'.



TELL YOU WHAT. NEXT YUPPIE CLOWN WHO WALKS BY WITH A CELL PHONE. I WANT YOU TO KILL HIM, OKAY? THEN I'LL KNOW YOU'RE COOL.



GET BENT.

C'MON. HERE'S YOUR CHANCE.



HERE YOU GO, BUDDY.



GEE, HON. LOOKS LIKE YOU STRUCK OUT.

SPOILED WHITE KIDS WHO ARE HANDED EVERYTHING THEIR WHOLE LIVES ARE ALWAYS THE MOST UNHAPPY. THAT SHOULD TELL YOU SOMETHING.









JEEZUS!

YOU MOVED.



Heh Heh.

YOU FRIGGIN' BASTARD



GO ON! GET OUTTA HERE, PRINCESS. GO BACK TO THE MALIBU DREAMHOUSE AND WASTE YOUR LIFE AWAY ON DIET PILLS AND FAMILY THERAPY.

KISS MY ASS, LOSER!



HEY! SCREW YOU!



I WANT YOU TO REMEMBER SOMETHING. YOU FAILED BECAUSE YOU ARE **WEAK**. THE STRONG PREY ON THE WEAK. IT IS THE OLDEST LAW IN CREATION. IT IS THE ONLY SACRED TRUTH LEFT IN THIS WORLD.

THIS WORLD IS A WILL TO POWER, AND NOTHING ELSE!



MANHATTAN.

LOOK, I PAID  
FOR THOSE  
TICKETS A MONTH  
AGO. THIS IS  
RIDICULOUS!

COULD  
YOU SPELL  
YOUR NAME  
AGAIN,  
MA'AM?

W-I-T-H-E-R-S-P-O-O-N.  
WITHERSPOON! I DON'T  
BELIEVE THIS.

SIMMMONZZ....

WE KNOW  
YOU ARE  
OUT THERE,  
SIMMONZZZ.

WHAT  
DO YOU  
WANT?

"THIS WORLD  
AND ITS SHADOWS  
BELONG TO ME." ISN'T  
THAT WHAT YOU SAID,  
SIMMONNNZ?





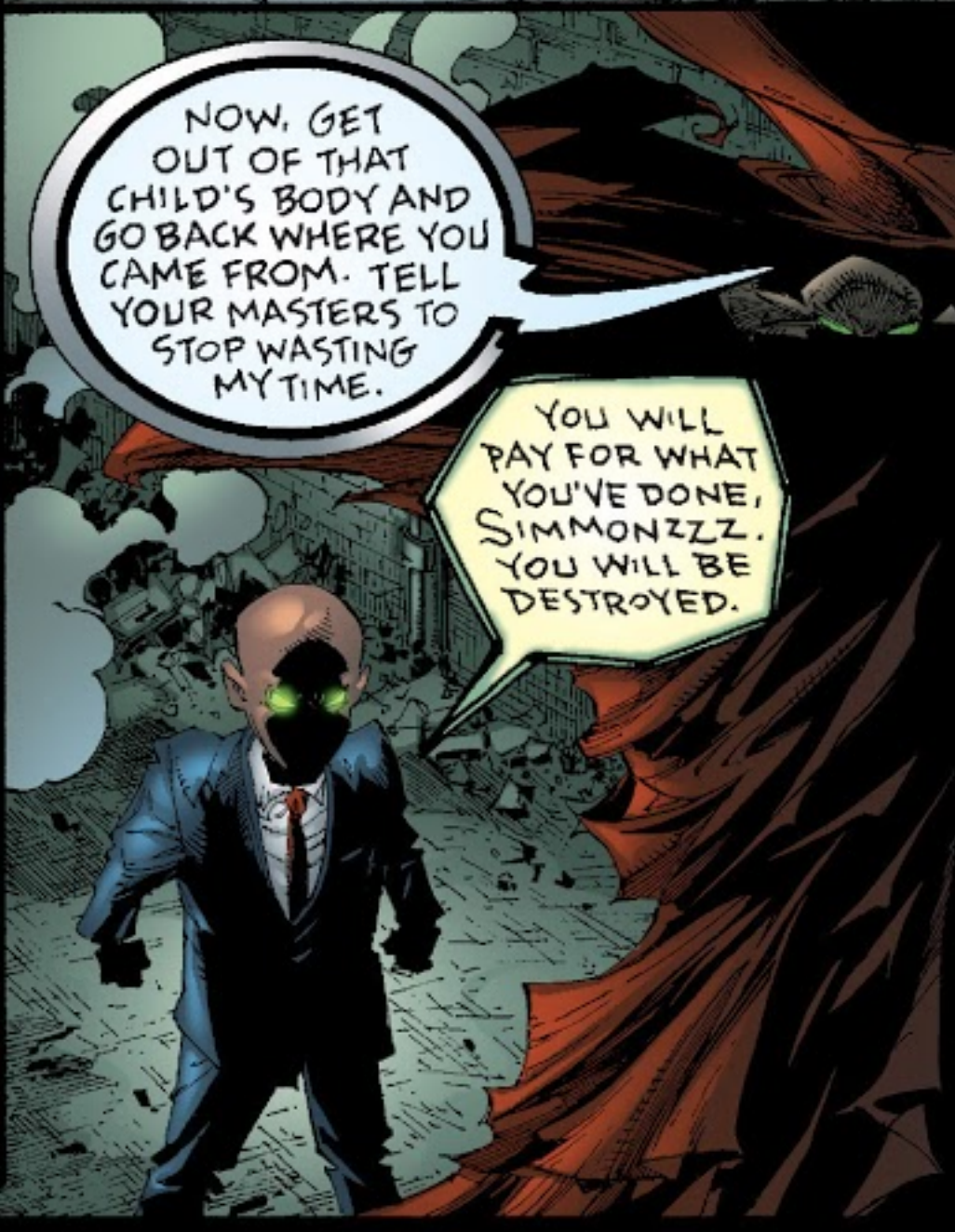
BUT EVEN THE SHADOWS HAVE EYES. THE DARKNESS EARS TO HEAR AND VOICE TO WHISPER.

YOU HAVE BEEN VERY BUSY, SIMMMMONZ. DON'T THINK WE HAVEN'T NOTICED.

NOR HAVE WE FORGOTTEN THE INJURIES YOU HAVE DONE US, SIMMONZZZ. THERE WILL BE A RECKONING. IN THE END, YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO HIDE FROM USSZZ...



I'M NOT HIDING.



NOW, GET OUT OF THAT CHILD'S BODY AND GO BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM. TELL YOUR MASTERS TO STOP WASTING MY TIME.

YOU WILL PAY FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE, SIMMONZZZ. YOU WILL BE DESTROYED.



AND STOP CALLING ME "SIMMONS."



RONNIE! RONNIE!



BABY, WHERE'D YOU GO? YOU SCARED ME.

NOWHERE, MAMA. I WAS JUST LOOKING AT THE POSTERS.



SANTA  
MONICA.

THERE ARE THINGS IN  
THIS WORLD THAT  
MOST PEOPLE ARE  
AFRAID TO FACE.  
LITTLE DARK CORNERS  
THEY'RE TOO SCARED  
TO LOOK IN.

THOUGHTS THEY  
WON'T ALLOW  
THEMSELVES  
TO THINK.

LINES THEY  
WON'T ALLOW  
THEMSELVES  
TO CROSS.

THEY'RE FRIGHTENED  
LITTLE CHILDREN, HIDING  
BENEATH THE COVERS OF  
THEIR EMPTY LIVES,  
AFRAID TO LOOK UNDER  
THE BED. AFRAID TO  
FACE THE MONSTERS  
THEY KNOW MUST  
DWELL THERE.

BUT THAT'S WHERE  
THE STRENGTH IS.  
THAT'S WHERE THE  
POWER LIES.  
BEHIND THE FEAR.  
THAT'S THE SECRET  
TO GREATNESS.  
HUNT DOWN THE  
THING YOU FEAR  
MOST AND  
CONQUER IT.





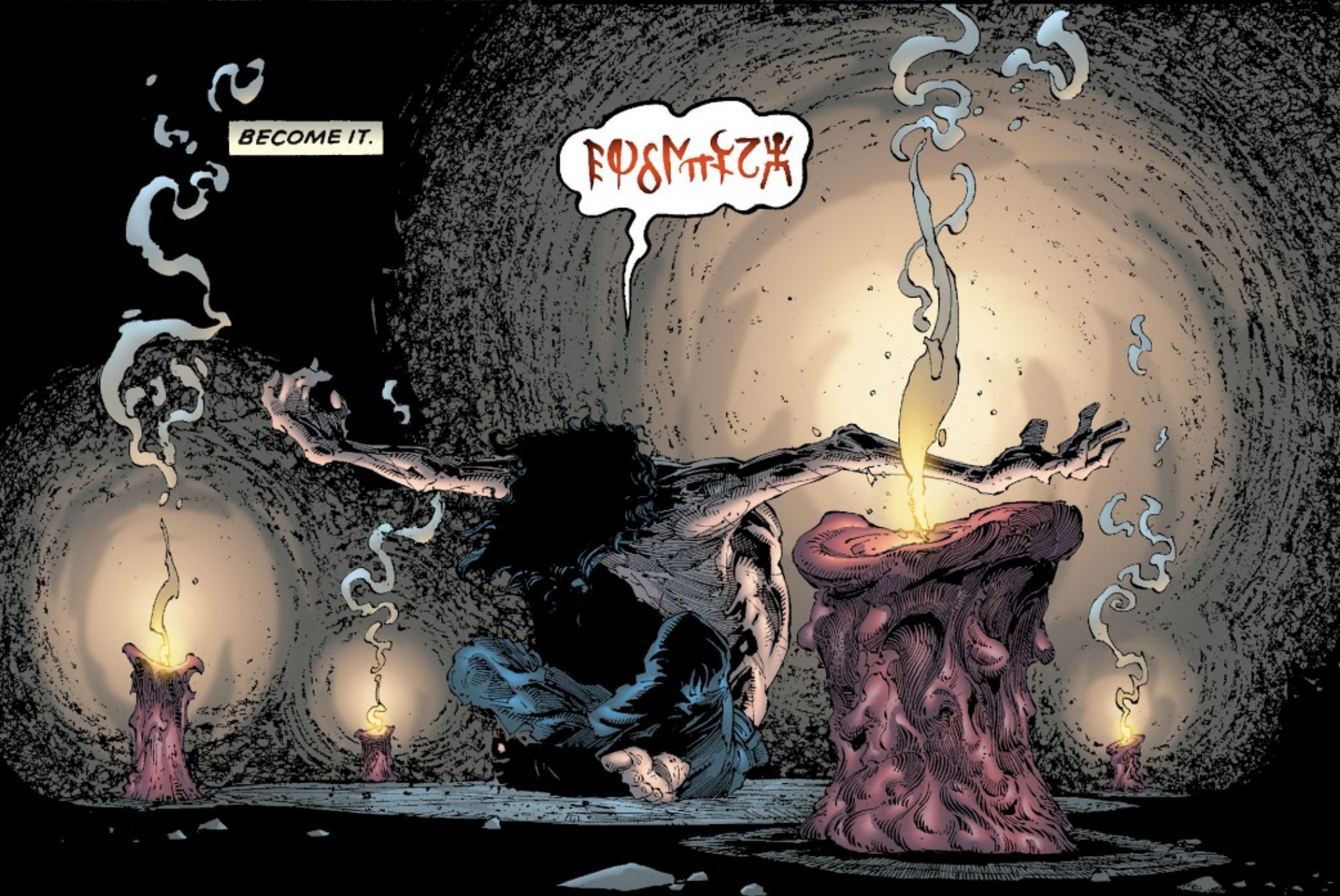
EMBRACE  
IT.



COMMUNE  
WITH IT.



MASTER  
IT.



BECOME IT.

ΕΦΘΑΝΤΗ



LATER...

AFTER DARK, ALL THE MICE COME SCURRYING FROM THEIR HOLES. DRAWN BY THE NEON GLARE AND THE PROMISE OF ARTIFICIAL ECSTASY.

IT'S A PATHETIC MASQUERADE. FOR THESE FEW HOURS THEY PRETEND THAT THEY ARE WILD, PRETEND THAT THEY ARE FREE.



BUT DEEP DOWN THEY KNOW THE TRUTH. THEY ARE SHEEP IN WOLVES' CLOTHING.

WEAK MINDED AND HOLLOW.



HOLD UP THERE, CHIEF. I NEED'A SEE YER HAND STAMP.

YOU DON'T NEED TO SEE MY HAND STAMP.

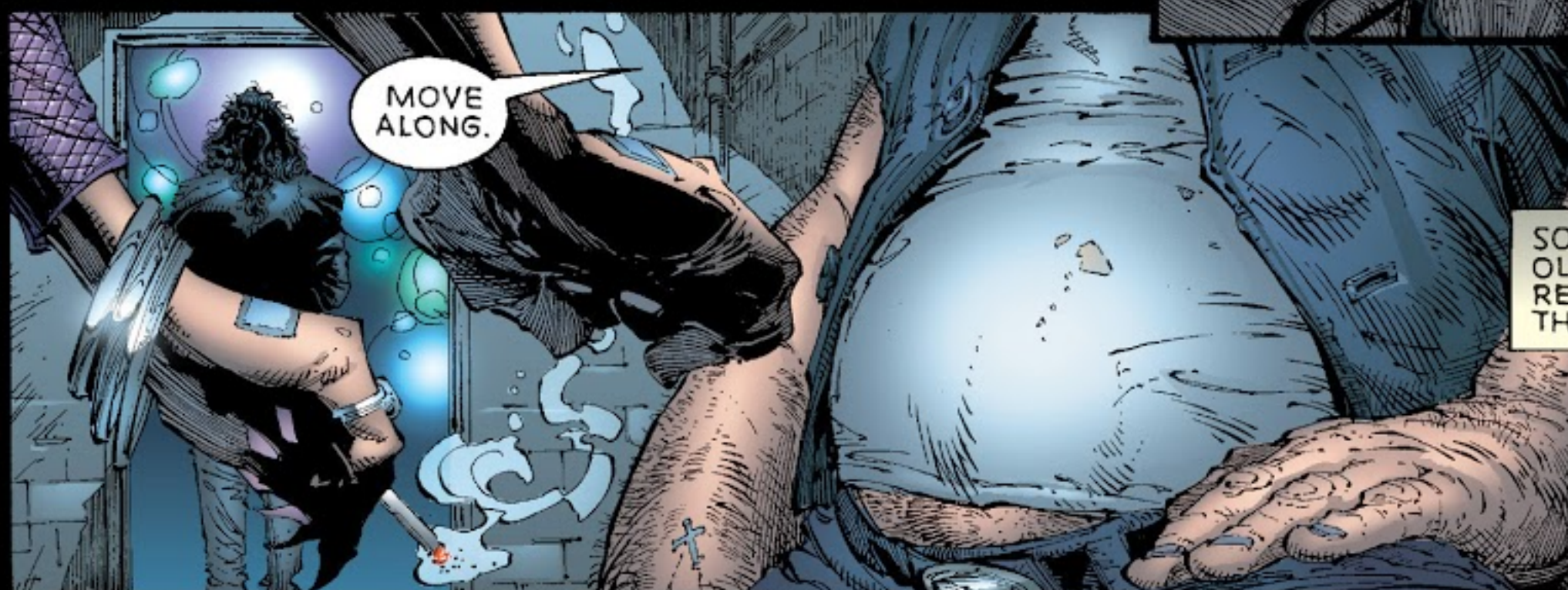


I DON'T NEED TO SEE YOUR HAND STAMP.

I CAN MOVE ALONG.



MOVE ALONG.



SOMETIMES OLD TRICKS REALLY ARE THE BEST.



THEY SEETHE LIKE  
SNAKES, WRITHING  
WITH DESPERATION.  
DESPERATION TO  
FEEL *ALIVE* FOR  
JUST A MOMENT.



THEY REEK OF  
AMPHETAMINE  
SWEAT AND TOO  
MUCH COLOGNE.



I WONDER WHAT THEY WOULD  
SAY, ANY OF THEM, IF THEY KNEW  
THIS WAS THEIR LAST NIGHT  
ALIVE. WOULD THEY CRY FOR  
MERCY? BEG FORGIVENESS?

WOULD THEY  
FIGHT BACK?

YO!  
EXCUSE  
YOU! YOU JUST  
KNOCKED MY  
BEER.

HEY! I'M  
TALKING  
TO YOU!

LOOK  
AT ME, YOU  
FREAK! YOU  
THINK YOU'RE  
A TOUGH GUY?  
HUH?





LET'S  
SEE HOW  
TOUGH YOU  
REALLY ARE,  
PUSS.

HEY,  
MAN.  
ARE YOU  
OKAY?

WHAT?

THERE'S  
SOME-  
THING  
IN  
YOUR  
MOUTH.

HUH?

YEAH. AND  
YOUR *THROAT*. AND  
YOUR *BELLY*. DUDE,  
THEY'RE CRAWLING  
ALL OVER YOU!



GUGGH!



PUNK.



SHOULD... LIKE...  
SOMEBODY CALL  
A *DOCTOR* OR  
SOMETHING?

GUH-  
GUH-GET  
THEM OFF  
MUH-MUM-  
ME!

WHOA.  
DUDE'S  
FREAKIN'  
OUT.





WELL, WELL. WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

COME ON, MAN. YOU KNOW I'M GOOD FOR IT. JUST SPOT ME THIS ONCE.

SORRY, CHICA. CAN'T DO THAT. THIS AIN'T NO WELFARE LINE. CASH AND CARRY ONLY.

FINE. WHO NEEDS YOU? YOUR STUFF IS CRAP ANYWAY!

Oh, GREAT.



LOOKS LIKE THIS JUST AIN'T YOUR WEEK, PRINCESS.

LEAVE ME ALONE. WHY DO YOU GOTTA BE SUCH AN ASS?

BECAUSE I CRAVE ATTENTION. LOOK, MAYBE I WAS A LITTLE ROUGH--

DON'T TRY AND SWEET TALK ME. I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU.

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY CALL YOU, MARK? THEY CALL YOU "MARK OF THE BEAST." I HEARD YOU'RE A FREAKIN' DEVIL WORSHIPPER.



ME? I WORSHIP NO ONE. BUT I RESPECT ANYONE WHO HAS TRUE POWER.

WHATEVER.

LOOK, I WAS ONLY HARD ON YOU 'CAUSE WE HAVE TO BE REAL CAREFUL WITH THE HOUSE. ONE SCREW-UP CAN RUIN IT FOR EVERYONE. BUT YOU GOT BALLS. I GIVE YOU THAT.

LISTEN, IF YOU REALLY WANT TO GET HIGH, FORGET THIS DUMP. I GOT SOME STUFF THAT WILL *CHANGE* YOUR LIFE.





THIS IS IT. HOME SWEET HOME.

IT'S... uh... NICE.

IT'S CRAP. BUILT IN THE '30S, CONDEMNED AFTER THE '94 QUAKE. MOST OF THE KIDS STAY UPSTAIRS. I GOT THE BASEMENT TO MYSELF. IF IT EVER FALLS DOWN COMPLETELY, THIS'LL BE MY TOMB.

IT'S STILL HOOKED UP TO WATER AND ELECTRICITY, BUT YOU GOTTA BE DISCRETE. COPS ARE REALLY CRACKING DOWN ON SQUATS LATELY.

WHAT ABOUT FOOD?



FOOD'S EASY. PIZZA PLACE AROUND THE CORNER. CALL IN A BOGUS ORDER. WHEN THEY COME BACK THEY THROW THE PIE IN THE DUMPSTER.

STEAL A LITTLE, SCAM A LITTLE. NO PROBLEM. JUST MAKE SURE YOU DON'T GET CAUGHT.

SO... YOU SAID YOU HAD SOME E?



WELL, NOT EXACTLY. TRY THIS.



WHAT IS IT?

LAUDANUM.



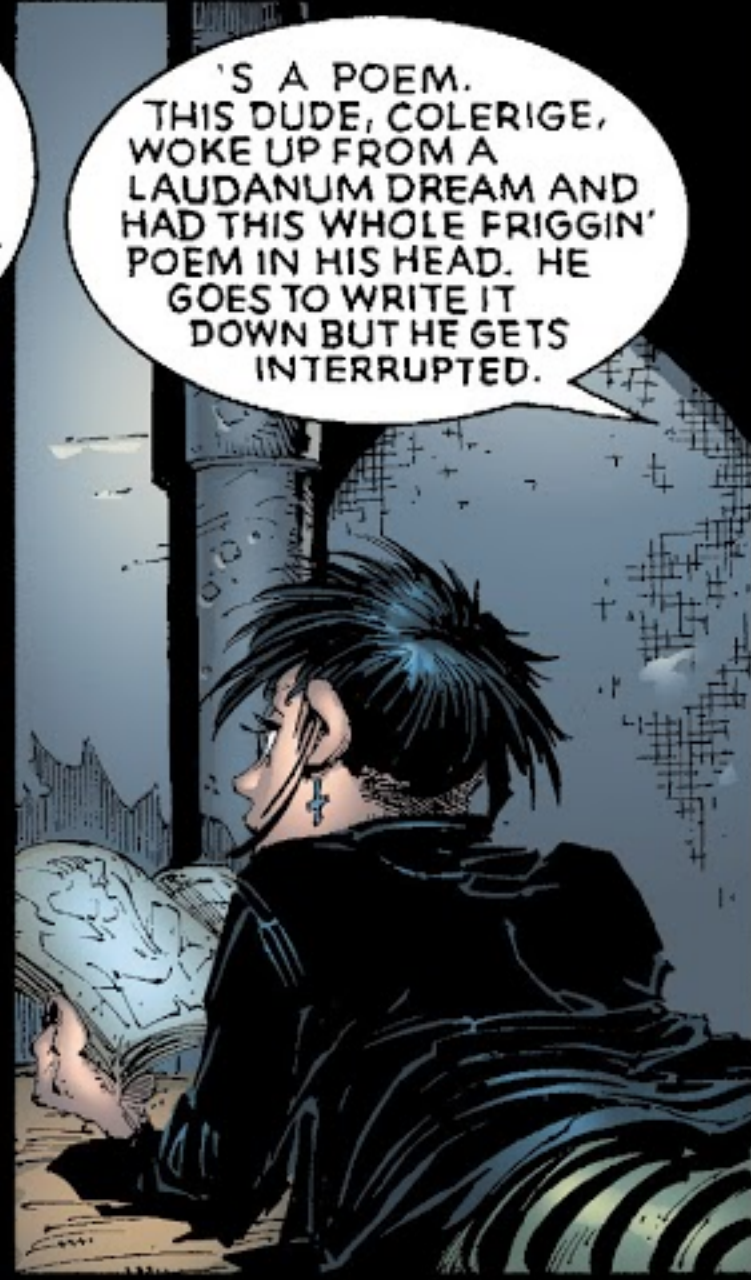
WOW. I FEEL... I DUNNO... DREAMY... KINDA FLOATY...



THAT'S THE DOORS IN YOUR MIND UNLOCKING. YOU'RE GOING TO A NEW PLACE.

"IN XANADU DID KUBLA KHAN / A STATELY PLEASURE-DOME DECREE: / WHERE ALPH, THE SACRED RIVER, RAN / THROUGH CAVERNS MEASURELESS TO MAN / DOWN TO A SUN-LESS SEA."

HUH?



'S A POEM. THIS DUDE, COLERIGE, WOKE UP FROM A LAUDANUM DREAM AND HAD THIS WHOLE FRIGGIN' POEM IN HIS HEAD. HE GOES TO WRITE IT DOWN BUT HE GETS INTERRUPTED.



POOF. HE LOST IT. TRIED THE REST OF HIS LIFE BUT HE COULD NEVER, EVER FINISH IT. SEIZE THE MOMENT, BABY. YOU NEVER KNOW IF IT'S COMING BACK AGAIN.

YOU'RE WEIRD, MAN.



3 A.M.  
THE DEVIL'S  
MIDNIGHT.



HEY...  
YOU  
OKAY?

WHAT?  
ME...  
YEAH, I'M  
GREAT...



ULP!  
Uh-oh.  
I THINK  
I'M GONNA  
SPEW.



OKAY, BUT  
THAT'S NOT THE  
BATHROOM.



HUH?  
WHAZZAT?



UHF!



OHMIGOD!



RICKY?!!





YOU KNOW, I DIDN'T LIE TO HER. I REALLY AM TRYING TO GET SOMEONE'S ATTENTION.



I CAN FEEL HIM OUT THERE, SLIPPING BETWEEN THE SHADOWS.



COMING LIKE AN AVENGING GHOST. COMING FOR ME.



1948/42

I CAN'T WAIT.



HE'S  
HERE.

HE'S  
MAGNIFICENT.

FOCUS.  
DISCIPLINE.

HE'S  
SIZING ME  
UP. HE'LL  
TRY TO  
READ MY  
THOUGHTS.

DISCIPLINE.  
FOCUS.

"THERE'S  
A GIRL IN  
THE NEXT  
ROOM. I'M  
GOING  
TO KILL  
HER."



OH  
MY  
GOD!



GET  
THIS THING  
AWAY FROM  
ME!!!



YOU ARE  
SAFE NOW. YOU  
ARE UNDER MY  
PROTECTION.

AAAAAH!  
GET  
AWAY!  
GET  
AWAY!



SUCKER.









TO BE CONTINUED.





# SPAWN

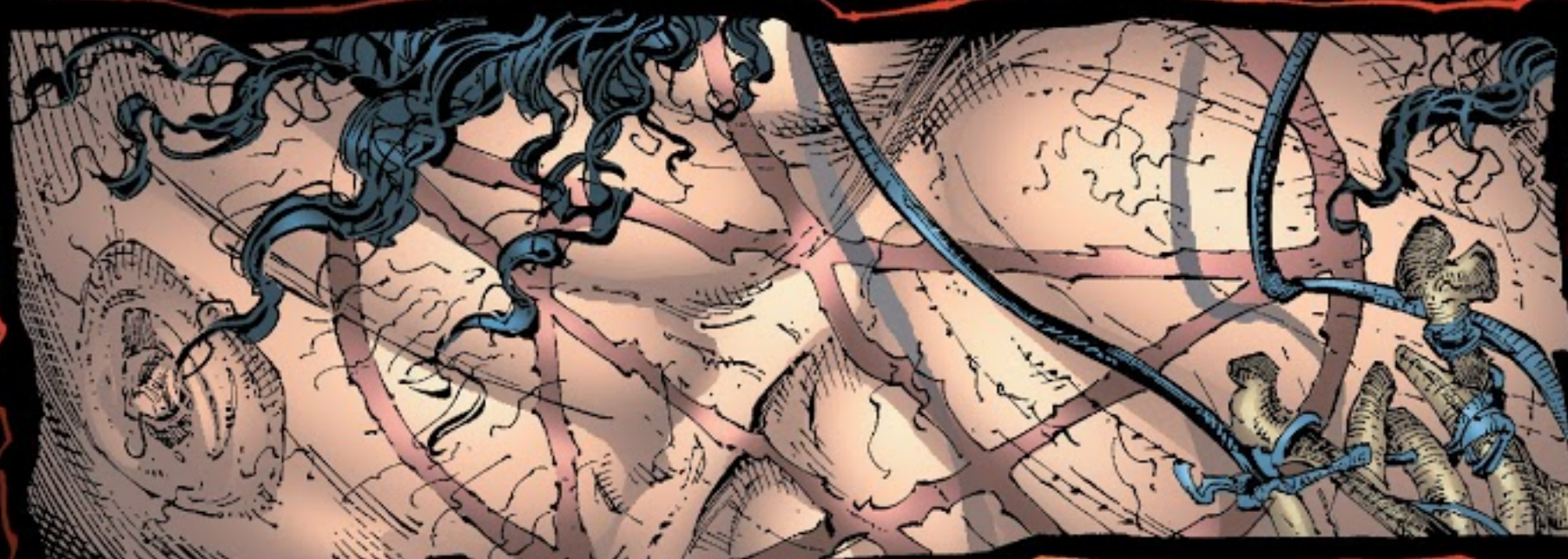


Capullo D.C.  
McFarlane  
J.G.





I CAN'T  
BELIEVE  
THIS IS  
HAPPENING.  
I FEEL LIKE A  
GODDAMN  
KID AT  
CHRISTMAS.



LIKE MY  
HEART'S  
GONNA  
POUND  
RIGHT  
OUT OF MY  
CHEST.

LOOK AT HIM.  
ALL THAT POWER.  
ALL THAT GLORY.



LET ME  
OUT OF HERE,  
YOU SICK  
FREAK!

SHUDDUP.  
NO ONE'S  
TALKING  
TO YOU.



HE'S PERFECT.

AND HE'S  
ALL MINE.



SO WHAT'S  
IT GONNA BE,  
FRIEND? AN ETERNITY  
IN THE CHAINS OF HELL?  
OR DO YOU WANT TO TAKE  
A CHANCE ON WHAT'S  
BEHIND DOOR  
NUMBER TWO?



COME ON,  
HELLSPAWN.  
**LET'S  
MAKE A  
DEAL!**







WHAT YOU SAY, MAN? Huh? I KNOW YOU CAN TALK, TOUGH GUY. SEE, I'VE DONE MY HOMEWORK. I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE.



AND I KNOW THE RULES. I'VE BEEN PREPARING MYSELF. "THE WILL TO POWER" AND ALL THAT.

AND TODAY'S THE DAY MY HARD WORK AND DILIGENCE PAYS OFF.



LOOK AT ME WHEN I'M TALKING TO YOU, GODDAMNIT! LIKE IT OR NOT, I'M CALLING THE SHOTS HERE. YOU ARE BOUND BY BLOOD AND FIRE.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIKE ME, BUT YOU DAMN WELL BETTER RESPECT ME, GOT THAT?



I SERVE NO MASTER.

WHAT DID YOU SAY? "MASTER"? YOU GOT IT WRONG, FRIEND. I DON'T WANT TO OWN YOU...



I WANT TO BE YOU.





OH, YEAH. THAT GOT YOUR ATTENTION, DIDN'T IT? I'M TALKING ABOUT A CLEAN SWAP. AN EVEN TRADE. YOUR FATE FOR MINE.

IT TOOK A LONG TIME, BUT I FOUND THE RITUAL. "CROSS-SUBSTANTIATION." I CAN DO IT. I SWEAR TO GOD, I CAN. PLAY YOUR CARDS RIGHT AND YOU WALK OUT OF HERE A **FREE MAN**.



AND YOU?

ME, I WALK AWAY WITH ALL THE POWER OF A HELLSPAWN. I LIVE FOREVER AS THE DEVIL'S FOOT SOLDIER.



AND THE GIRL?



PLEASE... LET ME GO... PLEASE!



A SACRIFICE. A NECESSARY PART OF THE RITUAL. SEALED IN BLOOD, BLAH BLAH BLAH. I WOULDN'T GIVE IT TOO MUCH THOUGHT, THOUGH.



LET ME OUT!!!

**SHUT UP!** JEEZ, GIRL! YOU'RE GIVING ME A HEADACHE. I'M DOIN' BUSINESS HERE!



SORRY 'BOUT THAT.

COME ON MAN, THIS IS YOUR CHANCE. I KNOW YOU MUST THINK ABOUT THIS EVERY DAY. "HOW CAN I BE FREE AGAIN? HOW CAN I BECOME A **MAN** AGAIN?"

WELL, DUDE, I'M YOUR E-TICKET TO SALVATION.







"THINK ABOUT IT. NO MORE CURSE. YOU'D BE HUMAN AGAIN. A FREE MAN WITH A SOUL AND YOUR WHOLE LIFE AHEAD OF YOU.

"FREE TO DO WHATEVER YOU WANT. THERE'S GOTTA BE PEOPLE YOU STILL CARE ABOUT. IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO START ALL OVER.

"GO FIND YOUR COLLEGE SWEETHEART. CHASE DOWN THAT GIRL THAT GOT AWAY. MAKE A DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD. SAVE THE WHALES, I DON'T CARE.



"IT'S UP TO YOU. A SECOND CHANCE, MAN. DESPITE WHAT THEY SAY IN THE MOVIES, VERY FEW PEOPLE EVER GET A SHOT AT THEM.



"DO ALL THE LITTLE THINGS YOU MUST MISS. TASTE FOOD AGAIN, BREATHE THE AIR, DO THE CROSSWORD IN BED ON SUNDAY.

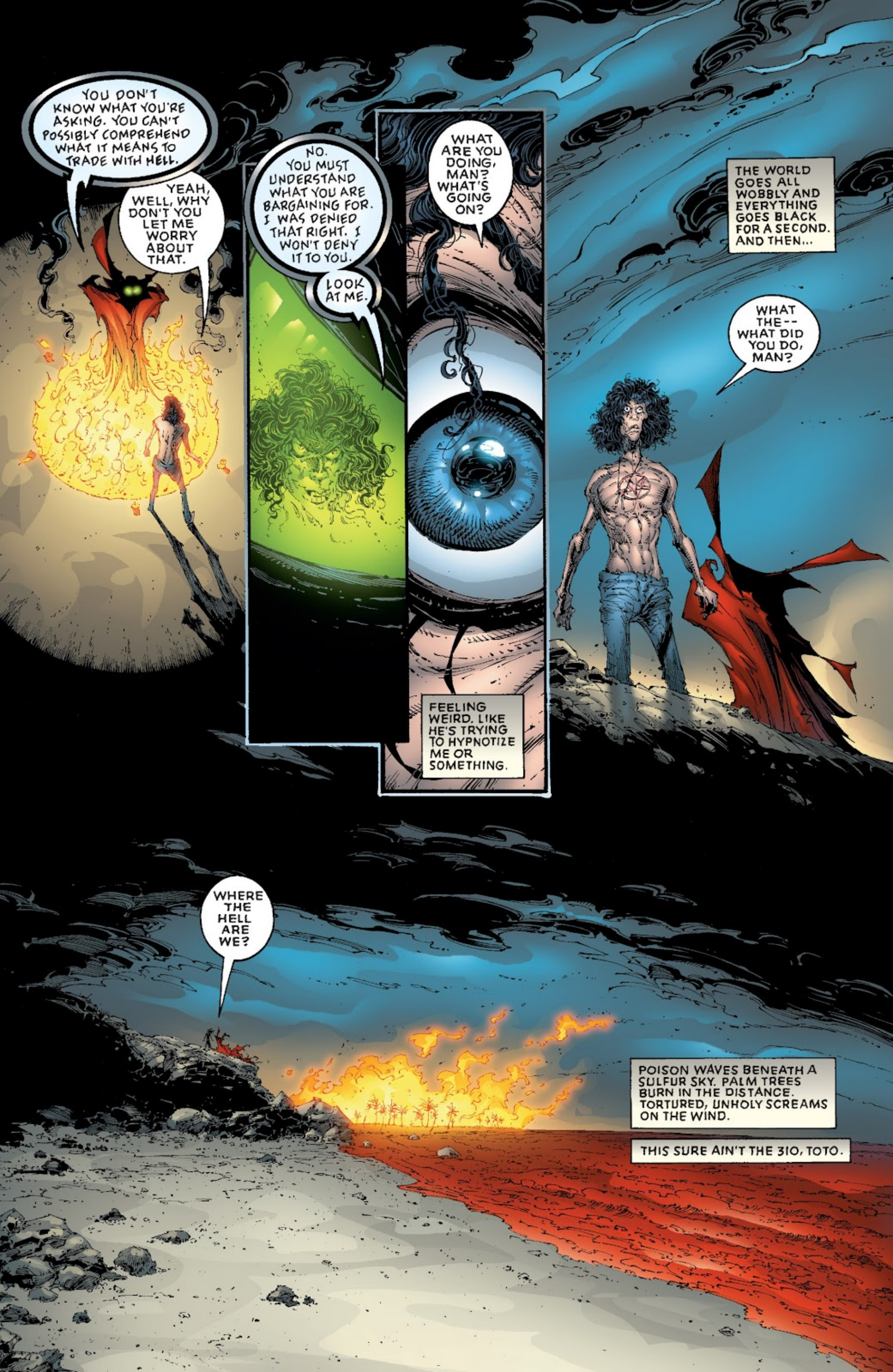
"LIVE A LONG, FULL, WONDERFUL LIFE. IT'S WHAT YOU WANT, ISN'T IT?

"OF COURSE, THE RITUAL WON'T BE PAINLESS. THESE THINGS NEVER ARE. BUT ONCE IT'S OVER, THIS ALL BECOMES A BAD DREAM.

"IT'LL BE LIKE NONE OF IT EVER HAPPENED."







YOU DON'T  
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE  
ASKING. YOU CAN'T  
POSSIBLY COMPREHEND  
WHAT IT MEANS TO  
TRADE WITH HELL.

YEAH,  
WELL, WHY  
DON'T YOU  
LET ME  
WORRY  
ABOUT  
THAT.

NO.  
YOU MUST  
UNDERSTAND  
WHAT YOU ARE  
BARGAINING FOR.  
I WAS DENIED  
THAT RIGHT. I  
WON'T DENY  
IT TO YOU.

LOOK  
AT ME.

WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING,  
MAN?  
WHAT'S  
GOING  
ON?

THE WORLD  
GOES ALL  
WOBBLY AND  
EVERYTHING  
GOES BLACK  
FOR A SECOND.  
AND THEN...

WHAT  
THE--  
WHAT DID  
YOU DO,  
MAN?

FEELING  
WEIRD. LIKE  
HE'S TRYING  
TO HYPNOTIZE  
ME OR  
SOMETHING.

WHERE  
THE  
HELL  
ARE  
WE?

POISON WAVES BENEATH A  
SULFUR SKY. PALM TREES  
BURN IN THE DISTANCE.  
TORTURED, UNHOLY SCREAMS  
ON THE WIND.

THIS SURE AIN'T THE 310, TOTO.





WOW.  
THIS  
FOR REAL,  
MAN?

REAL  
ENOUGH FOR  
OUR PURPOSES.  
HELL IS DIFFERENT  
FOR EVERYONE. THIS  
ONE IS YOURS. TAKE  
A GOOD, LONG LOOK.  
WHAT DO YOU  
SEE?



A BARREN  
PLACE OF  
VIOLENCE AND  
DESPAIR...



WHERE THE  
STRONG PREY UPON THE  
WEAK. NOT FOR SURVIVAL,  
BUT FOR SPORT.



WHERE  
HOPE AND  
COMPASSION  
ARE  
CONSIDERED  
LIABILITIES...



WHERE  
THE WHOLE  
OF THE LAW IS  
"DO WHAT THOU  
WILT..."



SOUND  
FAMILIAR?





SO, THIS IS THE PART WHERE YOU TRY TO TALK ME OUT OF MY FOOLISH WAYS? SCARED STRAIGHT, IS THAT IT? SAVE YOUR BREATH. I'M NOT SOME DABBLING GOTH-BOY WANNABE. I WAS BORN FOR THIS.

I WAS PRACTICING THE CRAFT BEFORE I KNEW THERE WAS A NAME FOR IT, READING CROWLEY WHEN THE OTHER KIDS WERE READING DR. SEUSS.

MAN, THIS PLACE IS GIVING ME WOOD.

WHAT A CLEVER BOY.



NOTHING SCARES YOU, THEN?

WHEN YOU GOT NOTHING, YOU GOT NOTHING TO LOSE, RIGHT? WANNA KNOW THE TRUTH, MAN? WANT IN ON THE **REAL** SECRET?



"I'M DYING. THAT'S RIGHT. SO I'M HEADING HERE, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER."



THERE'S THIS LITTLE BLACK LUMP INSIDE ME THAT GETS BIGGER EVERY DAY. I'M 25 AND I'M NOT GONNA SEE 26.

I'M NOT AN IDIOT. I KNOW I'M NOT A GOOD PERSON. AND MORE THAN THAT, I'M NOT SORRY ABOUT IT. I'M GONNA END UP HERE NO MATTER WHAT.



"AND I DON'T PLAN TO BE STUCK ON THE BOTTOM RUNG LIKE ALL THE OTHER LOSERS. YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY: BETTER TO RULE IN HELL THAN SERVE IN HEAVEN..."





WHOO-HOO!

SO THIS IS MY HELL, huh? DON'T SEEM SO BAD TO ME! GOD DAMN IT! THIS IS COOL!



EVERYTHING FEELS SO REAL. BUT, LIKE, MORE THAN REAL.

YOU ARE A FOOL.

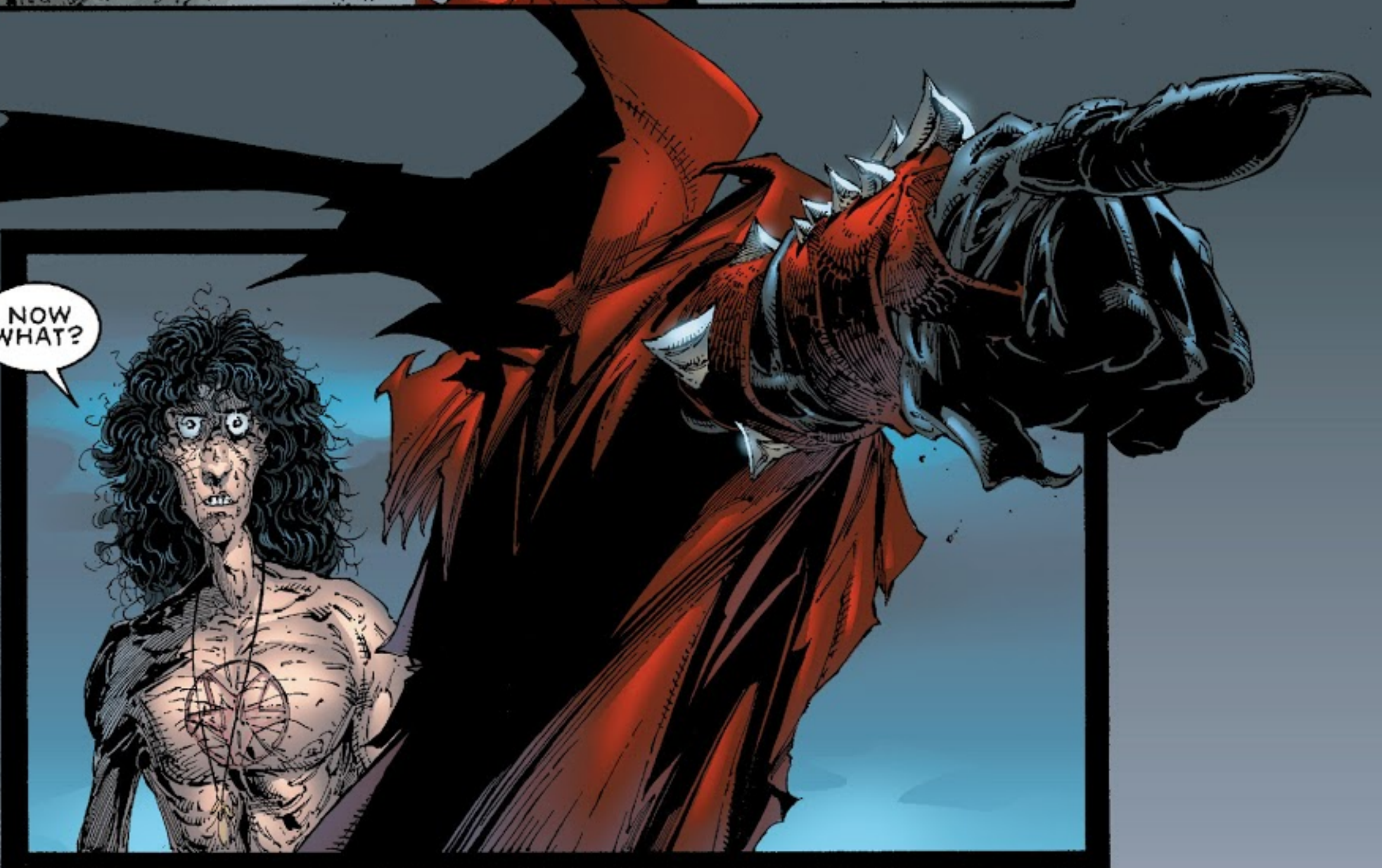
YEAH, WELL, AT LEAST I'M NOT AN ALL POWERFUL DEMON WHO GOT SUCKERED INTO A PENTAGRAM BY SOME PUNK KID.



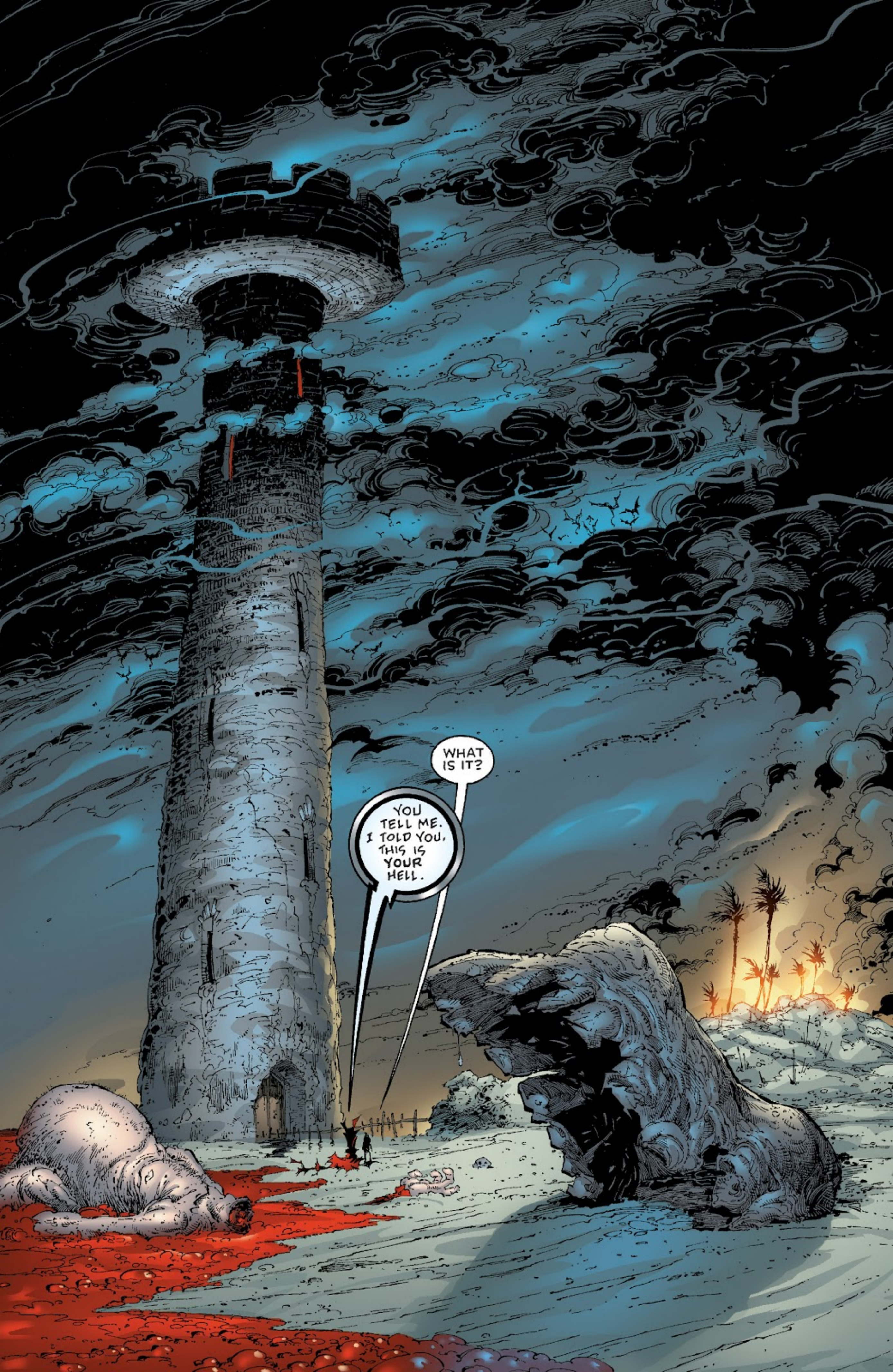
SO, COME ON. LET'S STOP DICKIN' AROUND AND DO THIS THING, OKAY? I'VE TAKEN THE TEST DRIVE, NOW I'M READY TO SIGN THE LEASE.

WE'RE NOT DONE YET.

NOW WHAT?







WHAT IS IT?

YOU TELL ME. I TOLD YOU, THIS IS YOUR HELL.





"WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?"



DON'T DO IT, MAN. I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT. JUST DON'T HURT ME...



WHY CAN'T YOU JUST LEAVE A POOR OLD MAN IN PEACE...



PLEASE, LET ME OUT... I CAN'T TAKE IT... PLEASE... PLEASE...



THEY ARE YOUR SINS. SOME OF THE BIGGER ONES ANYWAY.

DO YOU FEEL NO REMORSE AT ALL? NO REGRETS?

NOT ONE OUNCE.



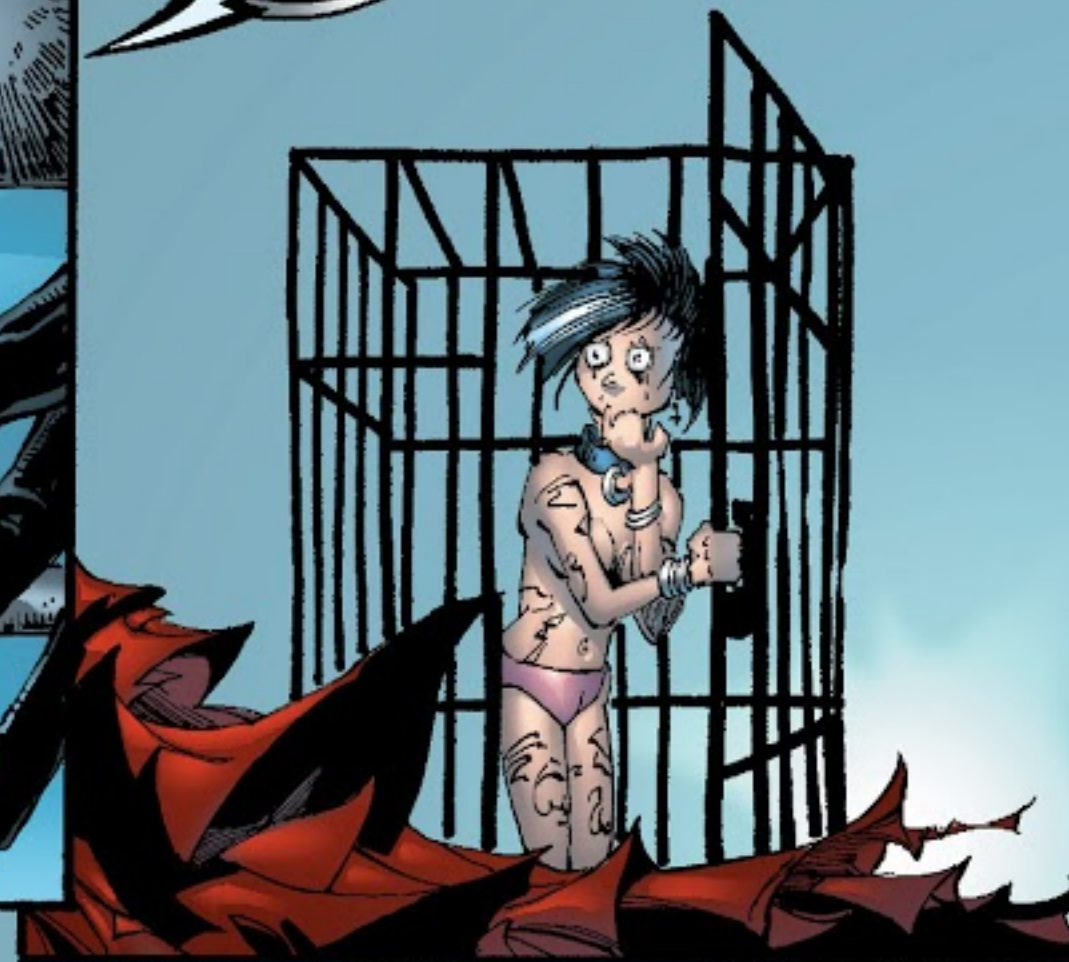
YOU ARE A CLEVER BOY.



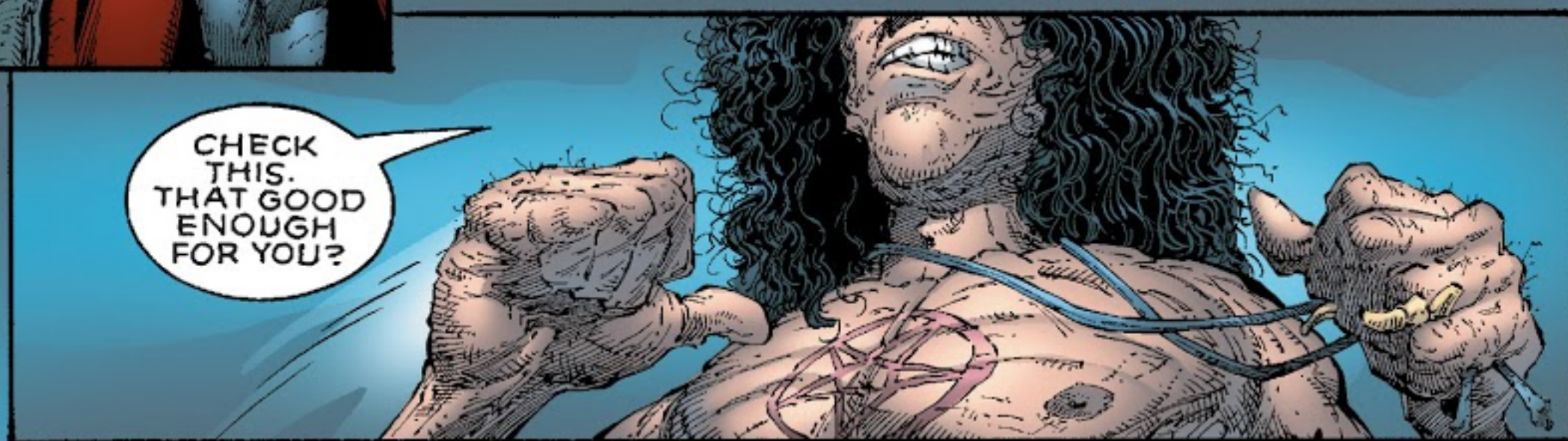
PLEASE... PLEASE HELP ME...



GO. AND DON'T LOOK BACK.









IF YOU CAN DO IT, YOU'RE IN. DON'T MAKE A SOUND. DON'T SCREAM OUT. IF YOU DO, IT'S ALL OVER AND THE DARKNESS WILL CLAIM YOU. READY?



IT BURNS.



DON'T STOP. DON'T LOOK BACK.



BURNS LIKE A MOTHER.



EVERY STEP'S TEN TIMES WORSE THAN THE ONE BEFORE.



SUCK IT UP, MAN.



DON'T MAKE A SOUND. SWALLOW THE PAIN.

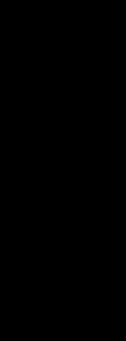


THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED, MAN.



FOCUS. DISCIPLINE.

NO FEAR.



WEAK! YOU'RE TOO WEAK!

HE'S NOT GOING TO MAKE IT!

BABY'S GONNA CRY NOW!

TURN BACK! IT'S NOT WORTH IT!





I'M  
HERE  
CAUSE  
I CAN  
TAKE  
THE  
PAIN.

NO MATTER  
HOW BAD.

THIS  
WORLD  
IS A  
WILL TO  
POWER.

A WILL  
TO  
POWER.

AND  
NOTHING  
MORE.







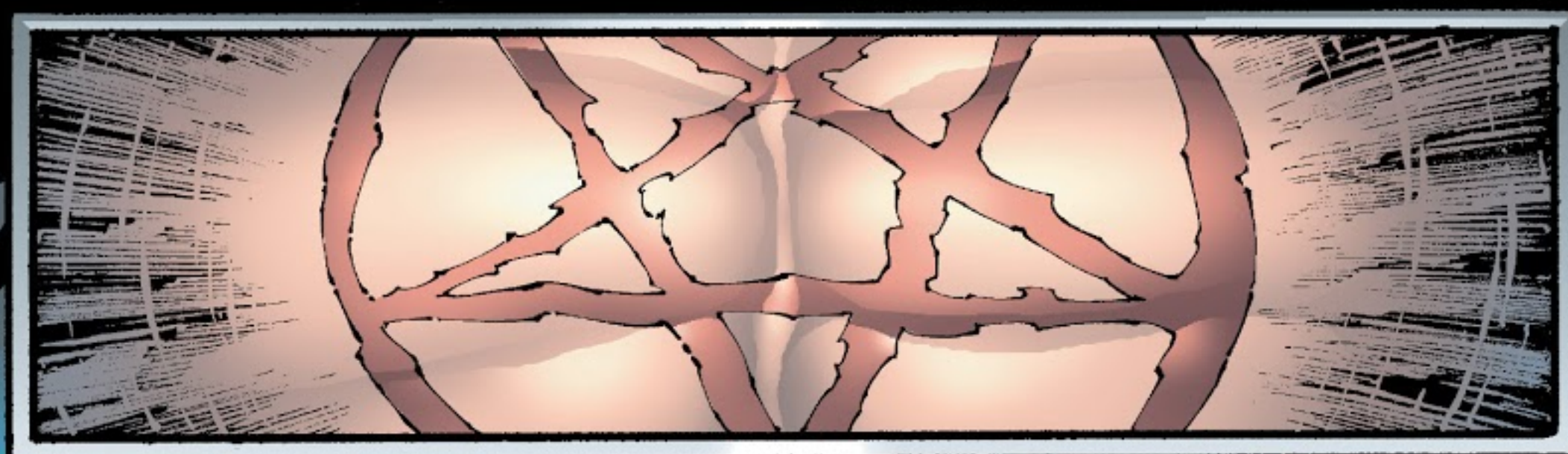
THIS IS THE  
TRUE FACE  
OF **HELL!**



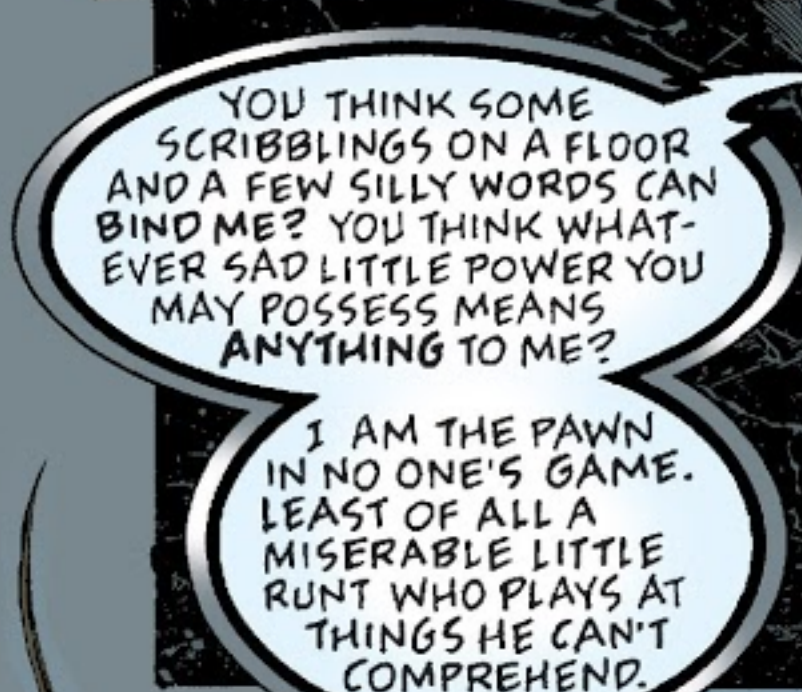




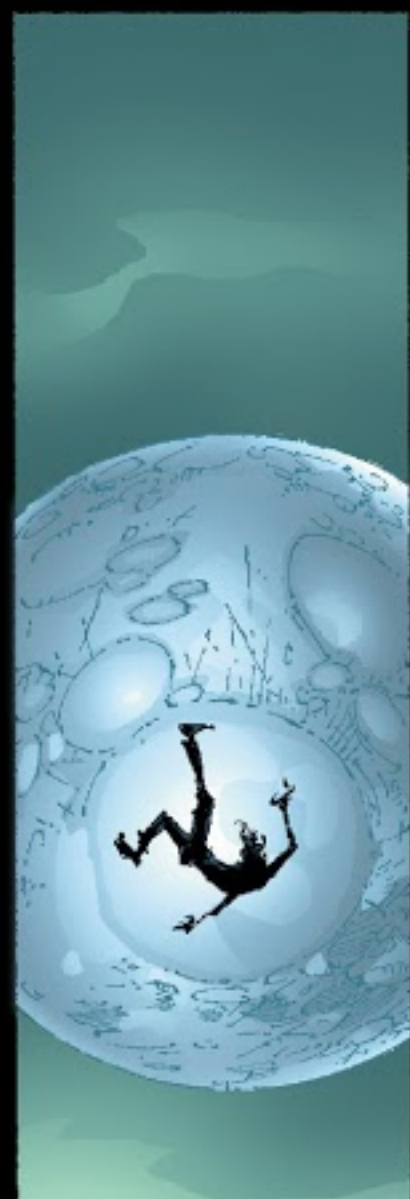




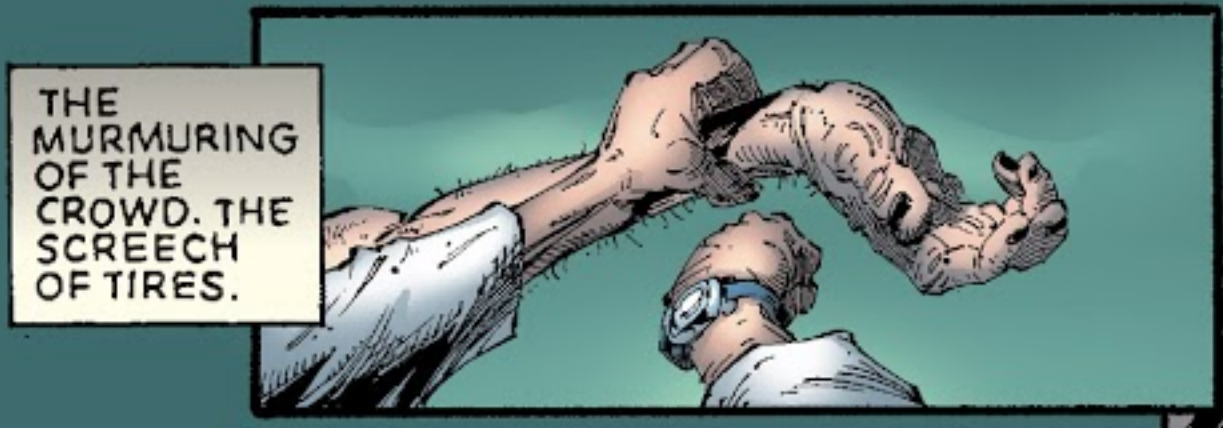












THE MURMURING OF THE CROWD. THE SCREECH OF TIRES.



SO I JUST STARE UP AT HIM. AND HE STARES BACK.



MY FACE BURNS BUT MY HANDS ARE FREEZING. I CAN'T FEEL ANYTHING AT ALL BELOW MY WAIST.



I CAN'T TURN MY HEAD AND I'M AFRAID IF I CLOSE MY EYES, THEY'LL NEVER OPEN AGAIN.



I WONDER IF HE'S LAUGHING...

THAT'S IT. WE LOST HIM. MARK TIME.

5:15 A.M.



YOU OKAY, HONEY?

LISTEN, WE'RE GOING TO NEED TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS.



HOME.



PLEASE. CAN YOU TAKE ME?



" I JUST  
WANT TO GO  
HOME... "





SPAWN.COM

# SPAWN



93

DIGITAL  
EDITION



NEW YORK.

GETTING  
A LITTLE  
COCKY, AREN'T  
WE?

LEAVE  
ME  
ALONE.

I'M SORRY. AM I  
INTERRUPTING?

LET ME  
GUESS:  
YOU'RE  
"COMMUNING  
WITH THE  
SHADOWS,"  
BECOMING  
"ONE WITH THE  
DARKNESS..."

DECIDING  
WHERE AND HOW  
TO METE OUT YOUR  
OWN PERSONAL  
BRAND OF JUSTICE,  
RIGHT? KNOW  
WHAT I THINK?

I DON'T  
CARE WHAT YOU  
THINK. YOU'RE  
IRRELEVANT.  
OBSOLETE.

YOU  
ASKED ME  
TO "LET GO OF YOU"  
AND I DID. I'D THINK  
YOU COULD EXTEND  
THE SAME COURTESY  
TO ME.



YEAH, WELL, MAYBE THIS AIN'T THE TIME TO BE COURTEOUS. THERE'S SOME BAD MOJO ABOUT TO RAIN DOWN REAL HARD. THINGS ARE OUT OF BALANCE.

SOMEONE'S GONNA GET SERIOUSLY HURT. A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE HOPING IT'LL BE YOU.

YOU THINK I'M SCARED OF THEM? HEAVEN, HELL? ANY OF THEM? YOU'RE MAD.

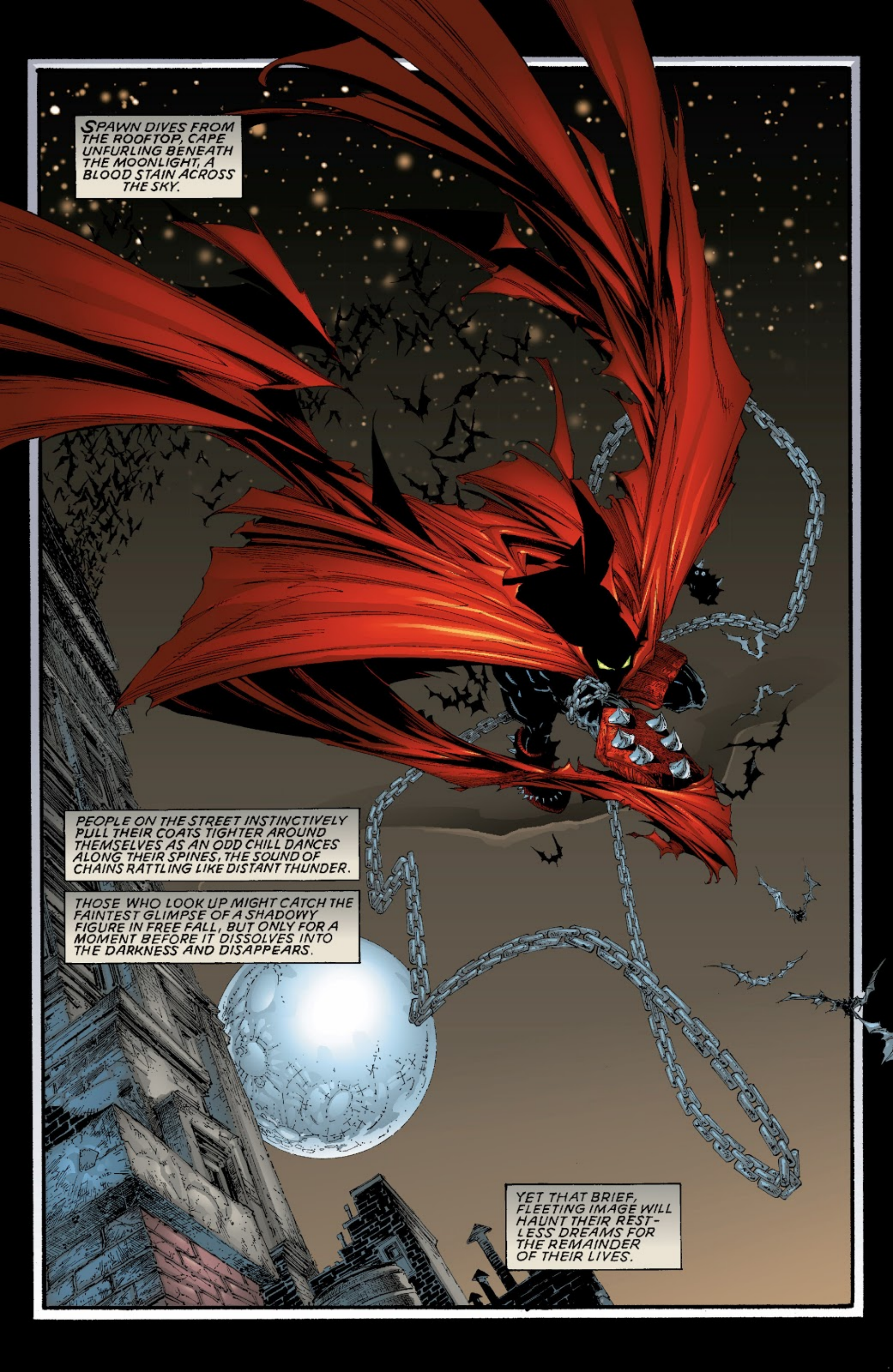
MAYBE. BUT THEN AGAIN, I'M NOT THE ONE STANDING ON A ROOFTOP CHATTING WITH "OBSOLETE" GHOSTS, AM I?

JUST SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

WATCH YOUR BACK, OKAY, BUD? AND DON'T BE A STRANGER.





A dramatic comic book illustration of Spawn diving from a rooftop. He is shown in mid-air, upside down, with his iconic large red cape billowing out in a wide, circular shape. He wears his signature black mask with glowing yellow eyes and a red chest piece adorned with silver spikes. Heavy metal chains are attached to his waist, trailing behind him in a large, looping pattern. The background is a dark, starry night sky filled with a swarm of small, dark, bat-like creatures. A large, bright, cratered moon hangs in the sky. In the bottom left corner, the corner of a brick building is visible.

SPAWN DIVES FROM  
THE ROOFTOP, CAPE  
UNFURLING BENEATH  
THE MOONLIGHT, A  
BLOOD STAIN ACROSS  
THE SKY.

PEOPLE ON THE STREET INSTINCTIVELY  
PULL THEIR COATS TIGHTER AROUND  
THEMSELVES AS AN ODD CHILL DANCES  
ALONG THEIR SPINES, THE SOUND OF  
CHAINS RATTLING LIKE DISTANT THUNDER.

THOSE WHO LOOK UP MIGHT CATCH THE  
FAINTEST GLIMPSE OF A SHADOWY  
FIGURE IN FREE FALL, BUT ONLY FOR A  
MOMENT BEFORE IT DISSOLVES INTO  
THE DARKNESS AND DISAPPEARS.

YET THAT BRIEF,  
FLEETING IMAGE WILL  
HAUNT THEIR REST-  
LESS DREAMS FOR  
THE REMAINDER  
OF THEIR LIVES.



AN OCEAN AWAY.  
A COUNTRY HOUSE  
IN SUSSEX, ENGLAND.

AN  
ABSOLUTE  
**SCANDAL**.  
THIS WOULD  
NEVER HAVE  
HAPPENED  
IN MAGGIE'S  
DAY.

IT'S A  
SHAME, BUT  
WE HAVE TO  
FACE FACTS:  
THE DAYS OF  
EMPIRE ARE  
OVER. PROUD  
TRADITION, "RULE  
BRITANNIA,"  
THE TIE AND  
CREST...

"RUM,  
SODOMY  
AND THE  
LASH..."

NOW  
**THERE'S**  
A PROUD  
TRADITION.

OK, WELL,  
"SIC TRANSIT  
GLORIA MUNDI,"  
AS THE SAYERS  
SAY. "SO GOES  
THE GLORY OF  
THIS WORLD."

Ahem.  
NOW THEN.  
I HOPE YOU  
ALL ENJOYED  
YOUR MEAL...

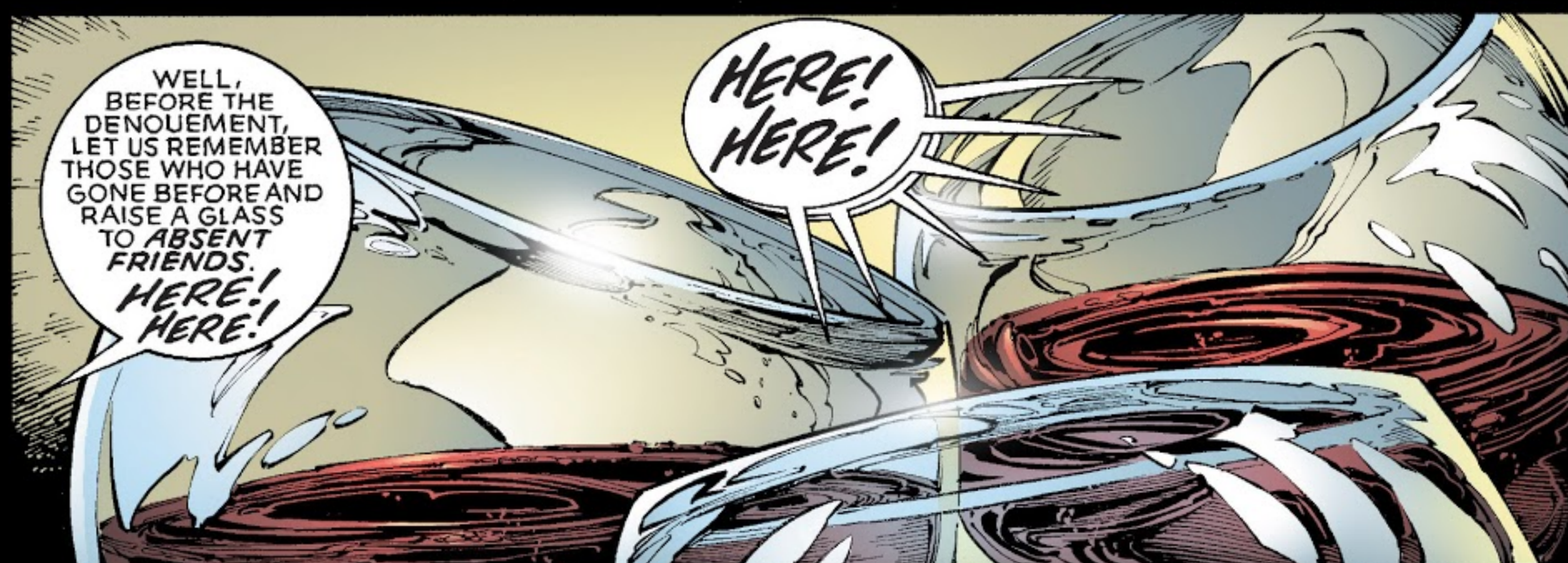
LOVELY,  
THANKS.

YES,  
THANK  
YOU.

CHEERS.

CHEERS,  
YEAH.









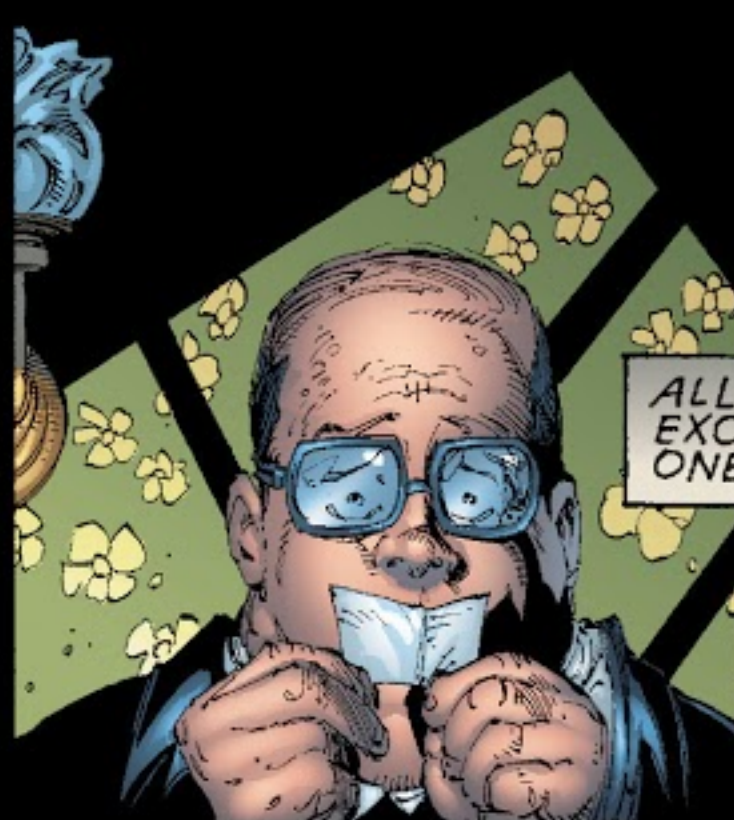
THE ROOM FALLS SILENT SAVE FOR THE EXCRUCIATING RUSTLE OF COARSE PAPER UNFOLDING.



ONE BY ONE, THE GUESTS OPEN THEIR CHITS...



... AND ONE BY ONE, EACH BREATHES A SIGH OF RELIEF.



ALL EXCEPT ONE.



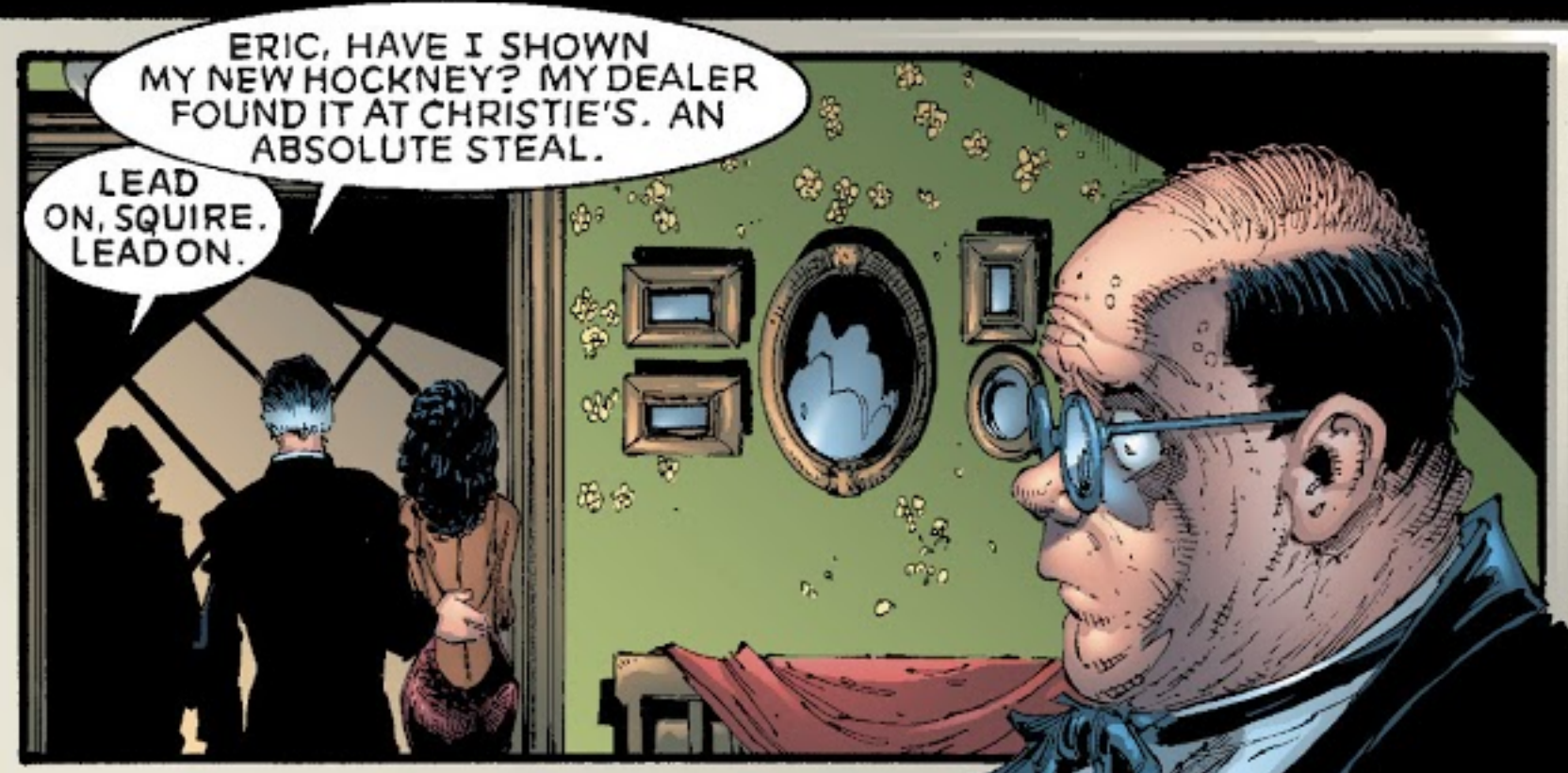
WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE OUR REGINALD WILL BE THE "BUNNY" TONIGHT. CHIN UP, REG. THERE'S A GOOD LAD.

WE'LL GIVE YOU A FEW MINUTES TO GATHER YOURSELF.



ERIC, HAVE I SHOWN MY NEW HOCKNEY? MY DEALER FOUND IT AT CHRISTIE'S. AN ABSOLUTE STEAL.

LEAD ON, SQUIRE. LEAD ON.



REGINALD BLAKNEY SITS STUNNED, A THOUSAND THOUGHTS COMPETING FOR SPACE IN HIS SPINNING HEAD. HE KNEW THIS COULD HAPPEN SOONER OR LATER. NO USE CRYING ABOUT IT NOW.

STILL, SOMEHOW HE CAN'T HELP THINK HOW BLOODY UNFAIR IT IS THAT THE ROAST BEEF WAS SO UNDERCOOKED.

AFTER ALL, IT WAS HIS LAST MEAL.





THREE MINUTES LATER, OUT IN THE  
GROUNDS SURROUNDING THE HOME:

REGINALD'S ADRENAL  
GLANDS KICK IN, HIS CLUMSY  
BODY GIVEN OVER TO PRIMAL  
"FIGHT OR FLIGHT" INSTINCTS.

BUT HIS MIND IS MUDDLED,  
DISCONNECTED. FUNNY,  
THE THOUGHTS THAT FLOAT  
THROUGH THE HEAD OF A  
MAN RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE.

WORDS  
FROM LONG  
FORGOTTEN  
SCHOOL  
LESSONS:  
SALIVATION.  
MASTICATION.  
DIGESTION.  
ELIMINATION.

PEPSIN. RENNIN. LIPASE...  
DIFFUSION. PERISTALSIS.  
HYDROLYSIS... COLD, CLINI-  
CAL TERMS THAT DESCRIBE  
NATURE AT HER MOST  
SIMPLE AND MOST  
SAVAGE LEVEL.

IN HIS MIND'S EYE,  
REGINALD CAN STILL  
REMEMBER THE  
SCIENCE LABS OF  
HIS STUDENT DAYS.

RAIN BEATING GENTLY  
AGAINST A WINDOW,  
A BATTALION OF  
FROGS IN TIN DISHES,  
THEIR BELLIES SPLAYED  
OPEN, THE AIR THICK  
WITH THE SCENT OF  
FORMALDEHYDE  
AND DAMP WOOL.

HE REMEMBERS THE  
TEACHER. A FIDGETY OLD  
WELSHMAN WITH YELLOWING  
HAIR AND GREY TEETH.  
LEWIS. OR LLEWELYN.  
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

AND HE REMEMBERS  
THESE WORDS: "GENTLE-  
MEN, THE ANNALS OF  
SURVIVAL AND CONQUEST  
ON THIS PLANET CAN BE  
NEATLY REDUCED TO TWO,  
ELEGANTLY DARWINIAN,  
CATEGORIES:

"WHO EATS, AND WHO IS EATEN."



HERE  
BUNNY  
BUNNY  
BUNNY.

HE CAN HEAR THEM  
STALKING HIM, SNIFFING  
THROUGH THE BRUSH  
LIKE HOUNDS AFTER A  
RABBIT. THE FULL MOON  
ABOVE MIGHT AS WELL  
BE A SEARCH LIGHT.

COME OUT,  
COME OUT  
WHEREVER  
YOU ARE.

REGINALD CAN'T  
BELIEVE HOW HARD  
HE'S BREATHING.  
THEY MUST HEAR HIM  
FROM A HUNDRED  
YARDS OFF.

HIS SIDE ACHES  
AND IT'S ALL HE  
CAN DO TO KEEP  
FROM VOMITING.

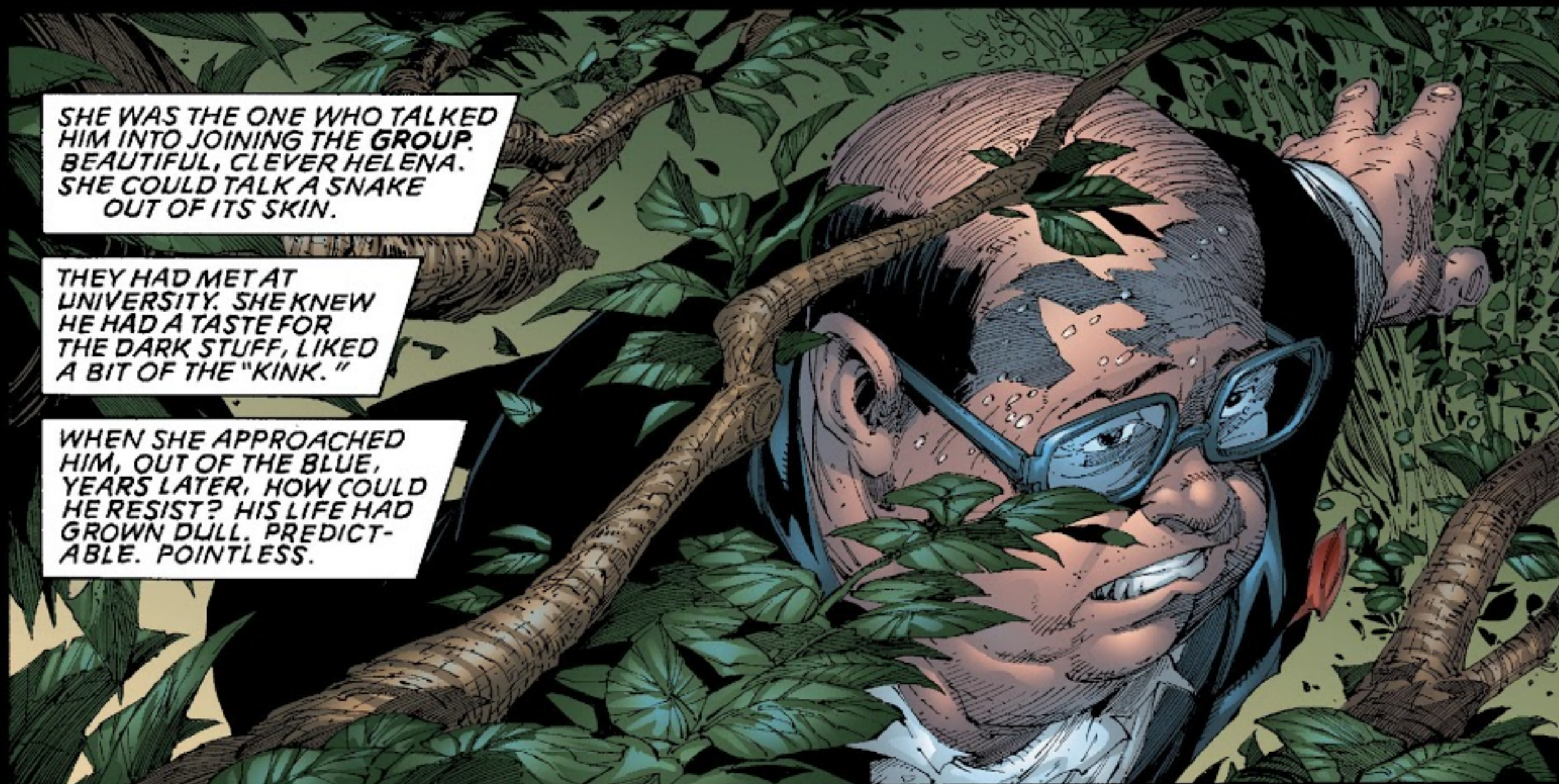
COME  
ON, REG  
OLD BOY,  
WHERE'VE  
YOU  
GOTTEN  
OFF TO?

THIS ISN'T  
HOW IT'S  
SUPPOSED TO  
END. HE NEVER  
DREAMED  
IT WOULD  
ACTUALLY  
COME TO THIS.

WHAT A FOOL.  
WHY DID HE  
EVER AGREE  
TO SUCH  
MADNESS?

IT'S ALL  
HELENA'S  
FAULT,  
ISN'T IT.





SHE WAS THE ONE WHO TALKED HIM INTO JOINING THE GROUP. BEAUTIFUL, CLEVER HELENA. SHE COULD TALK A SNAKE OUT OF ITS SKIN.

THEY HAD MET AT UNIVERSITY. SHE KNEW HE HAD A TASTE FOR THE DARK STUFF, LIKED A BIT OF THE "KINK."

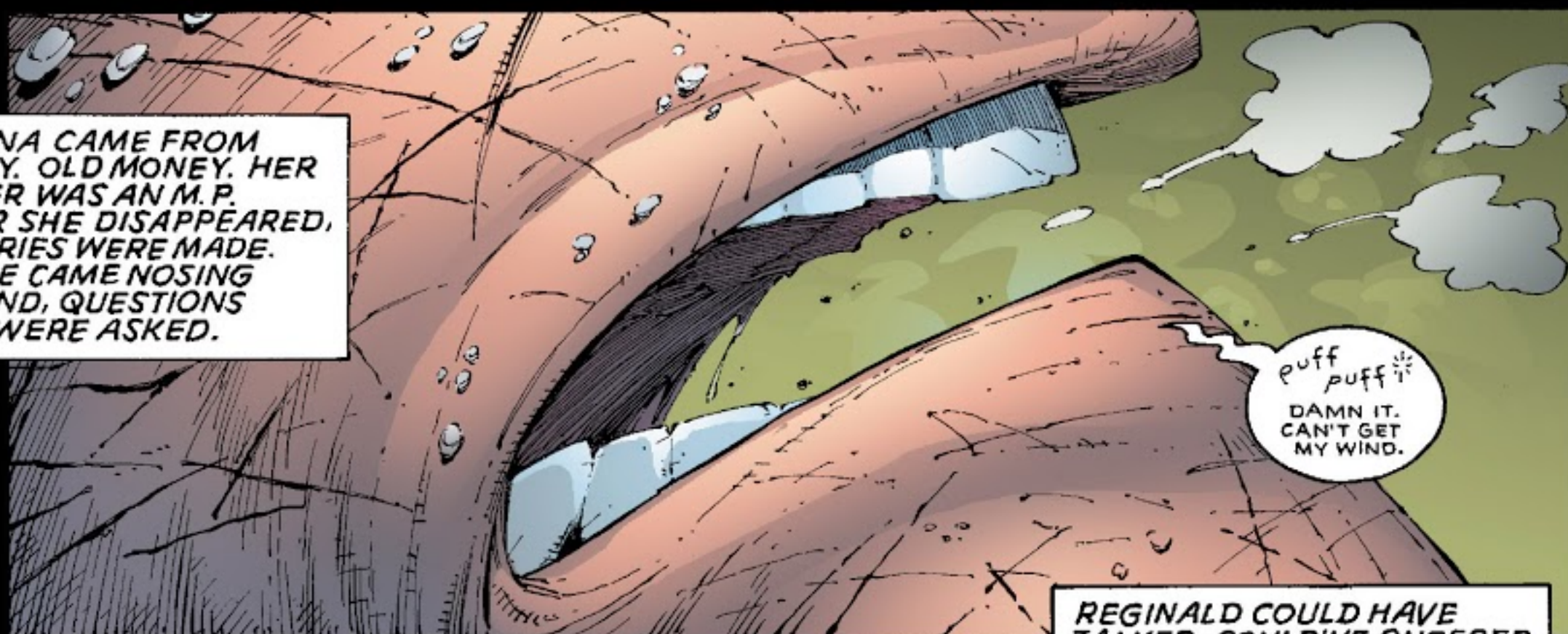
WHEN SHE APPROACHED HIM, OUT OF THE BLUE, YEARS LATER, HOW COULD HE RESIST? HIS LIFE HAD GROWN DULL, PREDICTABLE. POINTLESS.

THEY OFFERED EXCITEMENT. A NEW LIFE. POWER. INTRIGUE. MAYBE EVEN A LITTLE SEX.

puff  
puff

LAST MONTH IT WAS HELENA WHO DREW THE BLACK "X." SHE GAVE THEM A GOOD RUN AND NEVER CRIED FOR MERCY. TOUGH AS NAILS SHE WAS, TO THE VERY END.

BUT THINGS GOT STICKY.



HELENA CAME FROM MONEY. OLD MONEY. HER FATHER WAS AN M.P. AFTER SHE DISAPPEARED, INQUIRIES WERE MADE. POLICE CAME NOSING AROUND, QUESTIONS WERE ASKED.

puff  
puff  
DAMN IT. CAN'T GET MY WIND.

REGINALD COULD HAVE TALKED, COULD'VE QUEERED THE WHOLE DEAL.



BUT HE WAS A GOOD SOLDIER. KEPT HIS MOUTH SHUT GOOD AND TIGHT. AND LOOK WHERE IT'S GOT HIM.

SHOULD'VE KNOWN HIS LUCK WOULD RUN OUT.





SOMEONE'S CLOSE.

DON'T MOVE AN INCH.  
DON'T EVEN BREATHE.

SHEETS OF SWEAT  
STING REGINALD'S  
EYE. WHO IS IT?  
WHO'S THERE?



BLOODY  
HARGREAVES.  
ARROGANT  
BASTARD.  
PROBABLY  
RIGGED  
THE DRAW.  
REGINALD  
WOULDN'T  
PUT IT  
PAST HIM.

FEE FIE  
FOE FUM,  
LOOK OUT  
REGGIE  
HERE I  
COME...

NO MORE  
THAN A COUPLE  
OF YARDS  
AWAY. CLOSE  
ENOUGH TO  
SMELL HIS VILE  
COLOGNE.  
DON'T MAKE A  
SOUND. FOR  
GOD'S SAKE,  
DON'T WHIMPER.



"SOD THIS!"  
REG TELLS  
HIMSELF.  
"I'M OFF!"



**BUNNY!**  
**BUNNY!**



OVER  
HERE! I'VE  
**FOUND**  
**HIM!**



SCREW THIS FOR A GAME OF SOLDIERS, THEN. REGINALD BLAKNEY WANTS TO LIVE.

THEY CAN HAVE THEIR DARK SCHEMES AND GHOULISH PARLOR GAMES, BUT THEY CAN COUNT HIM OUT, MAKE NO MISTAKE.

HE CAN'T BELIEVE HIS EYES. UP AHEAD, IT'S LIKE A MIRAGE.

HIS LUCK MUST BE CHANGING.

IF HE CAN GET OVER THE GATE, HE COULD MAKE IT BACK DOWN TO THE MAIN ROAD, FLAG DOWN A CAR, OR ELSE HIDE IN THE DEEP WOODS TILL THE SUN COMES UP.

BUT HIS FRAME ISN'T MADE FOR CLIMBING.

HIS SHOES SLIP AND HIS PLUMP FINGERS CAN'T GET A DECENT GRIP.

Tsk-Tsk. REG, OLD SON, YOU WEREN'T GOING OVER THE WALL, WERE YOU? BAD FORM, REG, BAD FORM.

P-PISS OFF! I QUIT! I WANT OUT. I'M OUT OF THE GAME, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T ACCEPT YOUR RESIGNATION.

NOW, COME ON, BLAKNEY. TAKE IT LIKE A MAN!

AAAAH!

HAH! YOU SOUND LIKE A FLOUNCY SCHOOL GIRL!





STOP! I  
RENOUCE MY  
OATH. I'M REMOVING  
MYSELF FROM PLAY.  
Y-YOU TOLD ME YOUR-  
SELF... THE RITE WON'T  
COUNT IF WE  
DON'T PLAY  
WILLINGLY.

OH, THAT.  
YES, WELL, I'M  
AFRAID THAT I  
LIED. MORE  
BAD LUCK FOR  
YOU, eh?



YOU'RE NOT  
GOING TO CARVE  
ME UP! DO YOU  
HEAR ME! YOU'RE  
NOT GOING TO  
CARVE ME  
UP!

OOMP!



GET BACK  
HERE YOU GREAT  
FLESHY TURD!  
I'M NOT *DONE*  
WITH YOU.





MARCUS!  
WHAT THE DEVIL  
HAPPENED?

CHRIST,  
ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT.

FINE.  
I'M  
FINE.



IT SEEMS OUR  
REGGIE HAS A LITTLE MORE  
*SPIRIT* THAN WE GAVE HIM CREDIT  
FOR. I THOUGHT HE'D MAKE  
RATHER DULL SPORT, BUT HE'S  
GIVING US A RUN FOR IT,  
IT SEEMS.

SURE YOU'RE  
NOT HURT,  
MARCUS?

NO.  
NOT AT ALL.  
I'LL TAKE A  
NIP OF THAT,  
THOUGH.



Hmm.  
CHEERS.

DON'T  
WORRY. OUR  
FAT LITTLE  
FRIEND WON'T  
GET VERY  
FAR.



LOOK.  
HE'S LOST A  
SHOE...



... AND  
A GOOD  
DEAL OF  
BLOOD.

WE'LL  
LET HIM  
WEAR HIMSELF  
OUT AND THEN  
MOVE IN FOR  
THE FINALE.







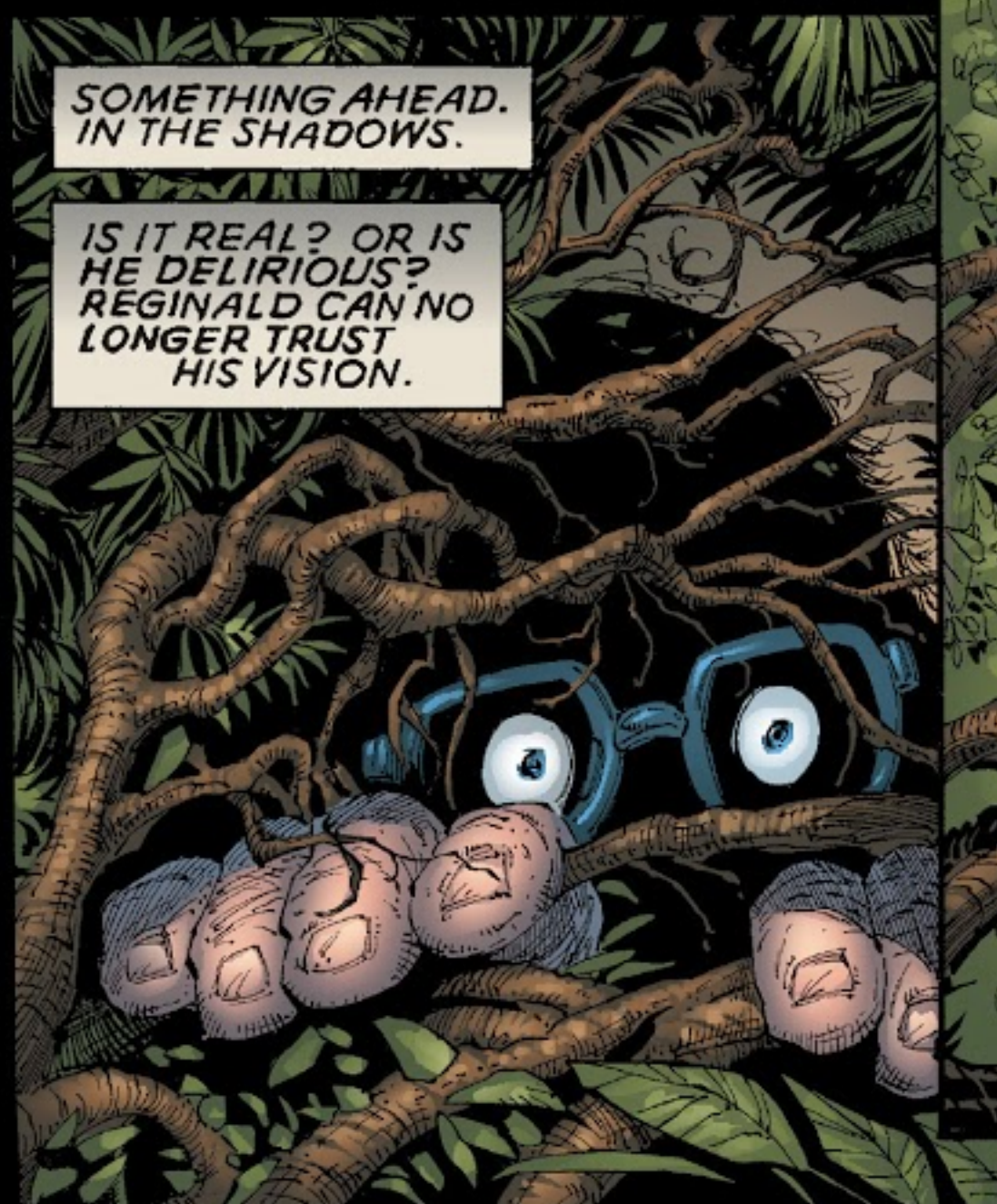
REGINALD SHIMMIES UP AN EMBANKMENT, HEADING FOR THE DEEP UNDERBRUSH.



HE CAN'T RUN ANYMORE. HIS ONLY HOPE IS TO HIDE BEST HE CAN, AND PRAY HE MAKES IT TILL DAYBREAK.



HIS HEART PUMPS FURIOUSLY, SPEEDING UP THE BLOOD LOSS. HEAD DIZZY, MIND FADING.



SOMETHING AHEAD. IN THE SHADOWS.

IS IT REAL? OR IS HE DELIRIOUS? REGINALD CAN NO LONGER TRUST HIS VISION.



HIS EYES ADJUST TO THE GLOOM.

OH GOD!





THE SHADOWS  
COLLECT  
THEMSELVES,  
AND RISE.

IT'S YOU!  
URIZEN!

BUT...  
BUT IT'S  
NOT *TIME*.  
NOT YET.  
HAVE YOU  
COME FOR--  
FOR ME?





EXPLAIN  
YOURSELF.



I-I'M THE  
BUNNY.

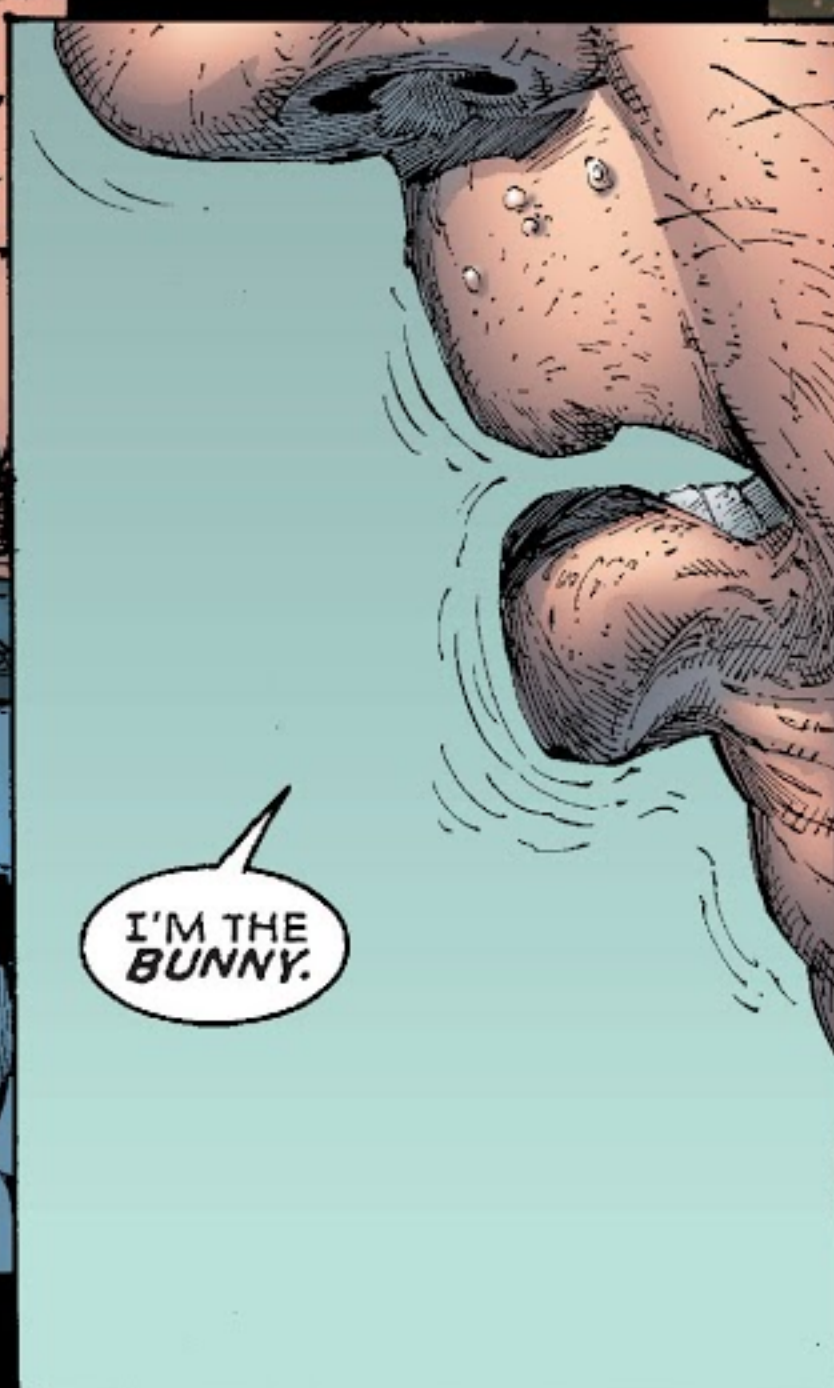


WHAT?

I...  
uh...



I  
DREW  
THE  
SHORT LOT,  
YOU SEE. SO  
THAT MEANS  
I'M IT.



I'M THE  
BUNNY.



THEY'RE  
GOING  
TO EAT  
ME.



TELL  
ME.

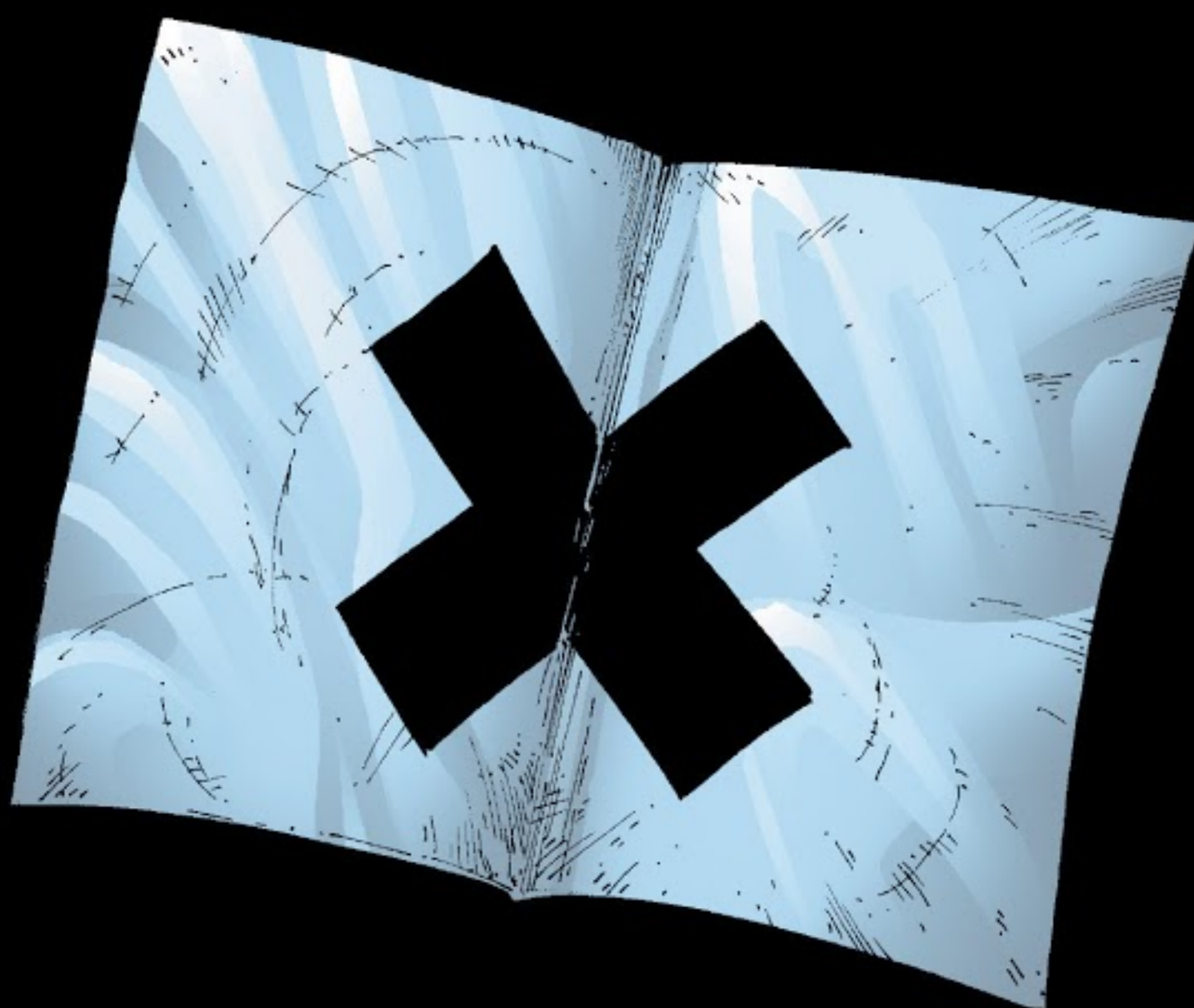
"IT'S ALL GOT OUT OF HAND. WE... WE'RE A **COVEN**. THE **GROUP** I MEAN. THERE WERE THIRTEEN OF US AT THE START. DABBING IN THE DARK ARTS, THE ODD BACCHANALIA, ET CETERA.

"OLD SLAYTON WAS THE HEAD BOY, SO TO SPEAK. FANCIED HIMSELF AN ACE WARLOCK.

"'BOUT SIX MONTHS AGO, HE WAS READING TEA LEAVES OR SPILLING GOAT ENTRAILS OR SOME SUCH BOLLOCKS, AND HE DISCOVERED SOMETHING. SOMETHING BIG, HE SAID.



"THERE WAS A STRAND **MISSING** IN THE GREAT WEB. THE BALANCE BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL WAS ALL MUCKED UP.



"NATURE ABHORS A VACUUM, RIGHT? SOMETHING WOULD COME TO FILL THE VOID. SLAYTON THOUGHT HE KNEW WHAT IT WOULD BE.

"HE CALLED IT **URIZEN**, AFTER THE BLAKE POEMS. A GREAT, TERRIBLE BEAST, A KIND UNSEEN IN THIS AGE. HE SAID WE COULD HELP IT ALONG, BE ITS ESCORT. BUT NOT ALL OF US.

"IT WAS SLAYTON'S IDEA FOR THE LOTTERY. WASN'T TOO THRILLED WHEN HE DREW THE FIRST 'X,' THOUGH.







"HE WAS THE  
FIRST TO GO  
AND IT JUST  
GOT EASIER  
EACH TIME.

"WE DREW LOTS EVERY FULL MOON.  
THE PLAN WAS WHOEVER DREW THE  
MARKED LOT WOULD BE THE 'BUNNY.'  
HUNTED DOWN BY THE OTHERS.  
LIKE DIANA AND ACTAEON,  
OR THE WILD HUNT.

"AND THEN, WELL... WE WOULD EAT THEM.  
ABSORB THEIR SOUL, THEIR SPIRITUAL  
POWERS. BASTARDIZATION OF THE LAST  
SUPPER, WASN'T IT? 'EAT OF MY BODY,  
DRINK OF MY BLOOD,' RIGHT?

"THE PLAN WAS TO GO ON TILL  
ONLY ONE WAS LEFT. THE LAST MAN  
STANDING WOULD HAVE FEASTED  
ON THE SOULS OF THE OTHER  
TWELVE. HE'D HAVE THE POWER  
OF THE WHOLE GROUP TOGETHER.



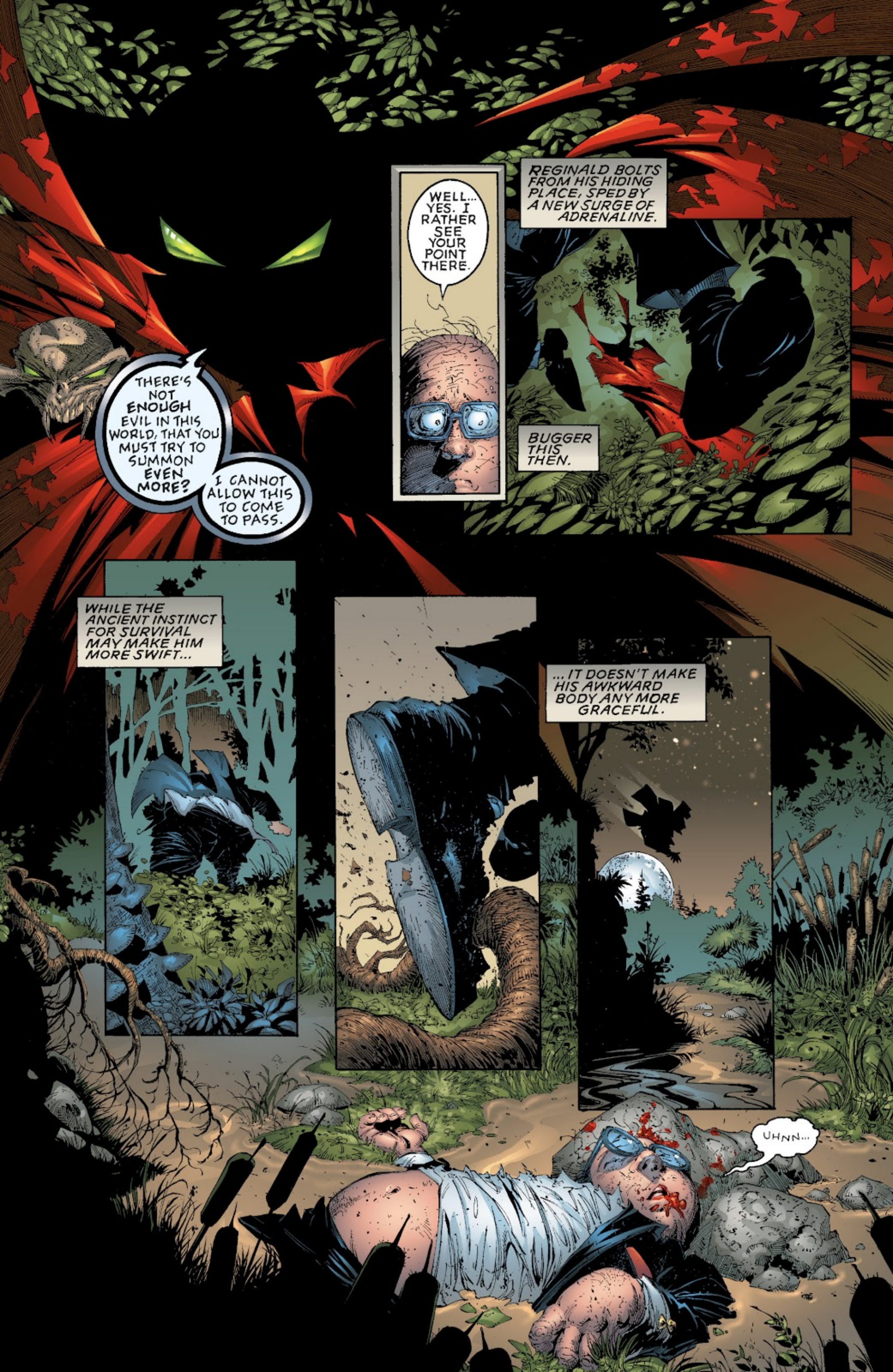
"AND HE WOULD BE THE  
VESSEL TO USHER IN THE  
REIGN OF *URIZEN*.

"IT WAS A TONTINE,  
A SACRED PACT,  
AND WE ALL  
AGREED TO IT.

"I KNOW IT SOUNDS  
SILLY BUT I DIDN'T  
THINK I WOULD LOSE.

"Um...  
WHAT...  
WHAT ARE  
YOU GOING  
TO DO WITH  
ME?"





THERE'S NOT ENOUGH EVIL IN THIS WORLD, THAT YOU MUST TRY TO SUMMON EVEN MORE?

I CANNOT ALLOW THIS TO COME TO PASS.

WELL... YES. I RATHER SEE YOUR POINT THERE.

REGINALD BOLTS FROM HIS HIDING PLACE, SPED BY A NEW SURGE OF ADRENALINE.

BUGGER THIS THEN.

WHILE THE ANCIENT INSTINCT FOR SURVIVAL MAY MAKE HIM MORE SWIFT...

... IT DOESN'T MAKE HIS AWKWARD BODY ANY MORE GRACEFUL.

UHHN...





SHADOWS SWIM BEFORE  
HIS EYES, THE WORLD  
SHIFTING IN AND OUT OF  
FOCUS. REGINALD BLAKNEY  
LOOKS UP AT THE CLOAKED  
FIGURE STANDING  
BEFORE HIM.

AS THE  
LAST BITS  
OF LIFE  
GURGLE  
FROM HIS  
BROKEN  
FRAME, HE  
SEES THE  
CREATURE  
REACH  
OUT FOR  
HIM...

... AND A LAST,  
DESPERATE CRY FOR  
MERCY DIES STILL-  
BORN IN HIS BLOOD-  
CLOTTED THROAT.



IT DIDN'T  
TAKE LONG  
FOR THE  
OTHERS TO  
FIND HIM.

REGINALD,  
PANICKED  
AND  
DELIRIOUS  
WITH  
BLOOD  
LOSS...

... HAD FALLEN  
INTO THE  
RAVINE AND  
BROKEN HIS  
FAT LITTLE NECK.

THE STORY  
PRETTY MUCH  
TOLD ITSELF.

HARGREAVES  
WAS RIGHT.  
REG WOULDN'T  
GET VERY FAR.

THEY JEALOUSLY  
CONSUME THEIR  
ERSTWHILE  
COMPANION,  
ACCOMPANIED  
TONIGHT BY  
SEVERAL BOTTLES  
OF RATHER FINE  
CABERNET.

WITH EACH  
QUIVERING FORK-  
FULL, THEY ARE  
ONE STEP CLOSER  
TO THEIR GOAL  
OF WELCOMING  
A NEW DARK GOD  
INTO THE WORLD.

SEVEN DOWN,  
FIVE TO GO.

EACH PRIVATELY  
WONDERS WHO  
WILL BE NEXT.

HAAAKAAK

JILLY,  
GIRL, ARE  
YOU ALL  
RIGHT?

BUT  
SOMETHING  
IS WRONG  
HERE.





WHAT TREACHERY THIS? SOMETHING VILE MOVES THROUGH THEIR BELLIES, WRIGGLING LIKE EARTHWORMS, SKITTERING LIKE BEETLES.

IT SPREADS OUT THROUGH THEIR VEINS, TURNING THEIR BLOOD BLACK AND SLOW.



THE ROOM ERUPTS IN EXPLOSIONS OF BILE, WHITE CELLS COLLAPSE AND INTERNAL ORGANS IMplode UPON THEMSELVES.

SOON, SIX BODIES LIE TWITCHING IN THE AGONY OF THEIR DEATH THROES. SIX BODIES ENCIRCLING THE STILL, BLUE CORPSE OF A SEVENTH.



FIRE LEAPS FROM TABLE CLOTH TO THE CURTAIN, FROM CURTAIN TO OAK-TIMBERED CEILING.



IN THE END, IT IS THE FIRE THAT CONSUMES THEM ALL, THE CURLING BLACK SMOKE STINKING OF RENDERED FAT AND BURNING HAIR.



THE GAME IS ENDED, WITH NO WINNERS.

IF THE DARK GOD IS TO COME, THEY WILL NOT HAVE LIVED TO SEE IT.





# SPAWN





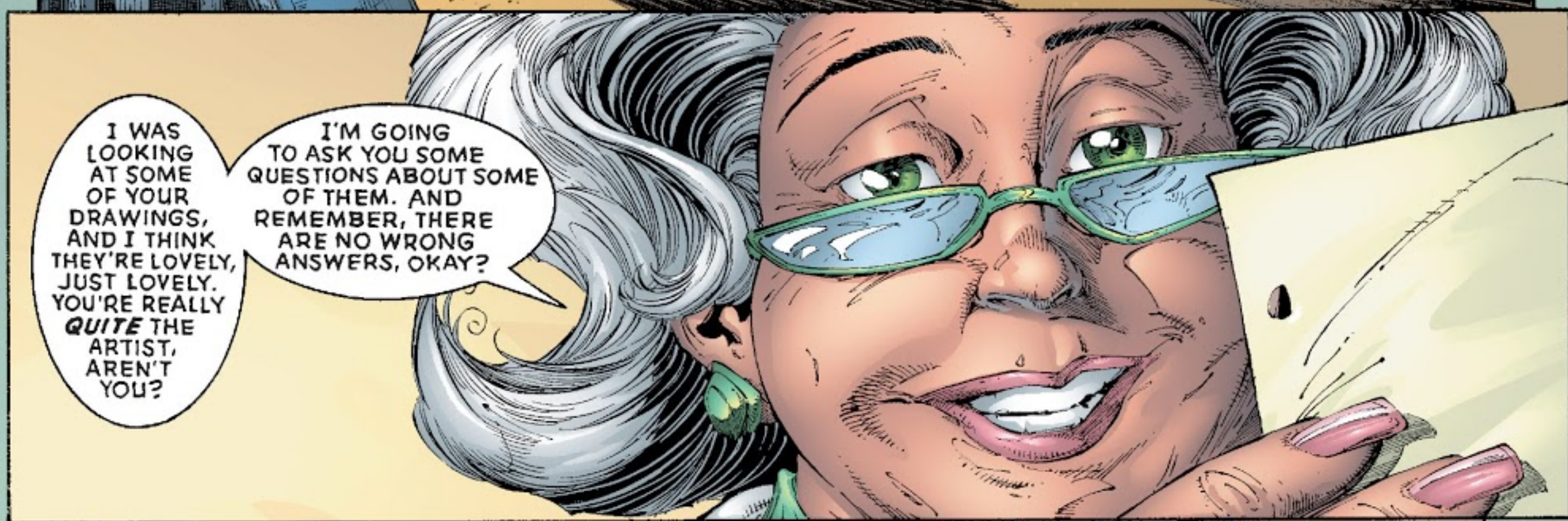


WELL, I MUST SAY YOU ARE A VERY BRIGHT GIRL, CYAN. AND I'M GLAD WE'VE HAD THIS CHANCE TO TALK. YOU'VE BEEN JUST **SUPER** TODAY.

THANK YOU.

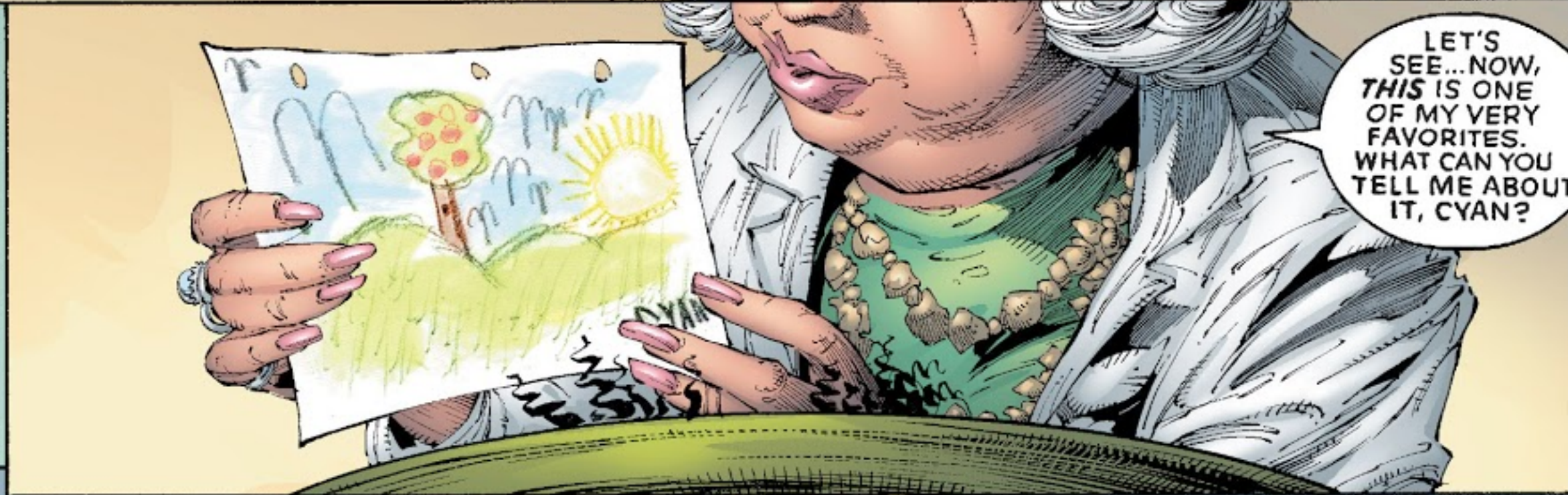
NOW, WE'RE ALMOST DONE. BUT FIRST, I HAVE A FEW MORE THINGS TO ASK YOU, OKAY?

OKAY.



I WAS LOOKING AT SOME OF YOUR DRAWINGS, AND I THINK THEY'RE LOVELY, JUST LOVELY. YOU'RE REALLY **QUITE** THE ARTIST, AREN'T YOU?

I'M GOING TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT SOME OF THEM. AND REMEMBER, THERE ARE NO WRONG ANSWERS, OKAY?



LET'S SEE... NOW, **THIS** IS ONE OF MY VERY FAVORITES. WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT IT, CYAN?



IT'S A **TREE** AN' **THE SUN**. AND SOME **BIRDS**. AND... uh... **GRASS**. Um... THAT'S IT.

AND HOW DOES IT MAKE YOU FEEL?

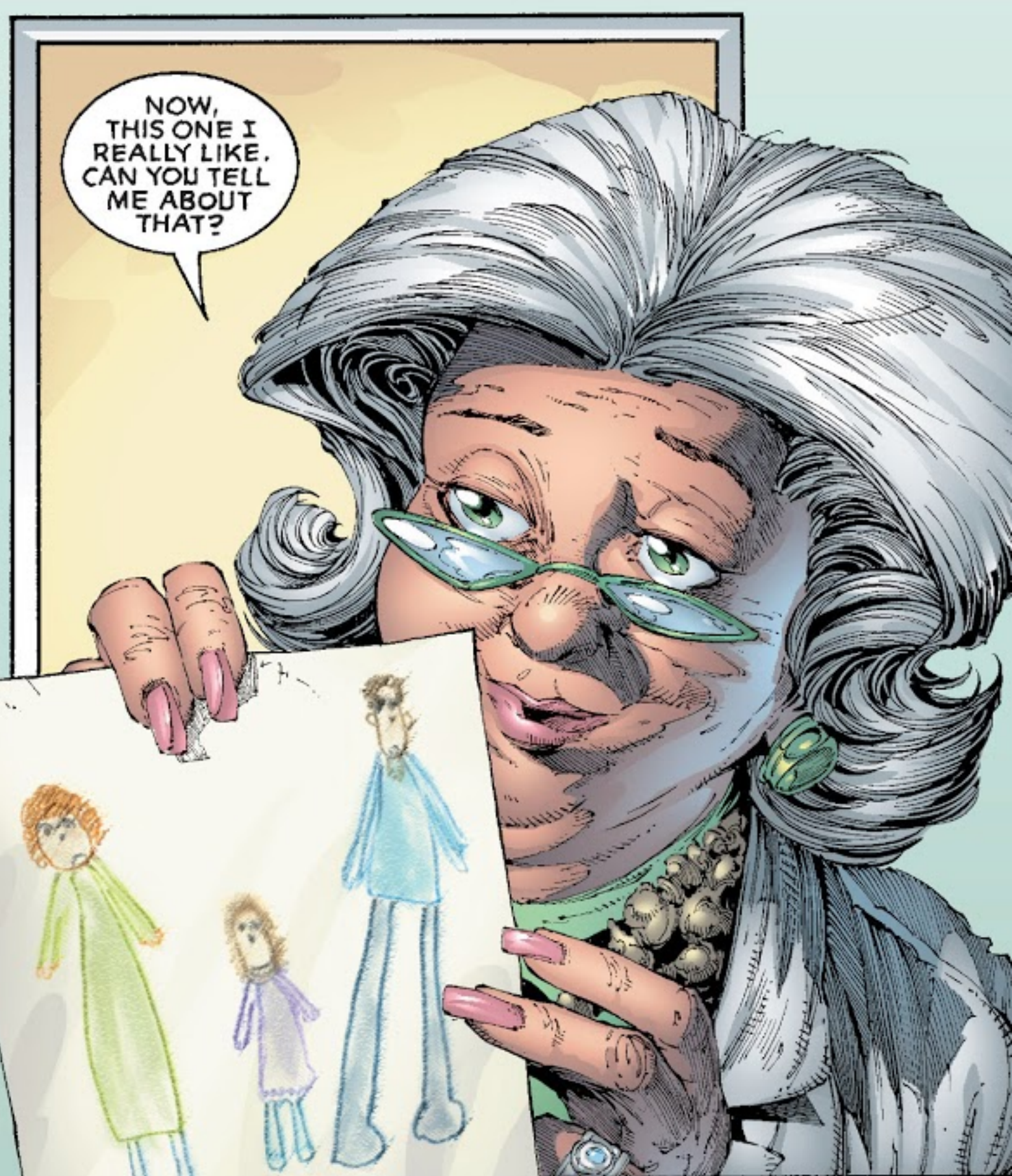
GOOD.





IT MAKES  
ME FEEL  
GOOD,  
TOO. VERY  
**SUNNY**.

I ALMOST  
FEEL LIKE I'M  
TAKING A LITTLE  
VACATION. THAT'S  
THE FUN THING  
ABOUT  
IMAGINATION,  
ISN'T IT?



NOW,  
THIS ONE I  
REALLY LIKE.  
CAN YOU TELL  
ME ABOUT  
THAT?

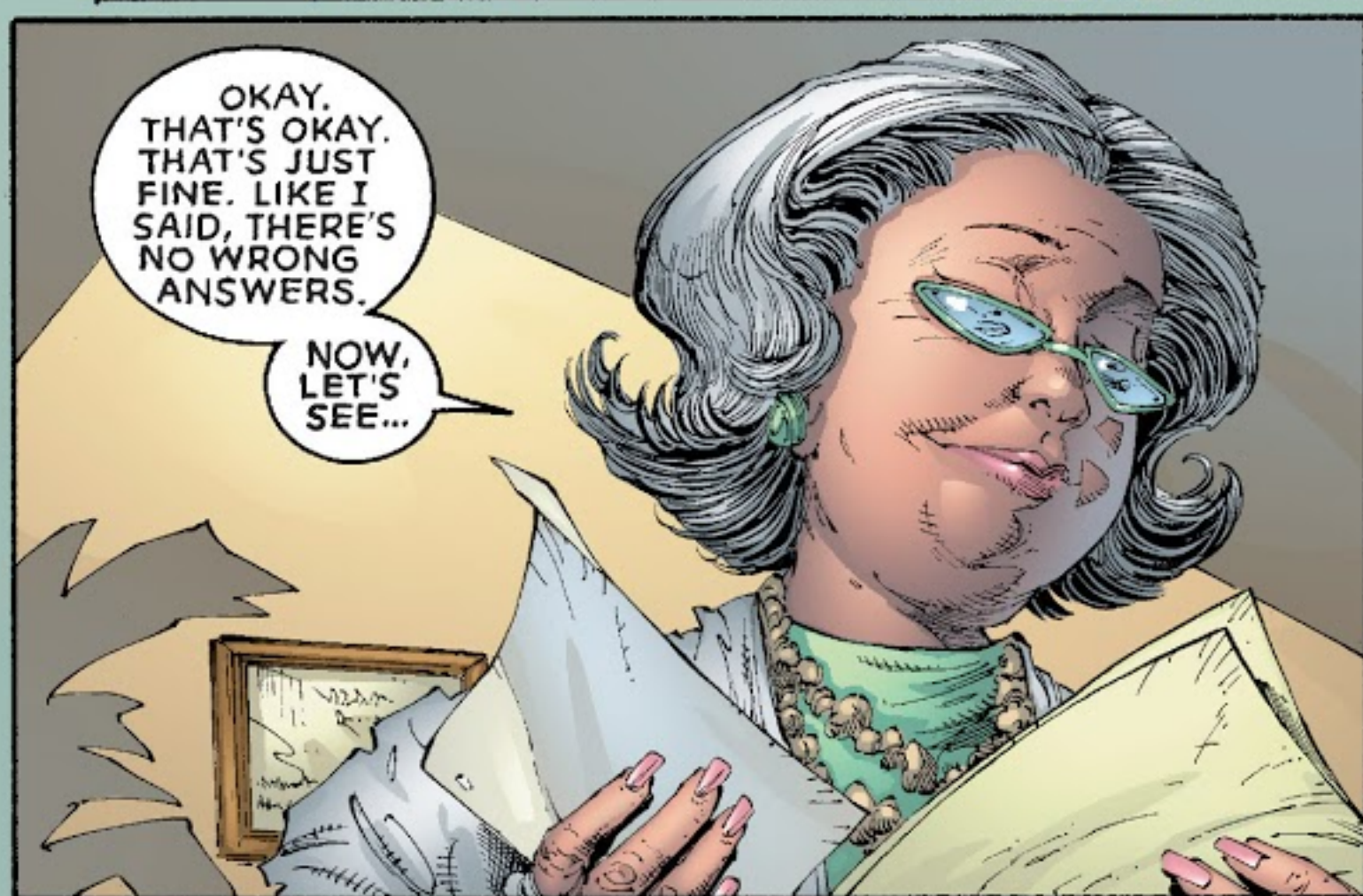


IT'S  
ME AND  
MOMMY  
AND  
DADDY.

YES  
IT IS.

TELL ME,  
HOW DO YOU  
**FEEL** WHEN  
YOU LOOK AT  
THIS? CAN YOU  
TELL ME  
THAT?

I DON'T  
KNOW.



OKAY.  
THAT'S OKAY.  
THAT'S JUST  
FINE. LIKE I  
SAID, THERE'S  
NO WRONG  
ANSWERS.

NOW,  
LET'S  
SEE...



OH, YES...  
THIS ONE. THIS  
ONE IS VERY  
**UNUSUAL**. VERY  
CREATIVE. WHAT  
CAN YOU TELL  
ME ABOUT  
IT?





CYAN?  
WHAT CAN  
YOU TELL ME  
ABOUT THIS  
DRAWING?

CYAN?



THAT'S MY  
FRIEND.

YOUR  
FRIEND? WELL,  
HE LOOKS LIKE A  
VERY INTEREST-  
ING FRIEND.  
DOES HE HAVE  
A NAME?



I  
DON'T KNOW.  
HE LOOKS  
OUT FOR  
ME.









MRS. FITZGERALD, WOULD YOU COME IN PLEASE?



SHE'S A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, WANDA. YOU AND HER FATHER MUST BE SO PROUD.



THANK YOU. WE ARE.



LET'S TALK ABOUT THESE NIGHTMARES. YOU SAY SHE'S HAD THEM IN THE PAST AND THEY'VE RECENTLY STARTED UP AGAIN?

YES. THE PAST COUPLE OF MONTHS.

WELL, CONSIDERING WHAT SHE'S BEEN THROUGH, I CAN'T SAY THAT'S UNUSUAL.

I SEE.



HAS THERE BEEN ANY TENSION AT HOME LATELY?

A LITTLE.

I MEAN, NOTHING VIOLENT OR UGLY BUT SOMETIMES...

WE TRY NOT TO FIGHT IN FRONT OF HER.



WELL, CHILDREN ARE VERY SENSITIVE. YOU'D BE SURPRISED WHAT THINGS THEY PICK UP ON.

OH GOD.

RELAX. HONESTLY, I DON'T THINK YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. CYAN'S A SUPER KID.



I WOULD LIKE TO SEE HER AGAIN. DO SOME FOLLOW UP. HOW'S NEXT FRIDAY?





IT'S ONE OF  
THOSE NIGHTS.  
THE KIND OF  
NIGHT THAT  
MAKES YOU  
BELIEVE ANY-  
THING CAN  
HAPPEN.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE  
RAIN... THE WAY THE  
LIGHTNING COMES IN BRIGHT  
BOLTS OF CLARITY. LIKE THE  
WHOLE WORLD IS TRYING  
TO CLEANSE ITSELF.

LIKE SOME BIBLICAL  
DELUGE, COMING TO WASH  
AWAY ALL OUR SINS AND  
INIQUITIES, WIPE THE  
SLATE CLEAN.

AND THEN, IN THE  
MORNING, WHEN THE  
SUN COMES OUT,  
EVERYTHING WILL BE  
FRESH AND NEW  
AND WE CAN ALL  
START OVER AGAIN.



BUT IT  
NEVER  
WORKS OUT  
THAT WAY,  
DOES IT?

I DON'T  
SEE THE BIG  
DEAL. SHE  
LOOKS GREAT  
TO ME.

WELL,  
DR. ZABOUS  
WANTS TO SPEND  
A LITTLE MORE  
TIME OBSERVING  
HER, JUST TO  
MAKE SURE.

MMMM-  
HMM-  
HMMM.



DR. ZABOUS?  
WHAT KIND OF NAME IS  
THAT? SOUNDS LIKE SOME-  
THING FROM "PLANET  
OF THE APES."

ARE YOU  
GOING TO  
TAKE THIS  
SERIOUSLY?

NO, I  
DON'T  
THINK I AM.  
SHE'S FINE.  
I DON'T NEED  
TO PAY SOME  
SHRINK A  
HUNDRED  
BUCKS AN  
HOUR TO  
TELL ME  
THAT.

SHE'S  
NOT--

SHE'S  
NOT FINE.  
YOU'RE NOT THE  
ONE WHO SITS  
UP WITH HER  
WHEN SHE  
WAKES UP  
CRYING--

STOP.







YOU CAN JUST STOP RIGHT THERE. I'M NOT HAVING THIS CONVERSATION AGAIN.

LOOK, I JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE OUR LITTLE GIRL IS ALL RIGHT. I'M NOT GOING TO APOLOGIZE FOR THAT.

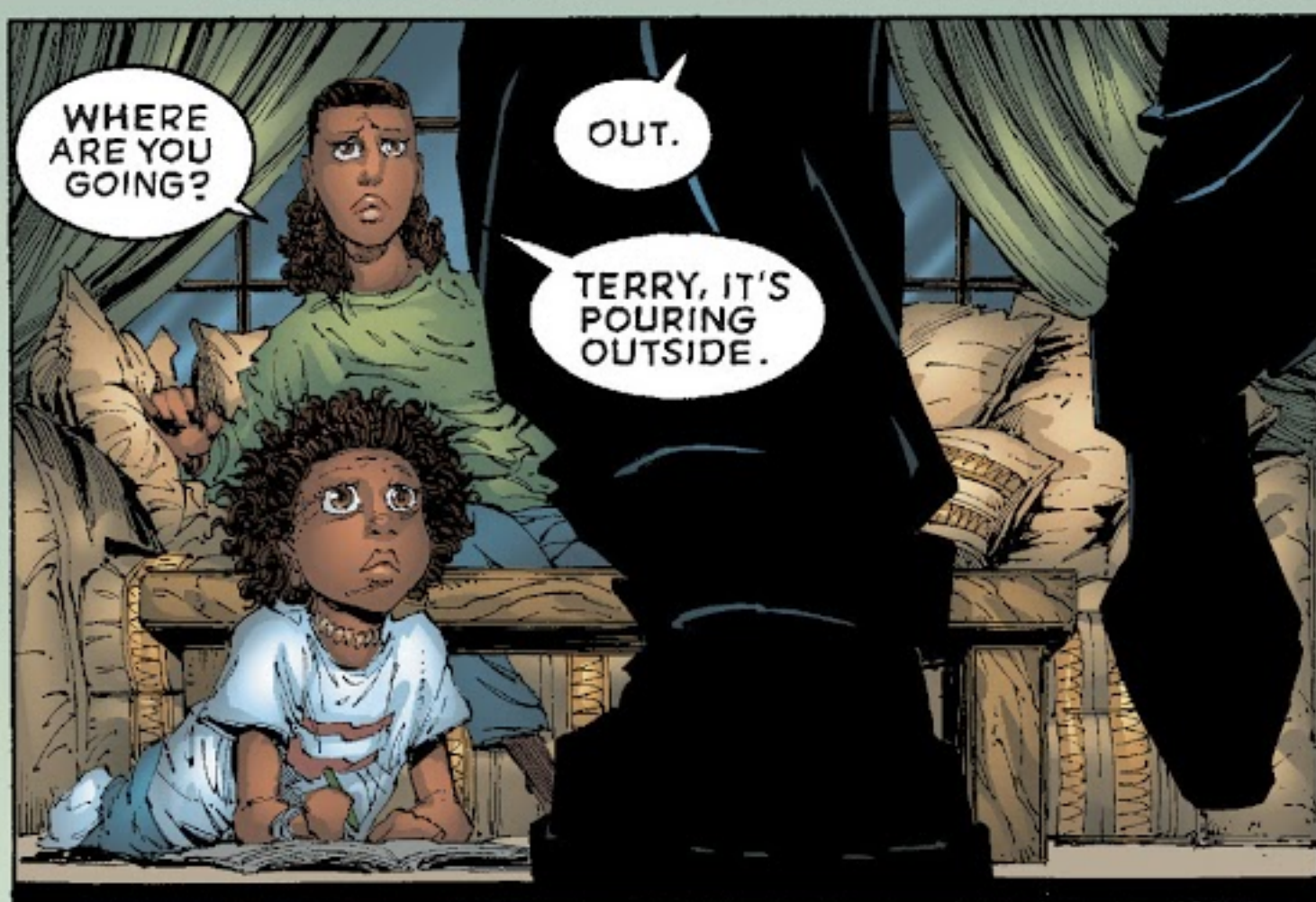
AND WHO'S GOING TO PAY FOR ALL THIS HIGH-PRICED CARING AND SHARING? YOU'RE NOT WORKING ANYMORE AND MY INSURANCE WON'T COVER IT.

I'M NOT PAYING FOR SOME WOMAN'S SUMMER HOUSE JUST SO SHE CAN TELL ME MY KID IS FINE.

OK, PLEASE. GOSH, TERRY, WE'RE LIVING *SO* CLOSE TO POVERTY. I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO WEAR MY *OLD* TIARA TO THE MILLIONAIRE'S BALL THIS YEAR. GIVE ME A BREAK!

IF YOU DON'T WANT TO DO THIS, THEN JUST *SAY SO*. DON'T MAKE EXCUSES.

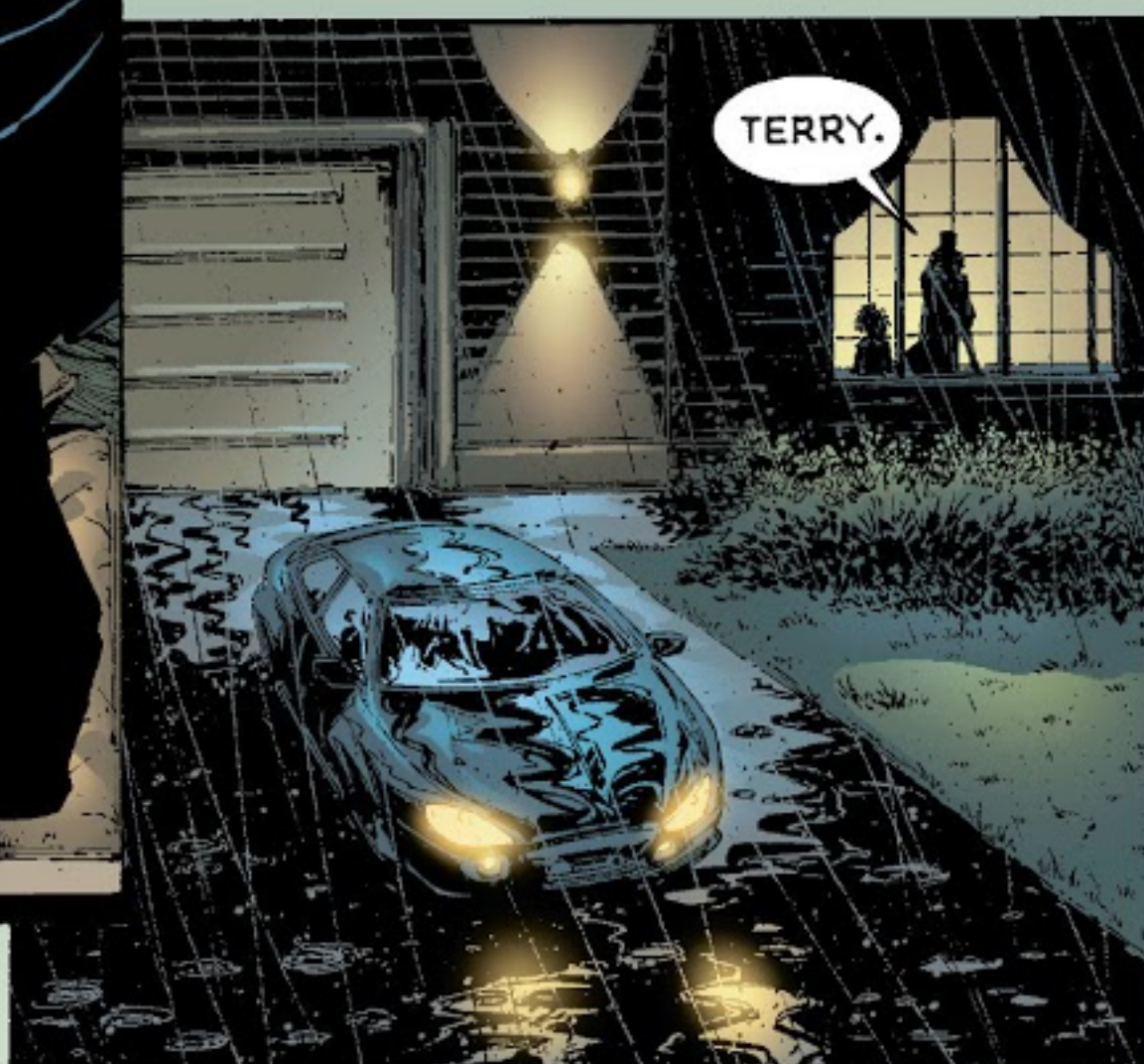
I *DID* SAY SO.



WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

OUT.

TERRY, IT'S POURING OUTSIDE.



TERRY.





MMM-  
MWAH.



GOOD  
NIGHT  
MY LITTLE  
ANGEL.  
SWEET  
DREAMS.

IS DADDY  
GOING TO COME  
TUCK ME IN?

DADDY'S  
STILL OUT...  
RUNNING SOME  
ERRANDS. BUT  
I'LL MAKE SURE  
HE COMES IN  
AND SITS WITH  
YOU WHILE  
YOU'RE  
SLEEPING,  
OKAY?

O-KAY.



GOOD  
NIGHT,  
CYAN.

G'NIGHT.



IT'S A FUNNY  
THING ABOUT  
MEMORIES.



RUMOR HAS  
IT THEY'RE  
SUPPOSED  
TO *FADE*  
WITH TIME.



BUT THAT'S  
NOT TRUE.  
THAT'S NOT  
TRUE AT ALL.



LATE AT NIGHT  
LIKE THIS, WHEN  
EVERYTHING'S  
QUIET... THAT'S  
WHEN THEY COME.

THE "IF ONLYS."

"IF ONLY AL  
DIDN'T TAKE  
THAT LAST  
MISSION..."

"IF ONLY HE  
HAD QUIT  
THAT STUPID  
COMPANY...  
IF ONLY  
TERRY  
HADN'T BEEN  
HIS BEST  
FRIEND..."

"IF ONLY  
HE DIDN'T  
LEAVE  
ME..."

"IF ONLY  
HE WERE  
STILL  
ALIVE..."

"IF  
ONLY..."









YOU'RE NOT MY DADDY...

I'M NOT? ARE YOU SURE? WELL, ISN'T THAT FUNNY.

HE HE HE HE HE!



HUH!



HE HE  
HA HA HE

HE HE HE HA HA HA!

HOW YOU BEEN, SWEET-UMS? REMEMBER **ME?!**



AAAIEEE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, LITTLE GIRL? ARE YOU SCARED?





WHERE  
DO YOU  
THINK YOU'RE  
GOING,  
CYAN?



NOOO!



WHAT'S  
THE MATTER?  
YOU SEEM  
LOST.

ALL  
ALONE  
IN THE  
DARK...



BUT  
YOU'RE NOT  
ALONE, ARE  
YOU?



YOU'RE  
NEVER  
REALLY  
ALONE.

HELP!





THAT'S IT, CYAN. KEEP CALLING.



PLEASE...



LEAVE HER ALONE.

HELP ME.

VERY GOOD. I KNEW YOU WOULD LEAD ME TO HIM.



IT'S GOOD TO HAVE FRIENDS WHO LOOK OUT FOR YOU.

I HOPE WE CAN BE FRIENDS.



THEY'RE COMING FOR US...





YES  
THEY ARE,  
CYAN. YOU  
CAN'T  
STOP  
THEM.



SAVE  
ME!

HE  
CAN'T  
EVEN SAVE  
HIMSELF.  
NOT  
ANYMORE.



JUST ONE  
LAST QUESTION,  
CYAN. HOW DOES  
IT MAKE YOU  
FEEL?

AND  
REMEMBER,  
THERE ARE  
NO WRONG  
ANSWERS.





AAAAA!!

NO!

STOP IT!

PLEASE!

THEY'RE GOING TO KILL HIM!





NO!

CYAN?



BABY, WHAT'S WRONG? DID YOU HAVE A BAD DREAM? CYAN?

IT'S OKAY, BABY. IT'S OKAY. JUST A DREAM, HONEY.

THEY'RE COMING FOR HIM... THEY WANT TO HURT HIM... THE MAN SAID HE WAS DADDY BUT HE WASN'T... AND THEN THERE WAS A HAND...

IT'S OKAY. I'M HERE. JUST TRY AND RELAX.

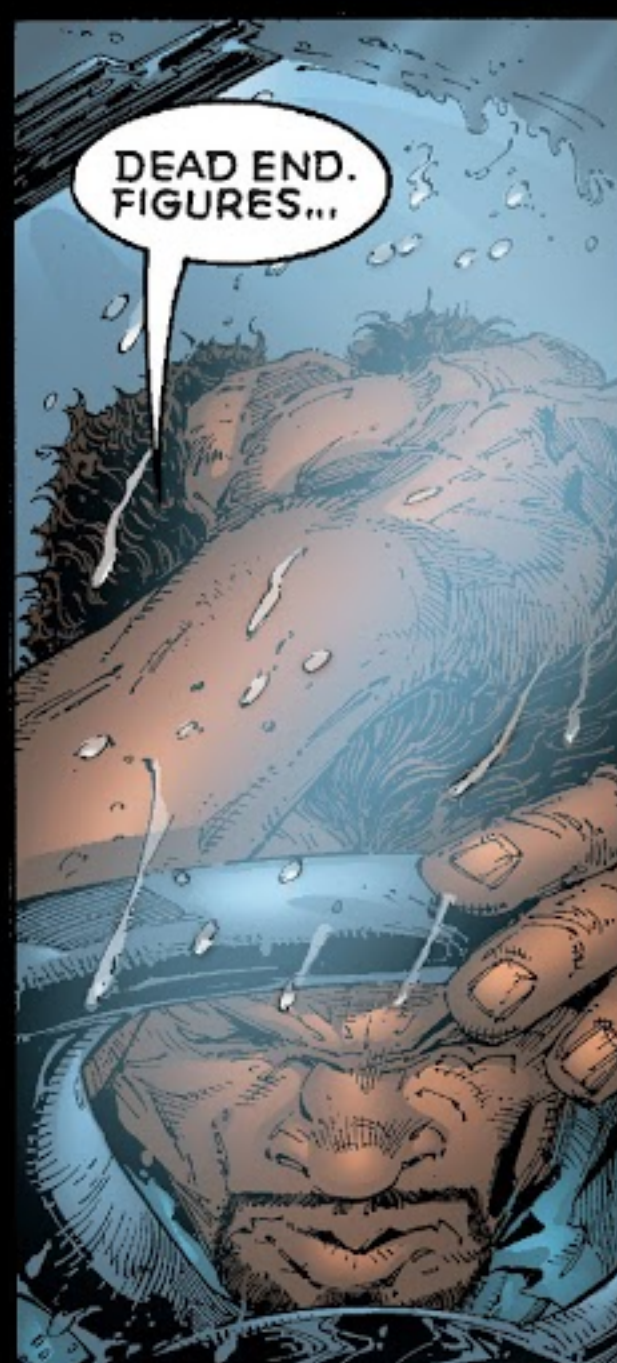
IT'S COLD IN HERE.

OH, NO WONDER YOU'RE SCARED. LOOK AT THE WINDOW.

SEE. IT'S JUST A SILLY OLD TREE BRANCH. THE WIND MUST'VE KNOCKED IT THROUGH THE WINDOW. THAT'S ALL.







IF ONLY THE GHOSTS  
WOULD LEAVE US ALONE.



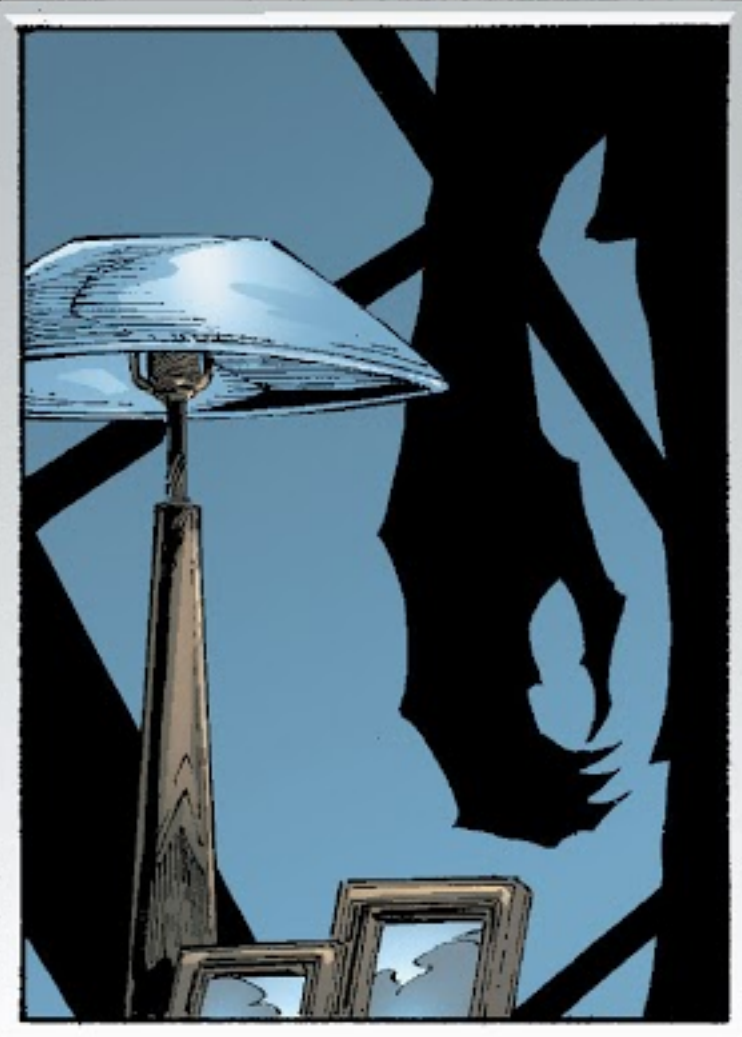
A NIGHT  
LIKE THIS,  
ANYTHING  
CAN  
HAPPEN.



TIME COULD STAND  
STILL. THE LAWS  
OF NATURE COULD  
SUSPEND THEM-  
SELVES.



WHO KNOWS  
WHAT SECRETS  
ARE OUT THERE,  
SLIPPING  
BETWEEN THE  
SHADOWS,  
HIDDEN BEHIND  
THE ENDLESS  
ARMIES OF  
RAINDROPS?



THINGS WHICH WE  
HOLD SO CLOSE IN  
OUR MEMORIES,  
THINGS THAT LIE  
BEYOND OUR  
WILDEST DREAMS.

COMING LIKE A  
THIEF IN THE  
NIGHT... LIKE A  
FORGOTTEN  
LOVER.





A NIGHT LIKE THIS,  
EVERYTHING COULD CHANGE  
IN AN INSTANT.

IN A  
SINGLE  
FLASH OF  
LIGHTNING.



SOMETHING  
THAT MOVES  
IN THE FERTILE  
DARKNESS.

SOMETHING IMPOSSIBLE.

IT MOVES SILENTLY,  
GLIDING ON YOUR BREATH,  
SLIPPING UNDER YOUR SKIN...

... OPENING FORBIDDEN DOORS.

AND THEN  
IT'S OVER.

THE CIRCLE IS CLOSED, AND THE FATE IS SEALED.

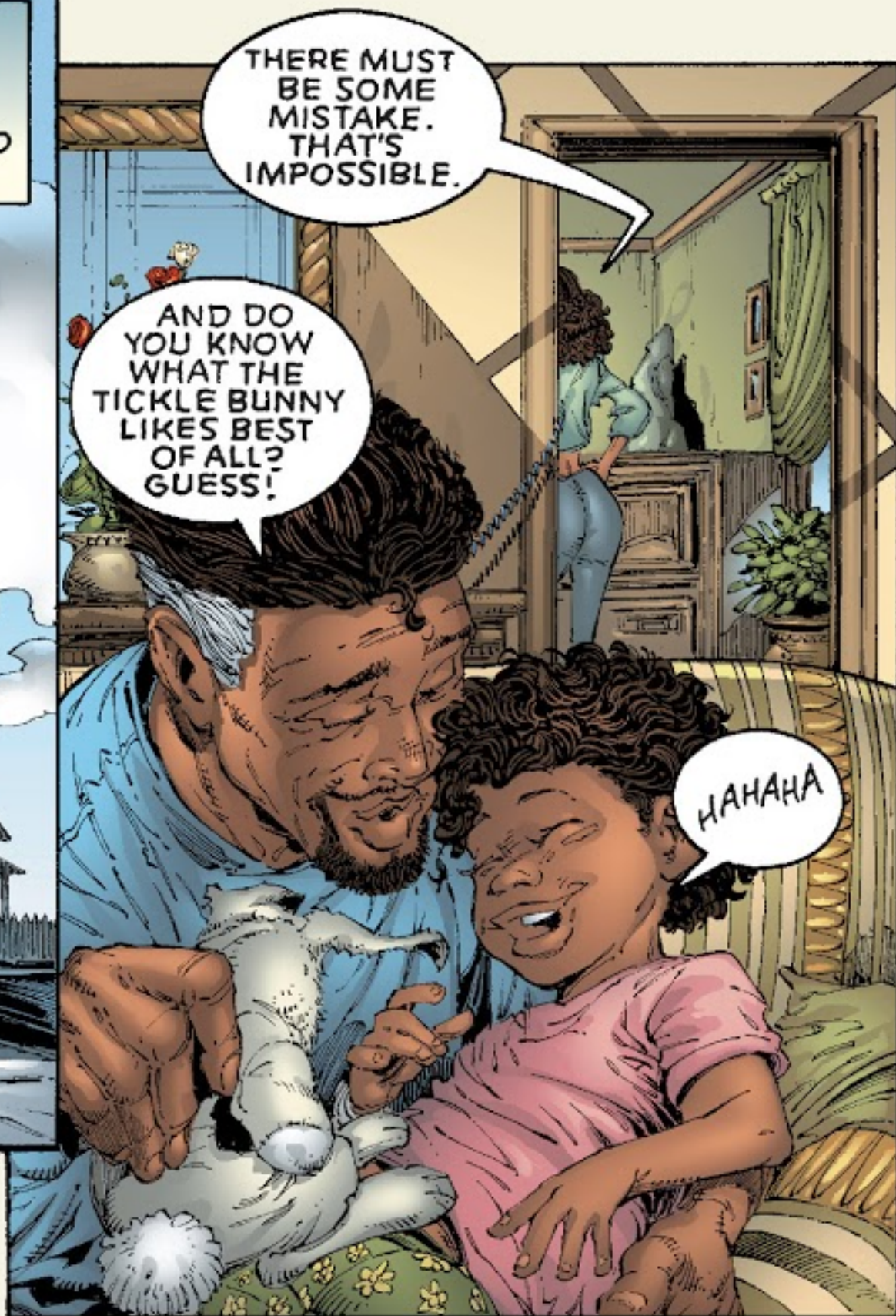
MAYBE YOU  
WOULDN'T EVEN NOTICE  
AT FIRST.







IT MIGHT BE WEEKS BEFORE YOU REALIZE THAT EVERYTHING'S CHANGED FOREVER...



THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE. THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE TICKLE BUNNY LIKES BEST OF ALL? GUESS!

HAHAHA



BECAUSE IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. WE HAVEN'T-- YOU MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE. MIXED UP THE FILES OR SOMETHING.

YOU'RE 100 PERCENT CERTAIN. BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND.



TERRY... WE NEED TO TALK.

I'M BUSY, WANDA.



TERRY... NOW.



WHAT IS IT? YOU COMPLAIN I DON'T SPEND ENOUGH TIME WITH HER, AND WHEN I DO...



WELL, WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S SO DAMNED IMPORTANT?

I'M WAITING.





I'M  
PREGNANT.





# SPAWN



95

DIGITAL  
EDITION

Lapula  
56

D.:

McFARLANE



PENNSYLVANIA...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? TURN THAT DOWN...

WHY? I LIKE THIS SONG. LIVE WITH IT.

NOT IN MY CAR.

WHAT, THAT'S LIKE A *RULE* NOW? ANYWAY, IT AIN'T YOUR CAR.

WELL, I'M DRIVING AND I SAY CHANGE IT.

WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL? I THOUGHT YOU LIKED SKYNYRD.

S'NOT SKYNYRD, YOU IGNORANT TURD! IT'S THE GODDAMN MARSHALL TUCKER BAND!

WHATEVER. LIKE THERE'S A DIFFERENCE.

WHAT?

NOTHING.

WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?

DO YOU WANT ME TO TURN THIS CAR AROUND?

FORGET IT. I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU WERE SO SENSITIVE...



**HOLEEE**  
**MOTHER**  
**OF--**





WHAT  
THE  
**HELL?**



**HAAAAAH!!**











QUIT BITCHING  
AND GET UP. WE GOT  
WORK TO DO. I TELL YOU...  
COUPLE OF REAL WINNERS  
WE GOT STUCK WITH  
THIS TIME.

YEP.  
MAN, IT'S BEEN  
A WHILE. STILL  
FEELS KINDA WEIRD,  
DON'T IT?



I SUPPOSE.

SNFF  
WHAT'S  
THAT  
SMELL?

GASOLINE.

RIGHT.  
GASOLINE.  
I REMEMBER  
NOW.

NO YOU  
DON'T. IT  
WASN'T  
AROUND  
*LAST*  
TIME.



OKAY. LET'S  
GET MOVING.  
GOT A LONG HIKE  
AHEAD OF US.



QUEENS, NEW YORK.

SO WHAT'RE YOU TELLING ME? THIS IS SOME KIND OF *IMMACULATE CONCEPTION*? IS THAT IT? SOME KIND OF *SPONTANEOUS MIRACLE*?

WELL, THAT'S GREAT! HEY, WE SHOULD CALL THE *POPE*. CALL-CALL CARDINAL MAHONEY OR... LISTEN, I'LL GO AND START PACKING OUR BAGS AND YOU BOOK A FLIGHT TO *BETHLEHEM*.

STOP IT, TERRY.

NO, IT'LL BE GREAT. WE'LL CLEAN UP ON GIFTS FROM *WISE MEN*.

THIS IS VERY COMFORTING. SEE, FOR A BIT THERE I WAS WORRIED.

I MEAN MY *WIFE*, WHO'S BARELY LET ME *TOUCH HER* IN MONTHS, SUDDENLY TELLS ME SHE'S *PREGNANT*, AND, WELL, HEY I START JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS...

STOP IT. THIS ISN'T *FUNNY*.

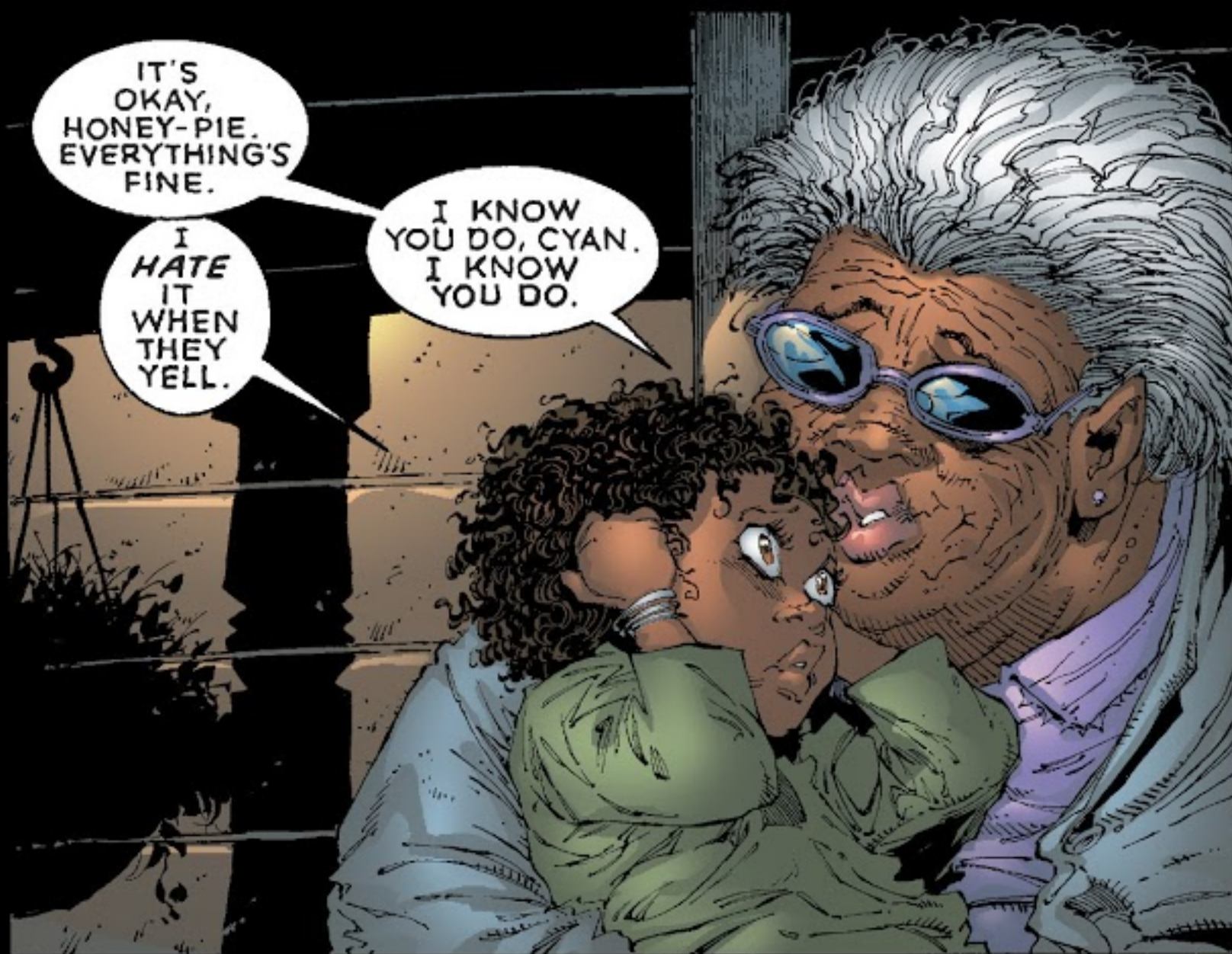
BUT NOW THAT I KNOW THAT A *THEOLOGICAL* EXPLANATION CAN'T BE RULED OUT... BOY, I FEEL MUCH BETTER.

NO, IT SURE ISN'T.

LOOK, I'M ONLY GOING TO SAY THIS *ONCE*. I DON'T *KNOW* EXACTLY WHAT'S GOING ON...

... BUT DON'T YOU *DARE* ACCUSE ME OF WHAT I THINK YOU'RE ACCUSING ME OF.









THIS PLACE SUCKS.



JUST LOOK AT 'EM.

DISGUSTING.



HUMAN RACE SURE HASN'T EVOLVED MUCH SINCE LAST TIME. IF ANYTHING, THEY'VE GOTTEN UGLIER.

YEAH. FATTER, TOO.



THEY'RE JUST ASKING TO BE WIPED OUT OF CREATION, AREN'T THEY?



GODDAMN RIGHT THEY ARE.

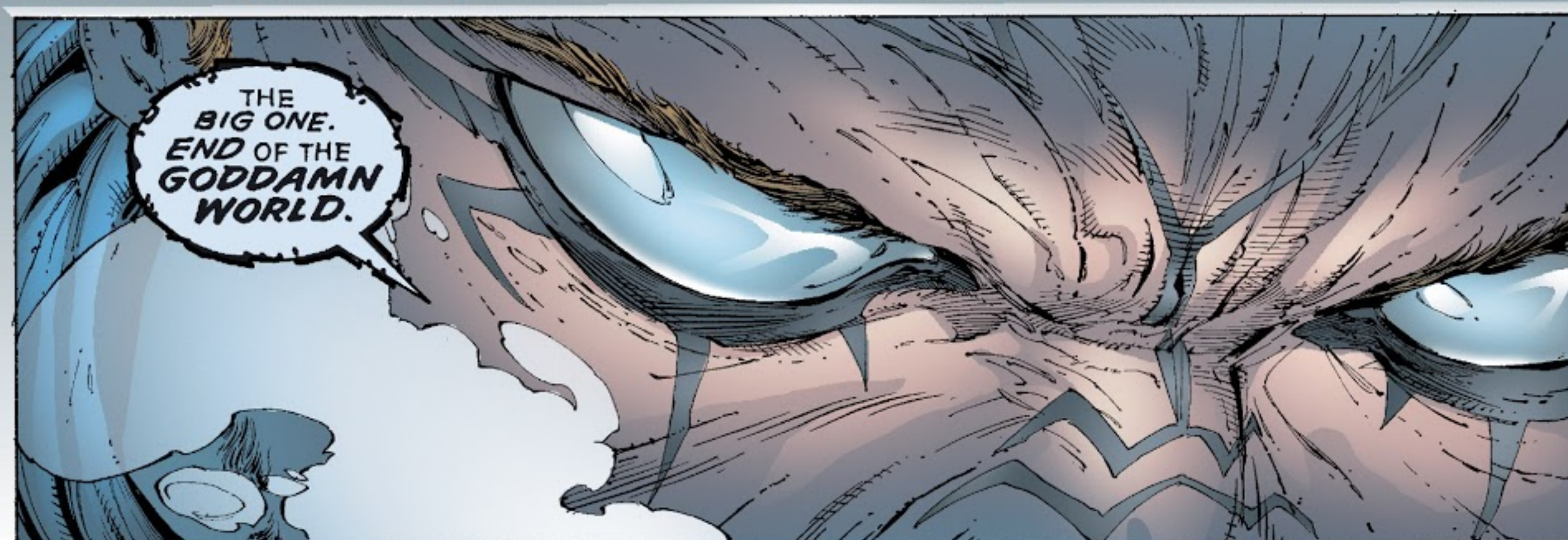


YEAH. AT LEAST THE FOOD SMELLS BETTER. NOT AS ROTTEN. AND THERE'S NO PLAGUE. JEEZ, REMEMBER THE PLAGUE? BODIES PILED UP IN THE STREET, TEN DEEP? THAT WAS A MESS.

I KIND OF LIKED THE PLAGUE.

YOU WOULD.









"REST  
IN PEACE."  
EASIER SAID  
THAN DONE,  
ISN'T IT?





AT EASE,  
SOLDIER.



SO  
YOU  
WANT TO  
TELL ME  
WHAT'S  
ON YOUR  
MIND?  
Hmm?

NO?



I UNDER-  
STAND. YOU'RE  
STILL HALF  
CONVINCED  
YOU'RE  
*IMAGINING*  
ME.

WHO  
KNOWS,  
MAYBE  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT.



YOU'VE BEEN  
PRETTY SHAKEN UP  
LATELY. LET'S FACE  
IT, YOU'RE LOSING  
*TOUCH* WITH THINGS,  
AREN'T YOU?





THAT'S  
OKAY. YOU  
DON'T HAVE  
TO ANSWER.  
I KNOW HOW  
IT IS.

REMEMBER  
HUMPING THROUGH  
A JUNGLE IN  
SOUTHEAST ASIA,  
SO THICK THAT EVEN  
IN YOUR DREAMS ALL  
YOU COULD SEE  
WAS *GREEN*?

WHEN  
YOU'RE SO  
DEEP IN SLOP  
AND YOU CAN'T  
TRUST THE  
PEOPLE WHO  
SENT YOU THERE,  
AND YOU SURE AS  
HELL CAN'T  
TRUST THE ONES  
HIDING ON THE  
OTHER SIDE  
OF THOSE  
TREES...

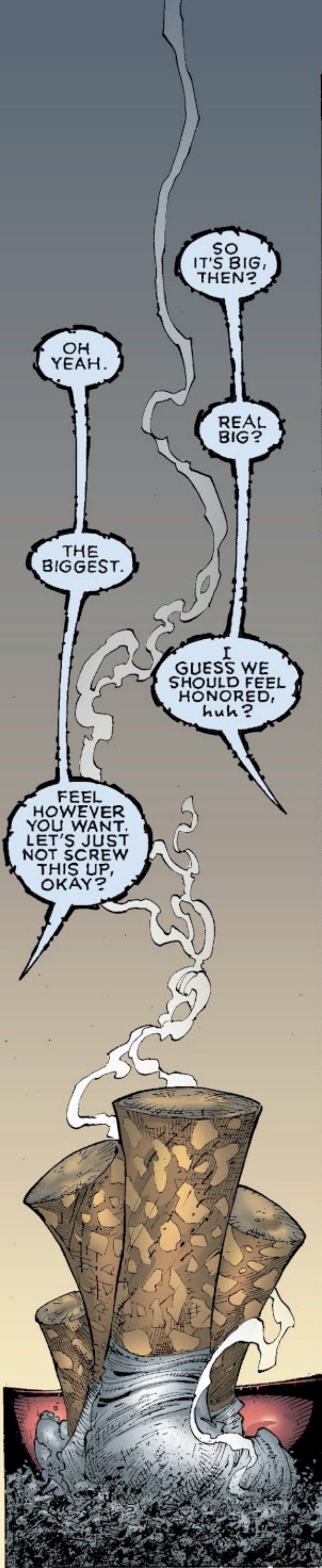
THE  
WORLD GETS  
TURNED UPSIDE  
DOWN AND YOU  
CAN'T WORK OUT  
WHO THE GOOD  
GUYS ARE ANY-  
MORE. HELL,  
MAYBE THERE  
NEVER WERE  
ANY GOOD  
GUYS.

I'M NOT  
GOING TO LIE TO  
YOU, SOLDIER. THINGS  
ARE GOING TO GET VERY  
*HOT* VERY FAST AND  
THERE'S NOT A LOT  
YOU CAN DO  
ABOUT IT.

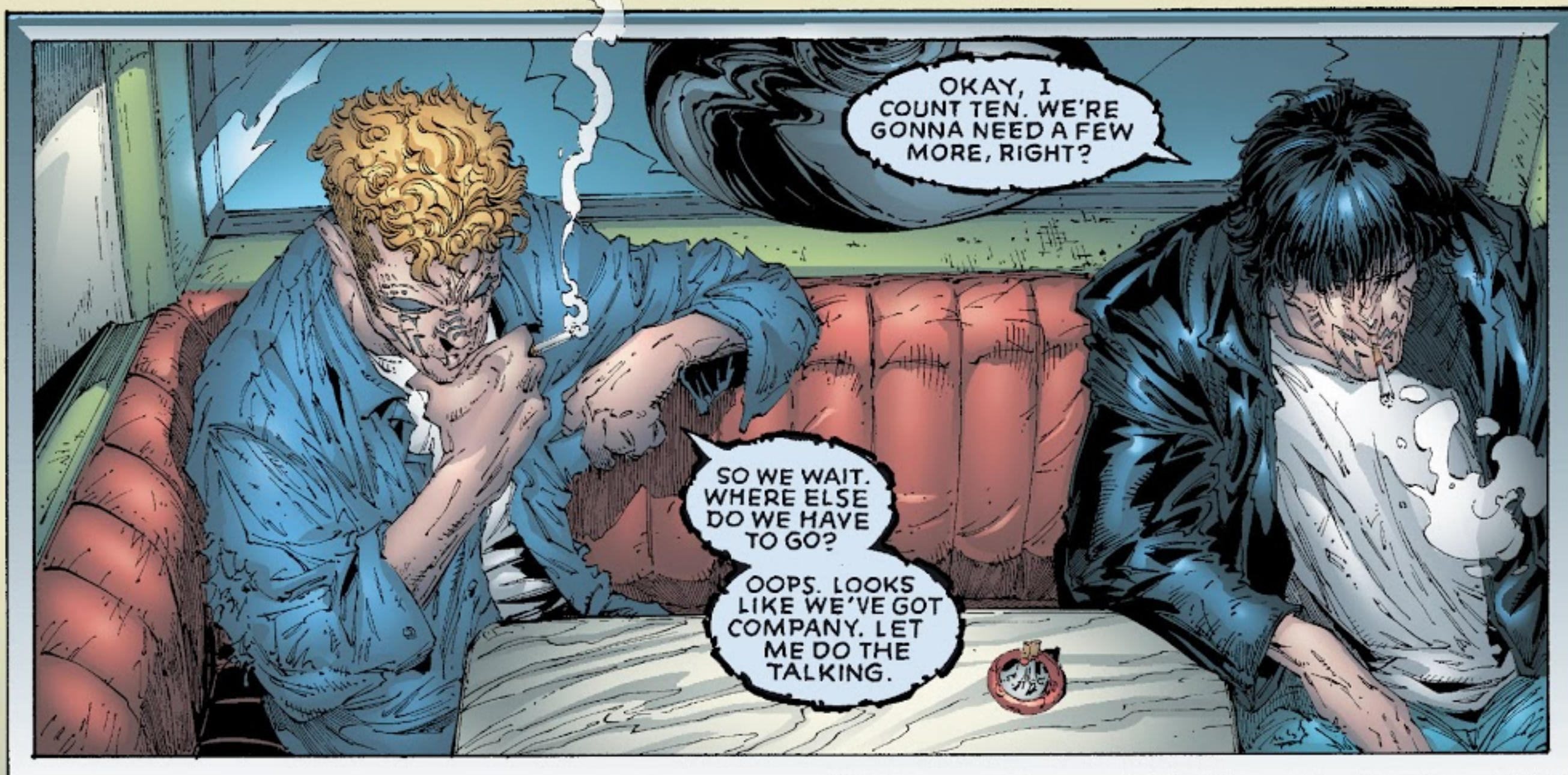
EXCEPT  
MAYBE KEEP  
YOUR HEAD  
DOWN AND DO  
YOUR BEST TO  
SURVIVE.

MAKES  
FOR A  
LONELY  
WORLD,  
DOESN'T  
IT?









OKAY, I  
COUNT TEN. WE'RE  
GONNA NEED A FEW  
MORE, RIGHT?

SO WE WAIT.  
WHERE ELSE  
DO WE HAVE  
TO GO?

OOPS. LOOKS  
LIKE WE'VE GOT  
COMPANY. LET  
ME DO THE  
TALKING.



ALL RIGHT  
YOU TWO. YOU  
BEEN HERE **ALL**  
**DAY** TAKING UP  
VALUABLE BOOTH  
SPACE. WHAT'S  
YOUR STORY? I  
KNOW I AIN'T  
**THAT** PRETTY.



WELL,  
GOSH MA'AM,  
I WOULDN'T  
SAY **THAT**.  
HAS ANYONE  
EVER TOLD  
YOU--



I AM  
**ZABRAXAS** AND  
HE IS CALLED **ABBADON**.  
WE ARE HERE TO USHER  
IN THE APOCALYPSE AND  
WE WOULD APPRECIATE  
IT IF WE WEREN'T  
DISTURBED. THANK  
YOU.



HEY!  
DO YOU  
REMEMBER  
THAT WORD  
"COVERT"  
WE TALKED  
ABOUT?

SMART  
ASSES.





HEY,  
BOYS.

HEYA,  
IRENE.



THAT'S  
IT. THAT  
MAKES  
**THIRTEEN**.  
WE GOT  
OURSELVES  
A BALL GAME,  
ZAB.

ALL  
RIGHT  
THEN...



LET'S GET INTO  
CHARACTER.



EVERYBODY,  
HANDS IN  
THE AIR!

ANYONE  
SCREWS WITH  
ME AND I'LL  
EXECUTE EVERY  
LAST ONE  
OF YA!

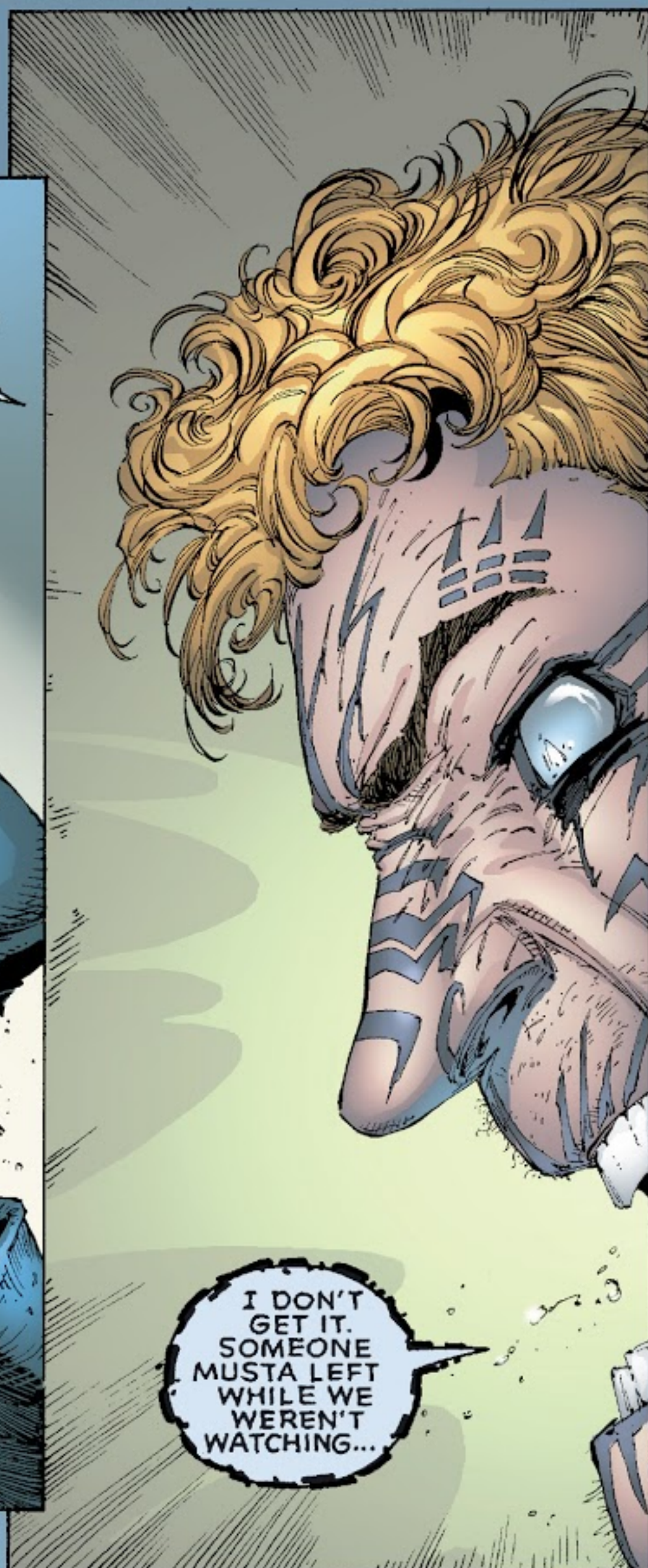
MIDDLE  
OF THE FLOOR.  
HANDS AND KNEES!  
NOW! AND LET'S  
NOT DO ANYTHING  
**STUPID**.



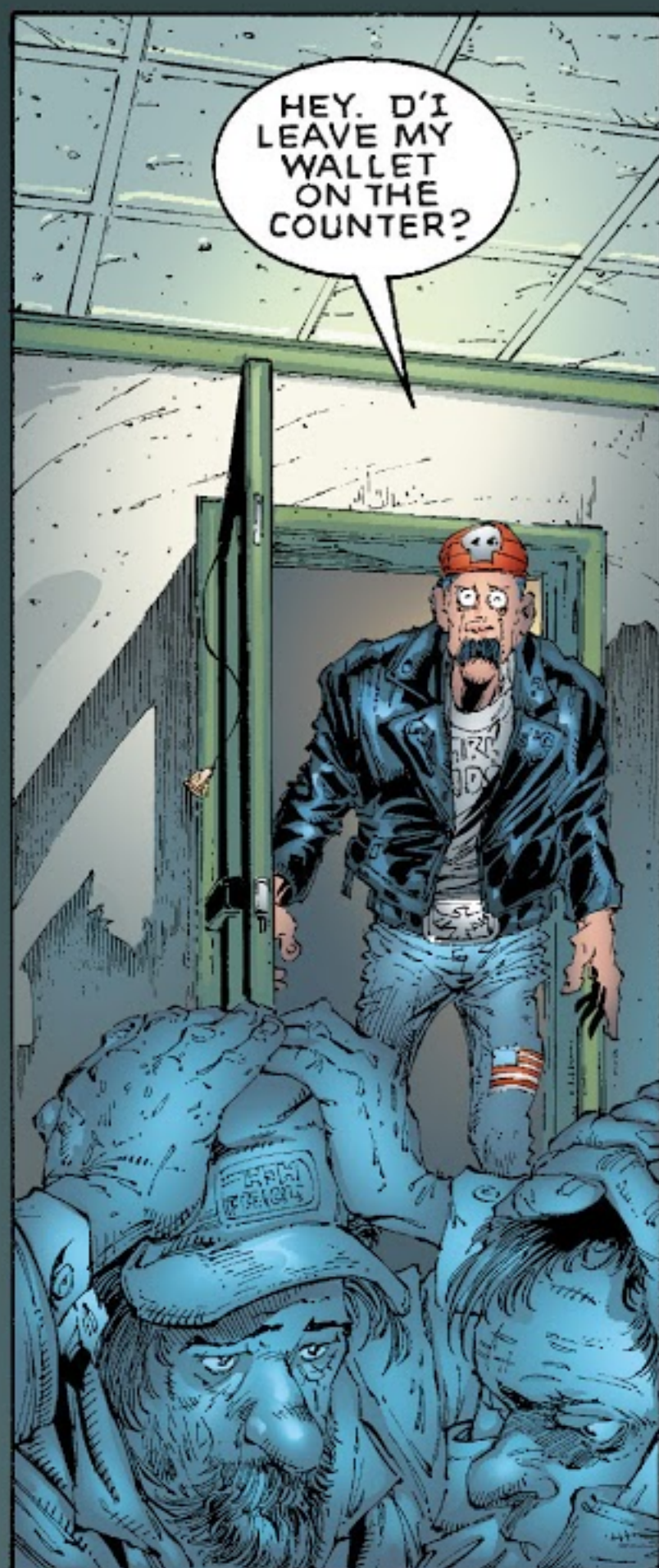
HEY!  
WHAT  
DID I  
JUST  
SAY?

















"YEAH. I'M  
GETTING  
ALL CHOKED  
UP INSIDE."







SOME-  
THING'S  
HAPPENING.  
IT HAS  
STARTED.



THIS  
IS IT,  
SOLDIER.  
THERE'S NO  
TURNING  
BACK  
NOW.



DON'T LET  
THE BASTARDS  
MESS WITH YOUR  
HEAD. REMEMBER,  
THERE'S ONLY ONE  
PERSON YOU  
ANSWER TO  
AND THAT'S  
**YOU.**



GOOD  
LUCK,  
SOLDIER.  
MAKE US  
**PROUD.**



ONE  
WAY OR  
ANOTHER,  
I'LL SEE YOU  
ON THE  
OTHER  
SIDE.





"DON'T MAKE ME  
COME DOWN THERE..."  
- GOD.





TO BE  
CONTINUED...



# SPAWN



Capullo D:  
McFarlane





I'M  
GOING TO  
TRY AND  
KEEP THIS  
SIMPLE.

YOU  
KNOW  
ALL THE  
BASICS,  
RIGHT?

HEAVEN,  
HELL,  
ETERNAL WAR  
FOR THE SOULS  
OF HUMANITY,  
BLAH, BLAH,  
BLAH.

BUT, THING IS, THERE'S  
**RULES**, 'CAUSE... WELL, THERE  
JUST ARE. SPHERES OF INFLUENCE.  
RULES OF ENGAGEMENT.

NEITHER SIDE  
CAN MAKE A  
**MAJOR MOVE**  
WITHOUT A PROPOR-  
TIONATE RESPONSE  
FROM THE OTHER.  
LITTLE STUFF IS COOL.  
MINOR MIRACLES,  
THE ODD  
POSSESSION...

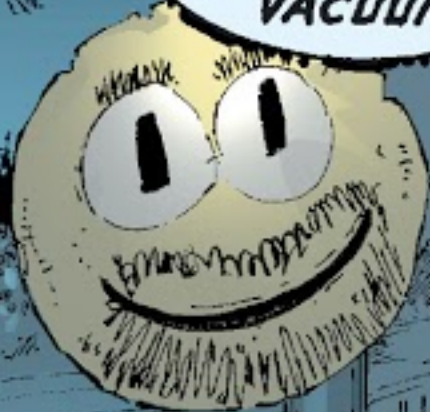
BUT  
WITH THE  
BIG STUFF,  
WE'RE TALKING  
TROUBLE.

COSMIC  
COLD WAR. I  
CAN DIG IT.

NOW LAST YEAR,  
THE HELLSPAWN THREW  
A GREAT, BIG, APE-SIZED  
MONKEY WRENCH INTO THE  
MIX. NO ONE'S EXACTLY  
CLEAR ON WHAT HE DID  
OR HOW HE DID IT. 'S'ALL  
A BIG MYSTERY.

BUT HE PULLED  
A **HOUDINI**. TOOK  
HIMSELF OFF THE  
**GAME BOARD**.  
CREATED A  
**VACUUM**.

WHICH  
BRINGS  
US TO  
**URIZEN**.







Turns out that vacuum was all we needed to set him free.

Urizen's old. So old most folks forgot about him. English dude named William Blake wrote these crazy poems about him, but everyone figured it was just fiction.

So how come Blake knew about him?



How the hell do I know? What am I, the narrator? Guess he had visions or something.

Point is, Urizen's bad news. Real bad. He's not about collecting souls for Team "A" or Team "B." He's about negating them.



Death of the soul, death of the spirit, death of the imagination.

We got any more smokes?



Let me check our friend here.



Sorry. Fresh out.

Damn.

Now that Urizen is loose, Heaven is going to act. They *have* to. And when they do, Hell has an excuse to launch a counter attack. And then, *YATZEE!* Instant Apocalypse.

How're they coming?



So what happens with the Hellspawn?





"SPAWNY?  
YOU ASK ME,  
SUCKER'S  
DEAD  
MEAT."

FROM THE FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN:  
"Lo, a shadow of horror is risen  
in Eternity! Unknown,  
unprolific! Self-clos'd, all-  
repelling: What Demon hath  
formed this abominable void,  
this soul-shudd'ring vacuum?  
Some said, 'IT IS URIZEN.'"



SPAWN MOVES,  
SPED BY INSTINCT  
AND DREAD.



FROM THE  
DARKNESS,  
A HILL OF  
**BONES**  
AND FIRE  
RISES TO  
MEET HIM.

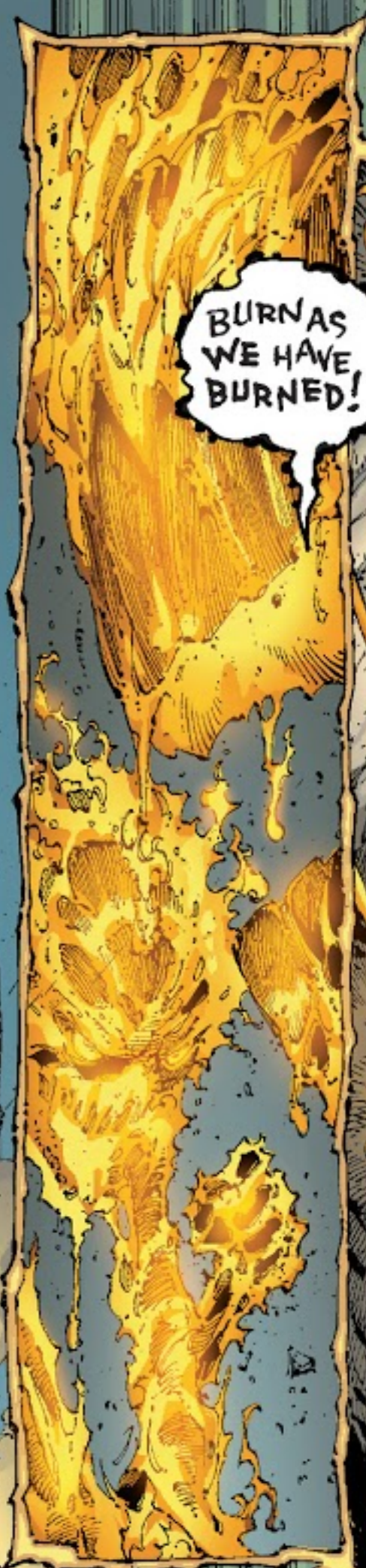
DEAD  
THING!  
YOU BELONG  
WITH US!

BURN,  
DEAD  
THING!

YOU  
BELONG  
WITH  
US!

THIRTEEN BURNING  
CORPSES CLUTCHING  
FURIOUSLY AT THE  
SOLDIER OF THE  
NIGHT.





BURNAS  
WE HAVE  
BURNED!



BURN--



Now...





THEY COLLIDE LIKE  
STORM FRONTS,  
A WHIRLWIND OF  
CRIMSON AND ONYX.

URIZEN LOOMS  
LIKE A SHADOW  
COME TO LIFE, A  
BEING CARVED OF  
PURE MIDNIGHT.



AAAGH!

THE EARTH  
TREMBLES.

THE AIR, THE TREES, THE  
VERY STONES THEMSELVES  
SHUDDER AT URIZEN'S  
BANEFUL STARE.





THROUGH  
THE PAIN,  
SPAWN CAN  
HEAR A  
VOICE IN  
THE BACK  
OF HIS MIND.



"GUT IT OUT,  
SOLDIER,"  
IT SAYS. "NO  
SURRENDER.  
NO MERCY."

"GIVE IT ALL  
YOU'VE GOT.  
FAILURE WILL  
NOT EVEN BE  
CONSIDERED."



TELL  
WHOEVER  
SENT  
YOU...

ROCKY'S  
ROADSIDE  
DINER

...THIS  
WORLD  
IS UNDER  
MY  
WATCH.





SPAWN REELS IN THE  
GRIP OF THE DARK  
COLOSSUS, TERROR  
BLAZING DOWN HIS  
SPINE.

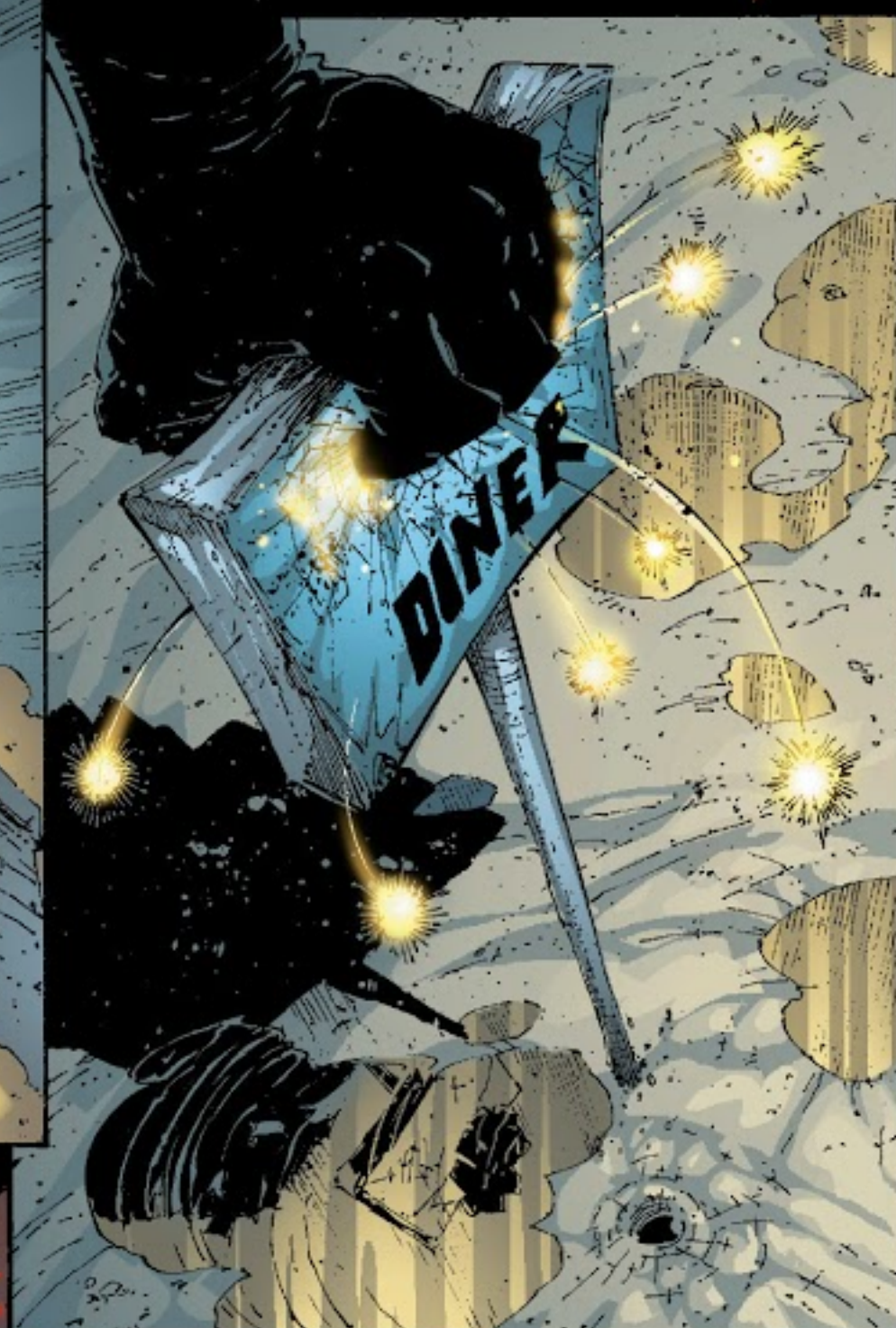
IN THE  
ABYSS OF  
URIZEN'S  
EYES,  
SPAWN  
SEES A  
WORLD.



LIFELESS...  
DEATHLESS...  
DREAMLESS...  
SOUL-LESS...

AN ENDLESS  
GREY REALM  
OF DESPAIR.











*"Times on times he  
divided, & measur'd  
Space by space in his  
ninefold darkness..."*



*"For he strove in  
battles dire,  
In unseen conflicts with shapes..."*



*"Bred from his  
forsaken wilderness,  
Of beast, bird, fish,  
serpent & element..."*



*"Combustion,  
blast, vapor  
and cloud..."*





WANDA  
SLEEPS.

SAFE AND CONTENTED,  
SHE DREAMS OF THE  
CHILD THAT GROWS IN  
HER BELLY.

WILL IT BE  
A BOY OR  
A GIRL, SHE  
WONDERS.

SHE'S  
ALREADY  
IN LOVE  
WITH IT.

WHAT WILL  
IT LOOK LIKE?  
HOW WILL ITS  
LAUGH SOUND?  
SO MANY  
QUESTIONS.

SHE CAN'T  
WAIT TO  
FIND OUT.

ANY DAY NOW.

ANY  
MINUTE.

Uhhn...  
aaaah...



AND THEN  
THE NIGHT  
EXPLODES...







HAAAAH!



OH GOD...  
OH GOD...  
OH GOD...

TERRY...?  
I JUST  
HAD THE  
WEIRDEST  
DREAM...



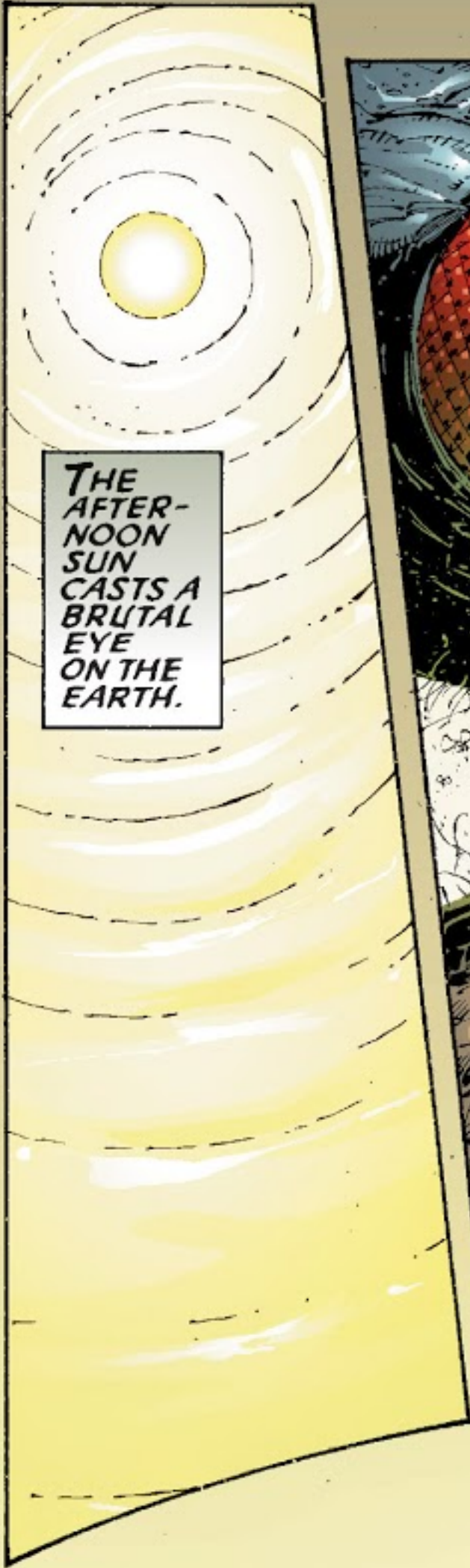
IT WAS  
ABOUT  
THE  
BABY...



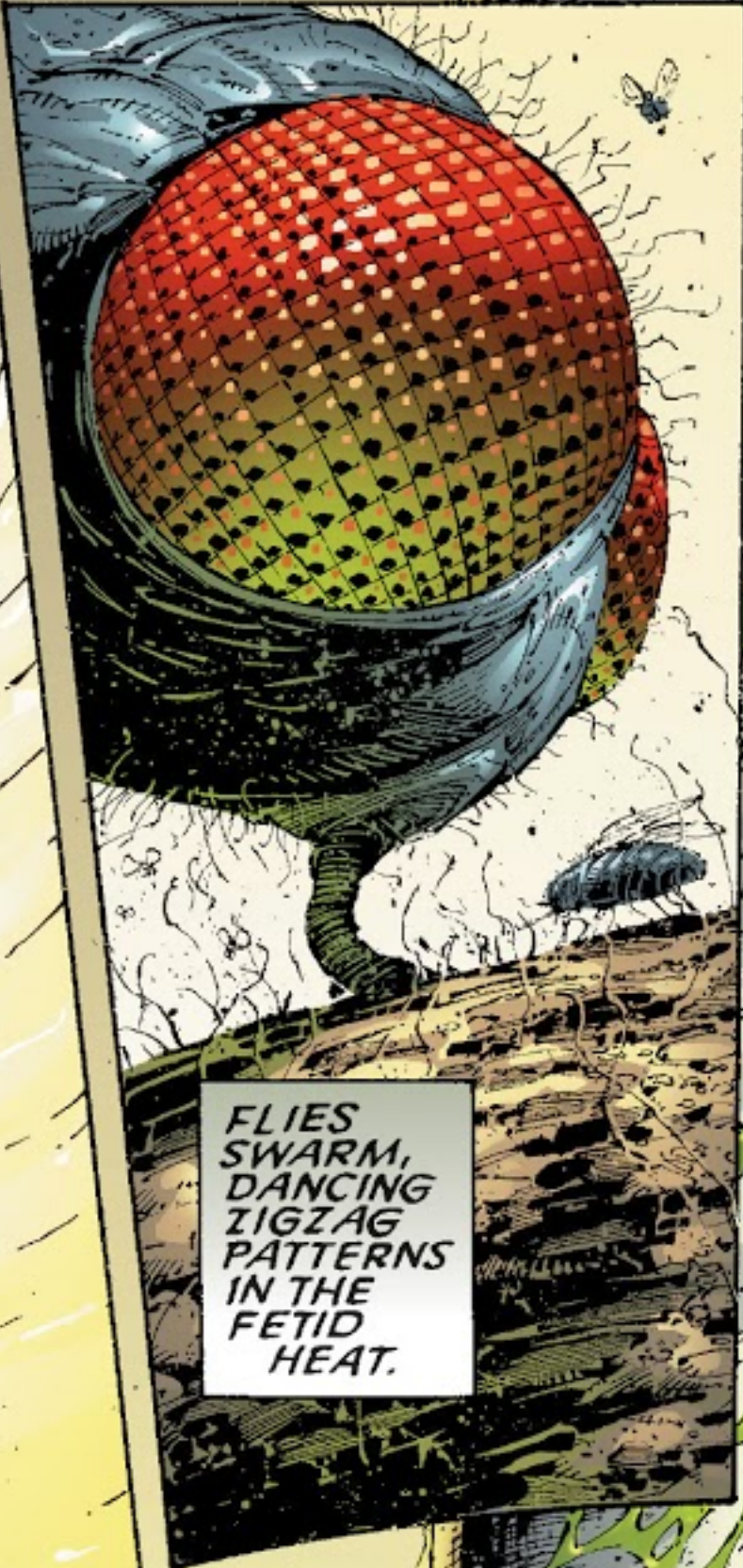
TERRY?







THE  
AFTER-  
NOON  
SUN  
CASTS A  
BRUTAL  
EYE  
ON THE  
EARTH.



FLIES  
SWARM,  
DANCING  
ZIGZAG  
PATTERNS  
IN THE  
FETID  
HEAT.



THE AIR STINKS  
OF DECAY AND  
ROTTING MEAT.



BIRDS  
ARRIVE  
BY TWOS  
AND  
THREES...



PICKING  
AT TENDER  
MORSELS  
OF FLESH,  
FEASTING  
UPON THE  
BONES OF  
THE FALLEN.





SOMETHING  
STIRS DEEP  
BENEATH  
THE SOIL,  
VIBRATING  
WITH INTELLI-  
GENCE AND  
LIFE.

PUSHING  
SLOWLY  
THROUGH  
THE DIRT...



REACHING  
UPWARD  
WITH  
SLENDER  
GREEN  
FINGERS...



DRAPING  
THE  
LIFELESS  
FORM IN  
A LEAFY  
SHROUD.





**INCH  
BY INCH,  
THE  
EARTH  
RECLAIMS  
A FALLEN  
WARRIOR.**











HEY,  
HOW MANY  
**DEADLY  
SINS** ARE  
THERE?

SEVEN.

BEST  
GET  
BUSY  
THEN.



WELL,  
WELL,  
WELL...



IF IT  
ISN'T THE **TWO  
JACKASSES**  
OF THE  
**APOCALYPSE...**

OW!  
OW!  
OW! OW!  
OW!

HEY!  
LET GO  
OF MY  
**EAR!**



ALL RIGHT,  
YOU TWO.  
I WANT YOU  
TO TELL ME  
EVERYTHING...  
**NOW!**



*"The sound of a trumpet  
the heavens  
Awoke & vast clouds  
of blood roll'd  
Round the dim rock of  
Urizen..."*

~ WM. BLAKE, 1794.



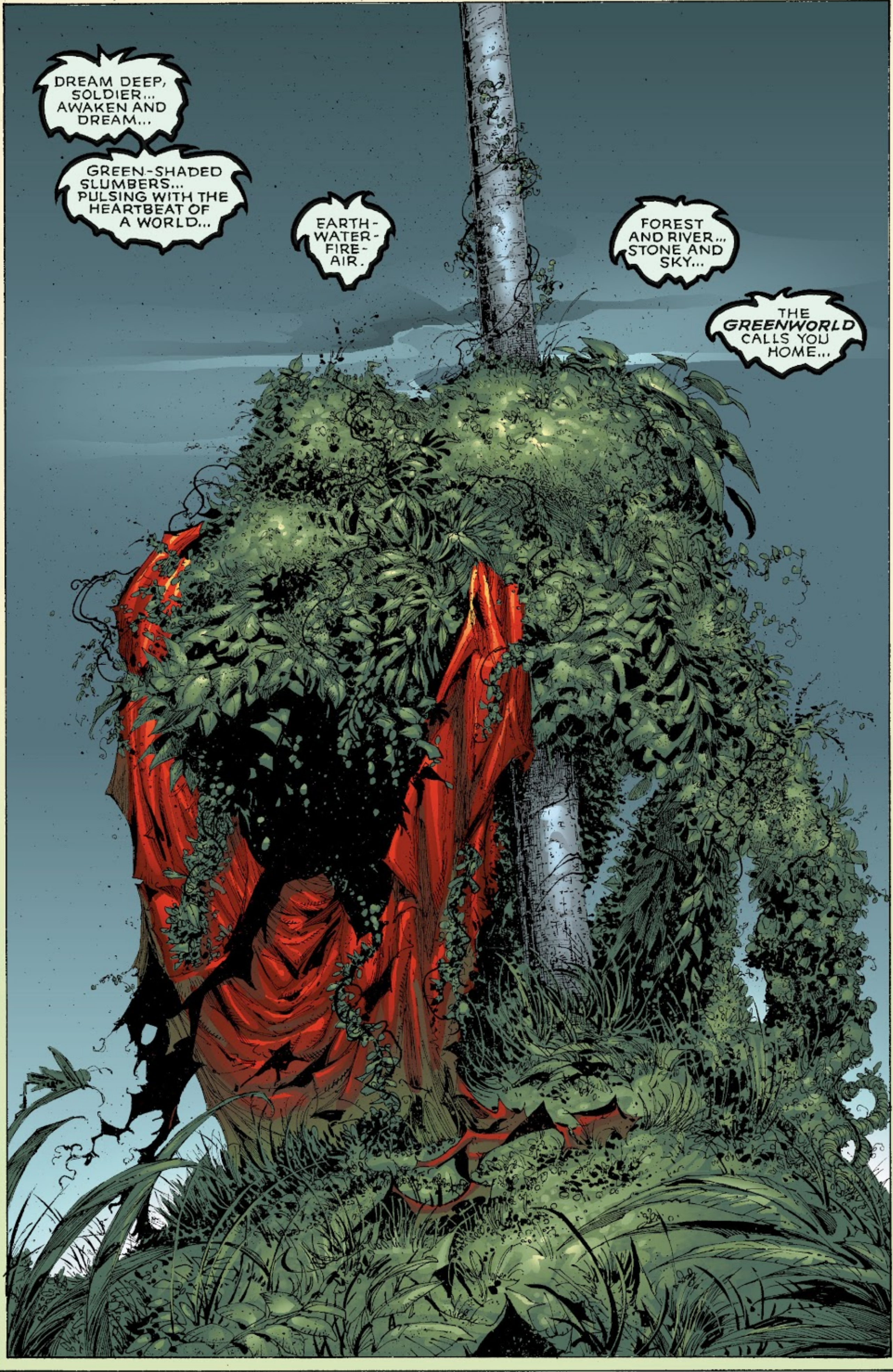
# SPAWN



Capullo  
EG  
McFARLANE

DAN.:





DREAM DEEP,  
SOLDIER...  
AWAKEN AND  
DREAM...

GREEN-SHADED  
SLUMBERS...  
PULSING WITH THE  
HEARTBEAT OF  
A WORLD...

EARTH-  
WATER-  
FIRE-  
AIR.

FOREST  
AND RIVER...  
STONE AND  
SKY...

THE  
**GREENWORLD**  
CALLS YOU  
HOME...





BEAR  
WITNESS,  
SOLDIER:  
TO WHAT IS...  
WHAT WAS...  
WHAT CAN  
NEVER BE.

DARK  
URIZEN,  
IMPRISONED IN  
THE VOID.

LEVELER  
OF HOPE...  
DESTROYER  
OF DREAMS...  
LOOSED  
UPON THE  
WORLD.

POISONOUS,  
SOUL-DESTROYING  
URIZEN...

YOUR  
REASON...

ABOVE...  
HEAVEN'S FOLLY:  
SILVER-CLAD  
WARRIOR MAIDENS...  
A SECOND  
REBELLION...

BELOW...  
HELL'S  
REVENGE:  
DEMONIC  
SCOURGES...  
ARMIES  
OF THE  
DAMNED...

BETWEEN...  
A WORLD  
IN TERROR.  
SCORCHED  
EARTH...  
POISONED  
SEAS...

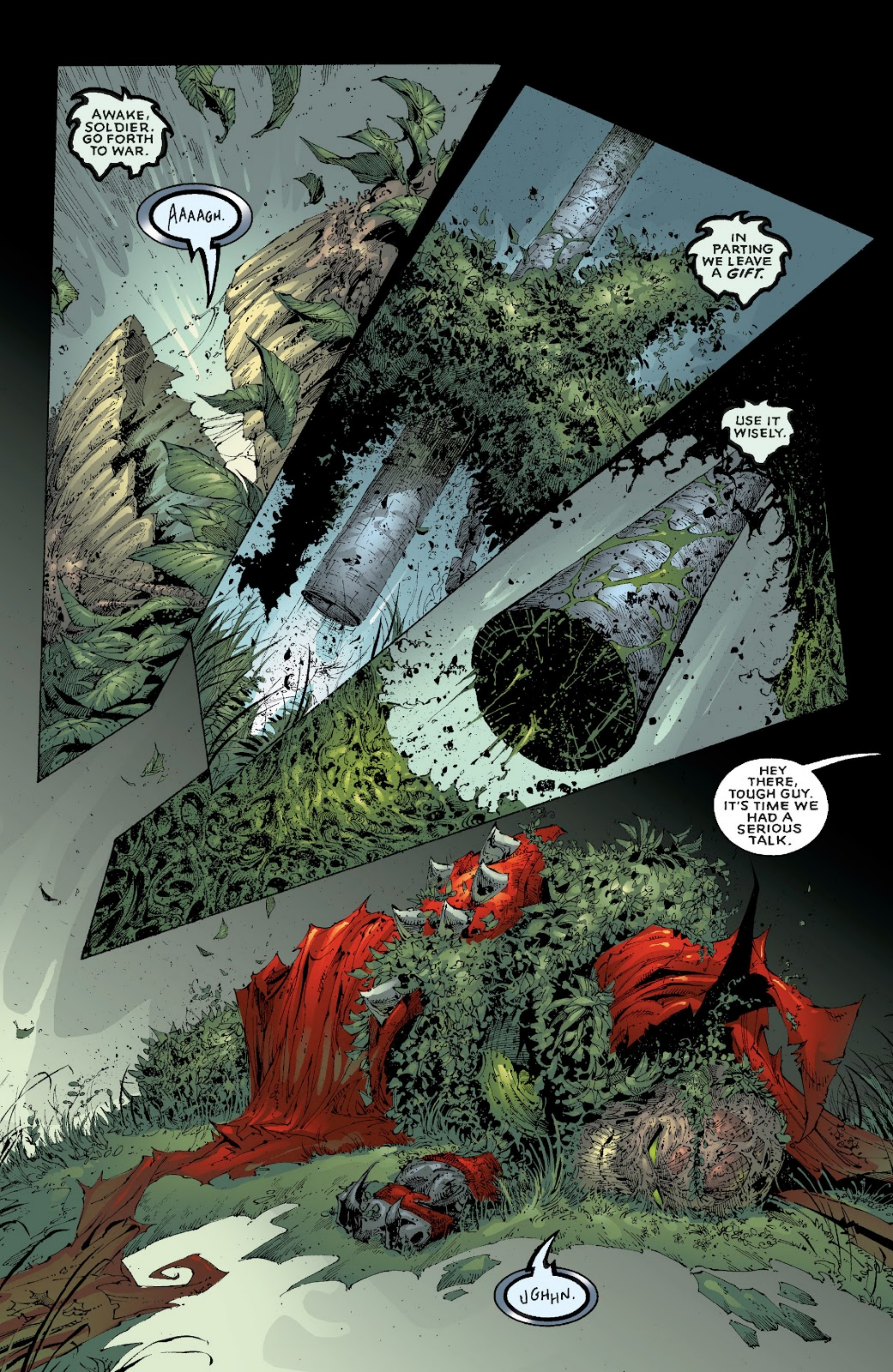
A SOUL-LESS  
WASTELAND...  
A LIVING  
NIGHTMARE...

THIS  
CANNOT  
COME TO  
PASS...

WE MUST  
END IT...

YOU  
MUST  
END  
IT...





AWAKE,  
SOLDIER.  
GO FORTH  
TO WAR.

AAAAGH.

IN  
PARTING  
WE LEAVE  
A *GIFT*.

USE IT  
WISELY.

HEY  
THERE,  
TOUGH GUY.  
IT'S TIME WE  
HAD A  
SERIOUS  
TALK.

UGHHN.





**ANGELA...?**

LISTEN  
CLOSELY:  
EVERYTHING  
YOU HAVE EVER  
BEEN TOLD IS  
A LIE...





WHAT?

I'M KIDDING. I ALWAYS WANTED TO SAY THAT. Oh, THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE.

I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR GAMES.

LET ME HELP YOU UP. THAT LOOKS LIKE IT REALLY HURT.



BACK OFF!

WHAT...

DO...

YOU...

WANT?



WHAT DO YOU THINK? I'M HERE TO SAVE THE DAY. IT'S WHAT I DO BEST.

I DON'T TRUST YOU.

PLEASE. IF I WANTED TO KILL YOU I'D HAVE DONE SO WHILE YOU WERE LYING THERE LIKE A GREAT BIG MARTINI OLIVE STUCK WITH A TOOTHPICK. I TOLD YOU. I'M HERE TO HELP.



BUT THERE IS KIND OF A CLOCK TICKING HERE, SPAWN.

SO DO YOU WANT TO STAND AROUND SCOWLING OR SHALL WE GO SAVE THE WORLD?





THE IMPORTANT THING, LET'S KEEP IN MIND, IS NOT TO PANIC. OKAY? IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT. I'M WORKING ON A PLAN.

GODDAMN IT. MY ASS ITCHES.



YEAH, WELL DON'T LOOK AT ME.

*Sigh*  
HE'S GOING TO KILL US. YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, DON'T YOU? HE'S GOING TO KILL US **OVER** AND **OVER** AND **OVER**...



STOP IT. IT'S HARD ENOUGH TO CONCENTRATE WITHOUT YOUR BABBLING.

I CAN IMAGINE. I MEAN WITH YOUR ASS ITCHING AND ALL.

I'D KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT, IF I WERE YOU. THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT. I HAD EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL--

I COULD TELL YOU HAD. "PLEASE **ANGELA**... PLEASE DON'T HURT ME..." HAD HER RIGHT WHERE YOU WANTED HER.



I WAS... I WAS LAYING A TRAP FOR HER. WAITING FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT TO **POUNCE**.

THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED. THE WAY YOU WERE CURLED UP IN A BALL ON THE GROUND. "NOW, WHEN'S HE GOING TO **POUNCE**," I KEPT WONDERING.

JUST SHUT UP, OKAY?

SO HOW'S THAT PLAN COMING?

SHUT UP.

NO SERIOUSLY. KEEP ME POSTED. I'M **VERY** INTERESTED.



IT IS AN ILL  
WIND THAT BLOWS  
THROUGH MALICE,  
PENNSYLVANIA.



DARK  
DAYS...

DARK  
DAYS ARE  
COMIN',  
MARK MY  
WORDS.



REST  
IN PEACE,  
LITTLE  
ANGELS.  
BETTER  
OFF THIS  
WAY.



THIS  
WILL  
BE NO  
WORLD FOR  
CHILDREN  
SOON.

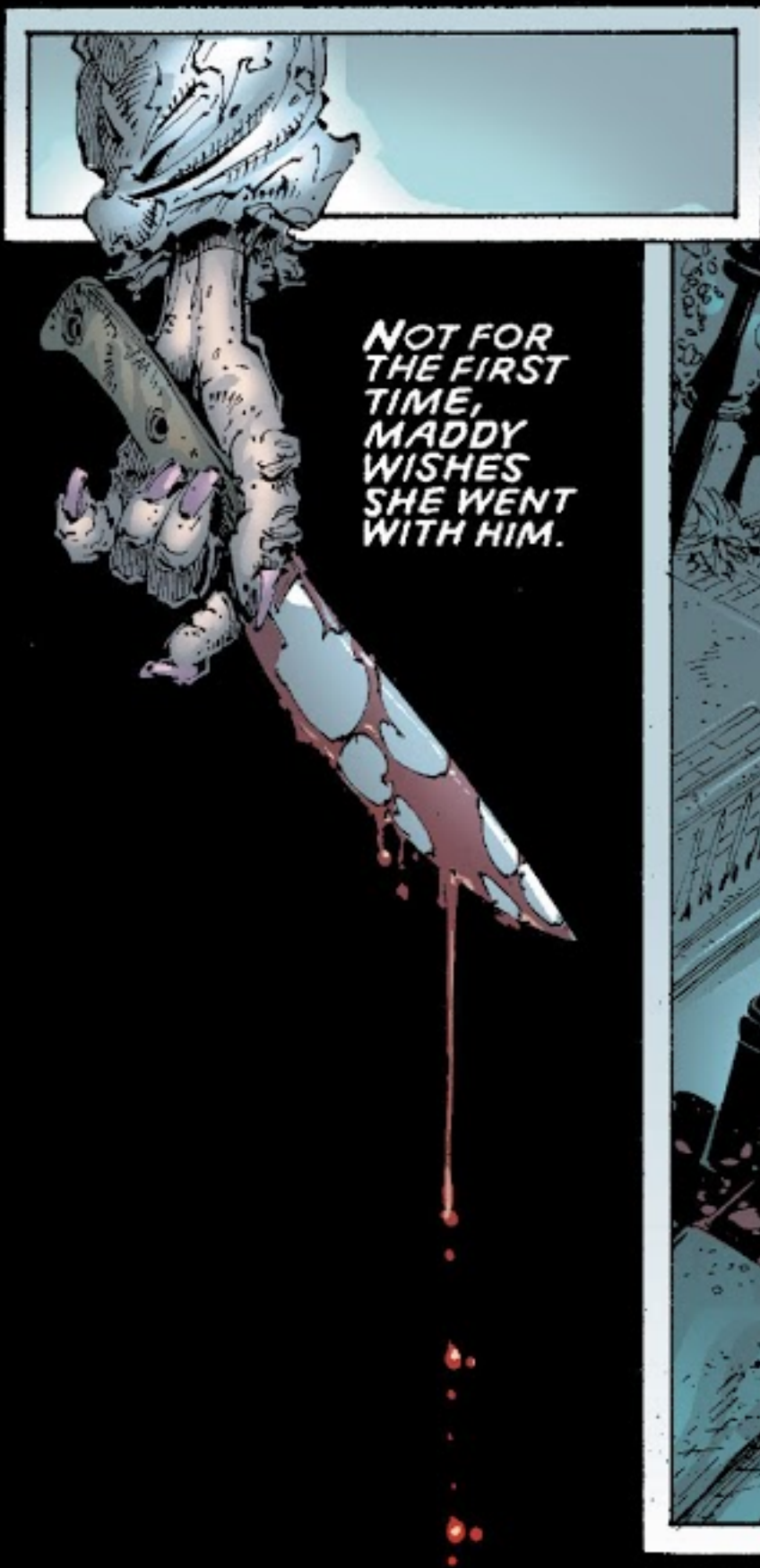


MARK  
MY  
WORDS.



MADDY GRANGE'S  
HUSBAND, HAL, DIED  
ELEVEN YEARS AGO.  
A STROKE OVER HIS  
MORNING COFFEE.





NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME, MADDY WISHES SHE WENT WITH HIM.



SHE KEPT THE BED AND BREAKFAST GOING OUT OF HABIT MORE THAN ANYTHING. SOMETHING TO PASS THE TIME.



BEST GET DOWN-STAIRS NOW. GUESTS WILL NEED TENDING TO.

DARK DAYS ARE COMIN'.



URNS OUT, THEY STARTED WITHOUT HER.



MADDY TASTES SOMETHING IN THE BACK OF HER THROAT. ACRID YET SWEET, LIKE BITTER CHOCOLATE.



IT TAKES HER A MOMENT TO REALIZE WHAT IT IS: THE TASTE OF MURDER.





THE WIND  
SIGHS,  
WARM  
AND DAMP  
BENEATH  
BLOODIED  
SKIES.

SHE ALWAYS  
WONDERED IF  
SHE WOULD  
LIVE THIS LONG.  
LONG ENOUGH  
TO SEE THE  
END OF THE  
WORLD.



MARK  
MY  
WORDS...



THIS IS  
ONLY GOING  
TO GET  
WORSE.

THREE MILES TO TOWN.  
MADDY FIGURES SHE'D  
BEST GET MOVING.



UNBELIEVABLE.



THE ÆTHER, A SLIVER  
OF TIME-SPACE  
VIBRATING HALF A  
HEARTBEAT FROM  
"NORMAL" REALITY.

DARK  
URIZEN  
MOVES  
ACROSS THE  
WORLD.

STEEL  
YOURSELF,  
SISTERS...

...FOR THE  
BATTLE  
OF *ALL*  
BATTLES.

MANY  
AMONG  
US ARE TOO  
YOUNG TO  
REMEMBER THE  
LAST TIME URIZEN  
ROAMED FREE.  
BUT YOU HAVE  
HEARD THE  
STORIES. LET  
ME ASSURE  
YOU, THEY ARE  
*TRUE*.

THIS IS  
WHAT WE WERE  
*CREATED* FOR. THE  
HOUR IS UPON US.  
ARE YOU EQUAL TO  
THE CHALLENGE?

YES!

YES!

YES,  
YOUR  
GRACE!







GOOD.  
ASTRA! BETHANY!  
PREPARE YOUR  
SQUADRONS. URIZEN  
GROWS STRONGER BY  
THE HOUR. THE  
SOONER WE  
ATTACK, THE  
BETTER.



THERE  
CAN BE NO  
HESITATION.  
WHEN THE  
ORDER  
COMES, WE  
MUST BE  
READY.

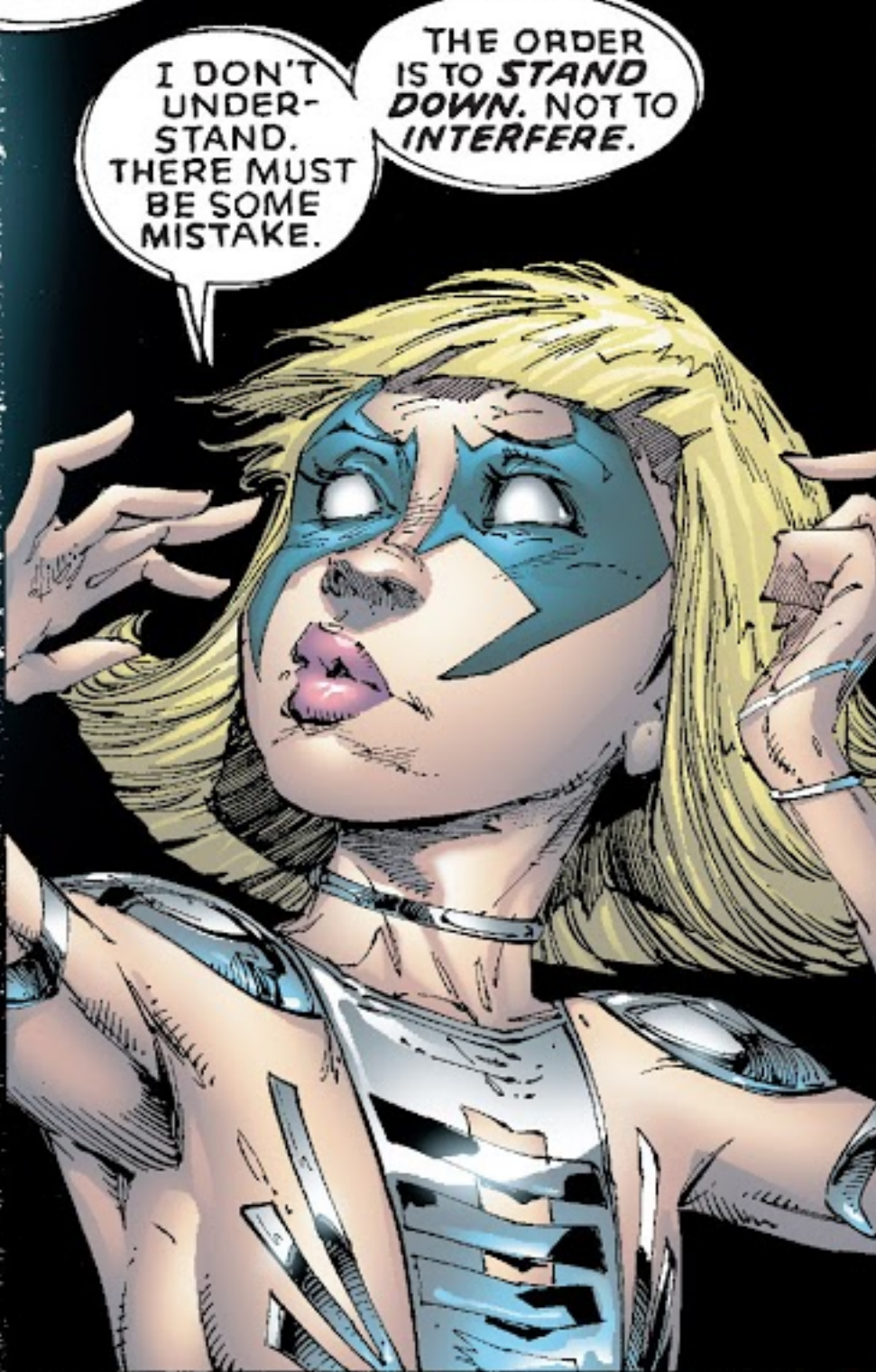


EXCUSE ME,  
YOUR GRACE...

YES,  
MNEMOSYNE.  
WHAT IS IT?



I AM  
RECEIVING A  
TRANSMISSION  
FROM THE  
*THRONE*.



I DON'T  
UNDER-  
STAND.  
THERE MUST  
BE SOME  
MISTAKE.

THE ORDER  
IS TO *STAND  
DOWN*. NOT TO  
*INTERFERE*.



**WHAT?**





NOVA SCOTIA...



TEN HOURS OF FISHING...



... ONE LOUSY FISH.



I'VE REALLY HIT BOTTOM THIS TIME.



YOU'VE SEEN BETTER DAYS, COGLIOSTRO.





WHO?



MY GOD!  
**NO!**



SPAWN!



HOW  
DID YOU  
FIND ME?  
WHO SENT  
YOU?

WHAT  
DO YOU  
WANT  
FROM  
ME?

CALM  
DOWN, OLD  
MAN. WE'RE  
NOT GOING  
TO HURT YOU.  
NOT IF YOU  
TELL US WHAT  
WE WANT TO  
KNOW.





QUESTION ONE:  
**URIZEN.**

WHAT ABOUT HIM? HE'S--

LOOSE. THAT'S WHAT HE IS.

LOOSE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE THEN, WASTING TIME WITH ME? HAS HEAVEN ATTACKED YET?



NO. YOU'RE SURE THEY WILL?

OF COURSE THEY WILL. THEY CAN'T LET HIM ROAM WILD. BUT WHEN HEAVEN ACTS--

-- SO WILL **HELL**. WE'VE WORKED THAT BIT OUT. TELL US ABOUT **URIZEN**. HOW DO WE DESTROY HIM?



YOU CAN'T. NO ONE CAN. YOU CAN **CONTAIN** HIM, BUT YOU CAN'T DESTROY HIM.

HE'S BEEN BOUND SINCE BEFORE MEMORY. IT TOOK THE ARMIES OF HEAVEN AND HELL COMBINED TO IMPRISON HIM.

HE NEGATES SOULS. DEVOURS SPIRITUAL ENERGY. HE'S THE END OF **EVERYTHING**.

WHAT ELSE?

THERE'S BITS AND PIECES. BLAKE WROTE OF HIM. BUT HE'S NOT THE MOST RELIABLE SOURCE. HARD TO TELL WHAT'S POETRY AND WHAT'S PROPHECY.





OKAY.  
QUESTION TWO:  
**ABBADON AND  
ZABRAXAS.**



**AB AND  
ZAB?** THEY'RE  
NOBODY.  
MINOR DEMONS.  
**OPENERS.** THEY  
UNLOCK GATES  
BETWEEN  
WORLDS.

CONSIDERED  
A RATHER  
DODGY PAIR,  
THOUGH.



WHO  
WOULD  
SEND  
THEM?  
WHOSE  
CIRCLE  
DO THEY  
BELONG  
TO?



NO ONE'S.  
THEY'RE  
FREELANCERS.  
GUNS FOR  
HIRE.



OKAY.  
LET'S MOVE  
ON TO THE  
BONUS ROUND.  
WHY WOULD  
SOMEONE HIRE  
TWO LOSER  
DEMONS TO  
RELEASE  
**URIZEN?**

WHY? TO  
HURRY THE  
APOCALYPSE.  
TO END THE  
WORLD.

WE  
KNOW  
THAT.  
BUT WHY?  
WHY  
**NOW?**



I DON'T  
KNOW.

THINK!

I...  
DON'T...  
KNOW...



LEAVE  
HIM. HE'S  
OF NO USE  
TO US.



THE  
ÆTHER.

SOMEONE  
APPROACHES.

DOMINA!

GREETINGS,  
SISTER  
URANIA. I  
WOULD SPEAK  
WITH YOU!

HAVE  
YOU RECEIVED  
THIS *IDIOTIC*  
COMMAND TO  
STAND *IDLE* WHILE  
THE WORLD IS  
RIPPED TO  
*SHREDS*?

YES, WE  
HAVE. WE  
THOUGHT IT A  
MISTAKE. BUT  
MNEMOSYNE  
HAS CONFIRMED  
IT WITH THE  
THRONE.

MISTAKE?  
OF COURSE  
IT'S A  
MISTAKE.  
MORE THAN  
THAT, IT IS  
*MADNESS*.

TIME  
IS SHORT,  
SO I SHALL  
BE BRIEF.

THERE HAS  
BEEN TALK AMONG  
MY PHALANX. WE HAVE  
DECIDED WE *CANNOT*  
ACCEPT THIS ORDER.  
WE ARE GOING TO  
ACT OF OUR OWN  
ACCORD.

THAT IS  
*HERESY*.

AYE,  
THAT IT IS.  
WILL YOU  
JOIN US?



WAIT!  
WAIT!  
COME  
BACK!

THEY-  
THEY'LL  
FIND ME  
NOW.  
SPAWN?

WHAT  
DO I  
DO?

START  
RUNNING,  
OLD  
MAN.

THERE'S STILL  
SOMETHING MISSING.  
SOMETHING I DIDN'T  
SHAKE OUT OF THOSE  
TWO MONGRELS.

WHO'S  
BEHIND  
THIS? WHO  
WOULD  
BENEFIT  
FROM A  
PREMATURE  
APOC-  
ULATION.

THAT'S  
A  
JOKE--

HEY,  
WHERE  
ARE YOU  
GOING?

TO  
FINISH  
THIS.

WAIT.

I SAID  
WAIT!

YOU  
DARE...





COME ON!  
WOULD YOU  
RELAX? GOD,  
YOU'RE EVEN  
GLOOMIER  
THAN  
BEFORE!



OH! IS  
THAT HOW  
IT'S GOING  
TO BE, HUH?  
YOU WANT  
TO PLAY  
ROUGH?



ALL RIGHT,  
HELLSPAWN.  
CONSIDER  
YOURSELF  
WARNED--



THIS  
TIME THE  
GLOVES  
COME  
OFF!



Mmm-  
WHAA!



WHAT WAS THAT?  
WHY DID YOU  
**KISS**  
ME?



BECAUSE,  
SPAWN,  
DARLING,  
IT WAS THE  
**LAST THING**  
YOU WERE  
**EXPECTING.**



THAT'S YOUR  
PROBLEM: YOU DON'T  
ALLOW FOR THE  
**UNEXPECTED.**

LISTEN, I CAN  
APPRECIATE THE  
WHOLE "MAN OF ACTION"  
THING, BUT CIRCUMSTAN-  
CES REQUIRE A BIT  
MORE **REFLEC-**  
**TION, OKAY?**

YOU  
CAN'T  
JUST  
**REACT**  
ALL THE  
TIME.



I MEAN,  
YOU HAVEN'T  
EVEN BOTHERED  
TO FIGURE OUT  
WHAT YOU'VE  
**BECOME.**







THEY  
MOVE  
SLOWLY  
NOW,  
THOSE  
WHO  
SURVIVE.



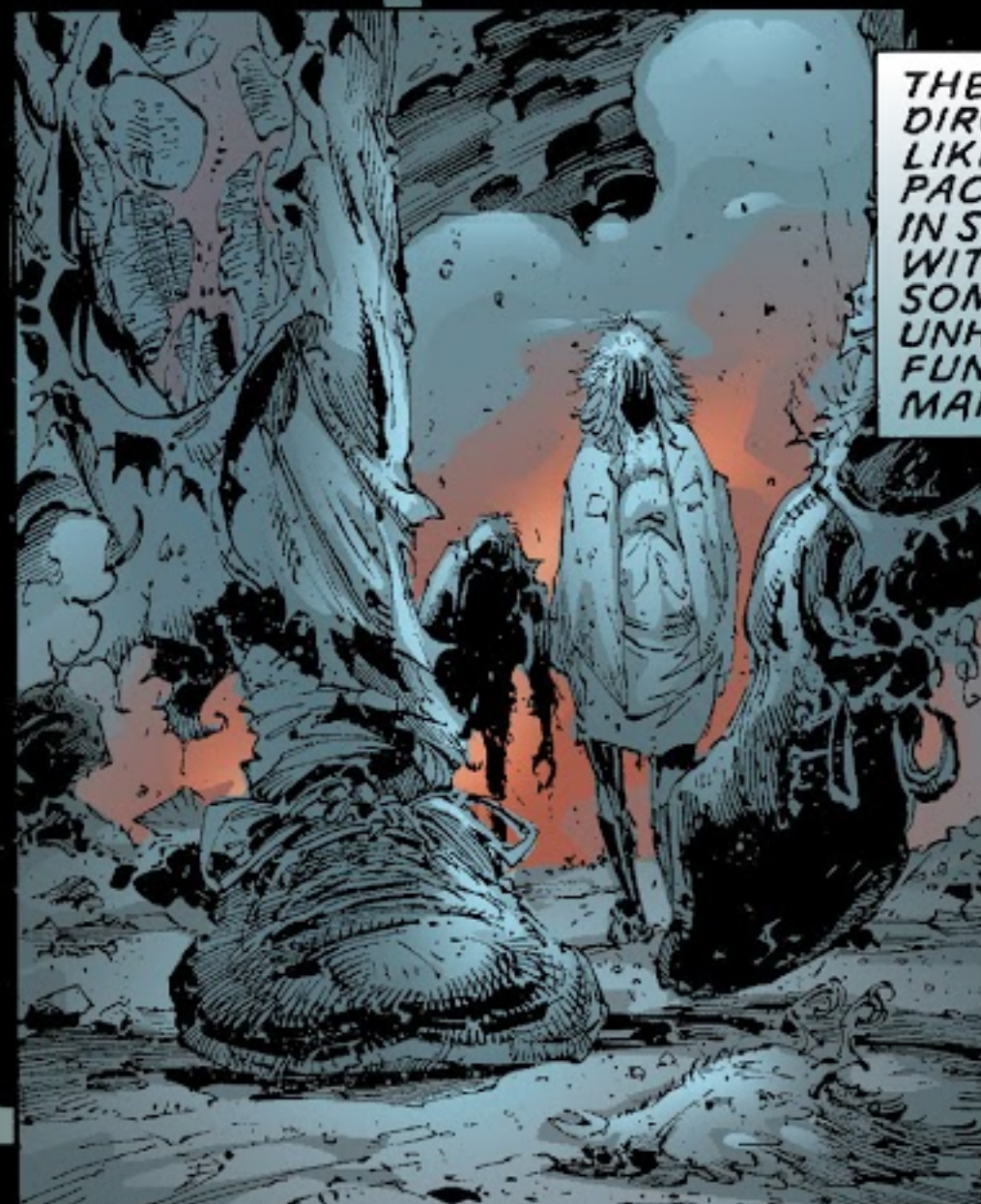
THOSE  
WHO  
WERE  
NOT  
DRIVEN  
TO  
SUICIDE  
BY  
MADNESS  
AND  
DESPAIR.



SILENTLY  
THEY  
COME,  
LIKE  
MOTHS  
TO A  
CANDLE.



THEIR  
DIRGE-  
LIKE  
PACE  
IN STEP  
WITH  
SOME  
UNHEARD  
FUNERAL  
MARCH.



BENEATH  
THEIR  
FEET,  
THE  
GROUND  
TREMBLES  
AND  
QUAKES...



... RUMBLING TO THE  
SOUND OF A **DARK**  
GOD'S LAUGHTER.



TO BE  
CONTINUED..





SPAWN.COM

# SPAWN

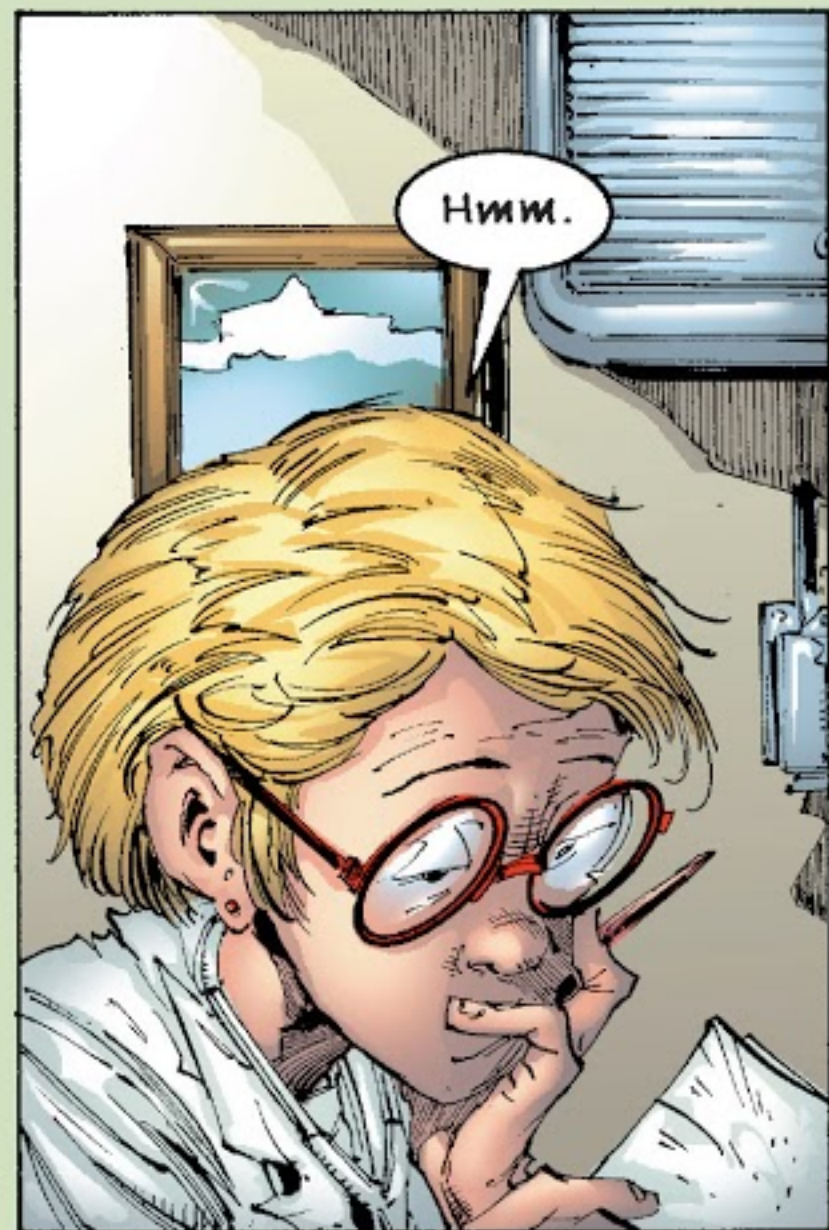
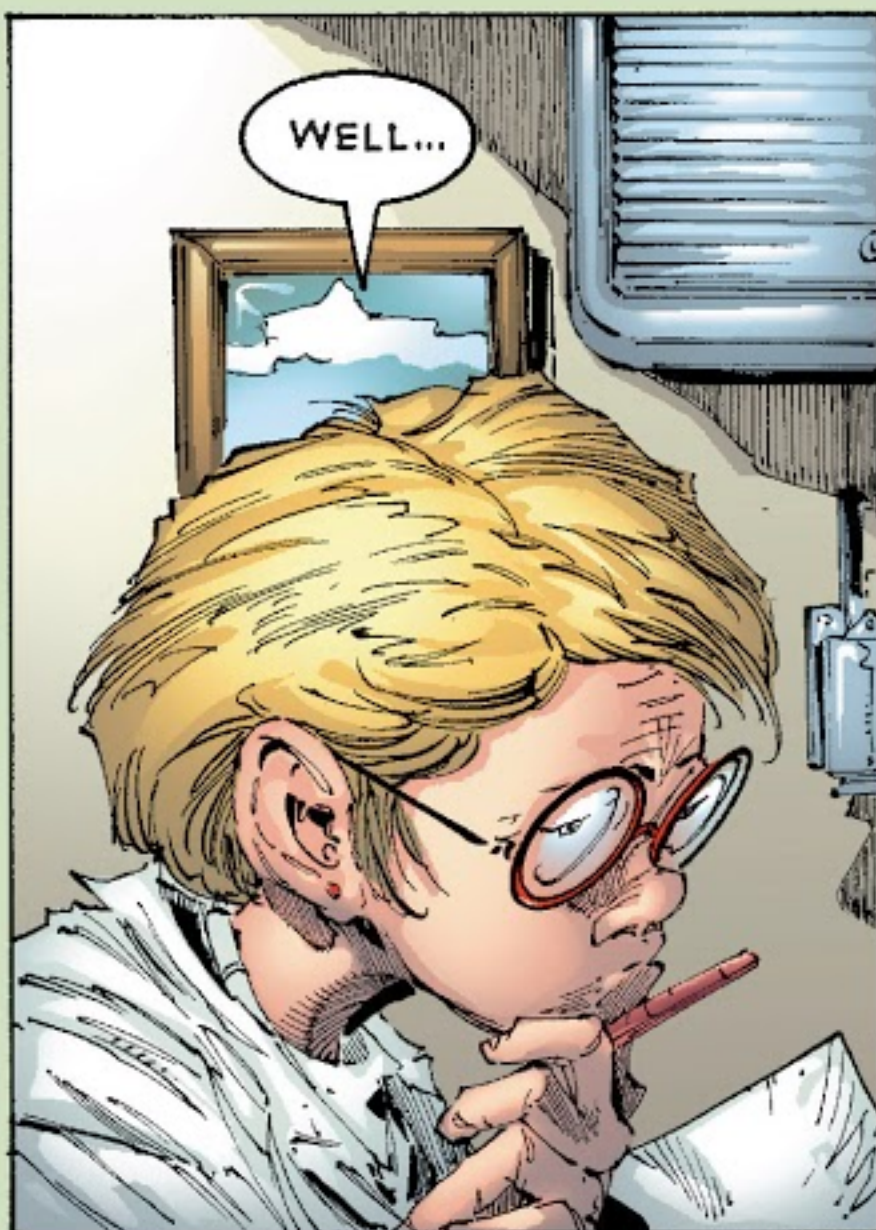
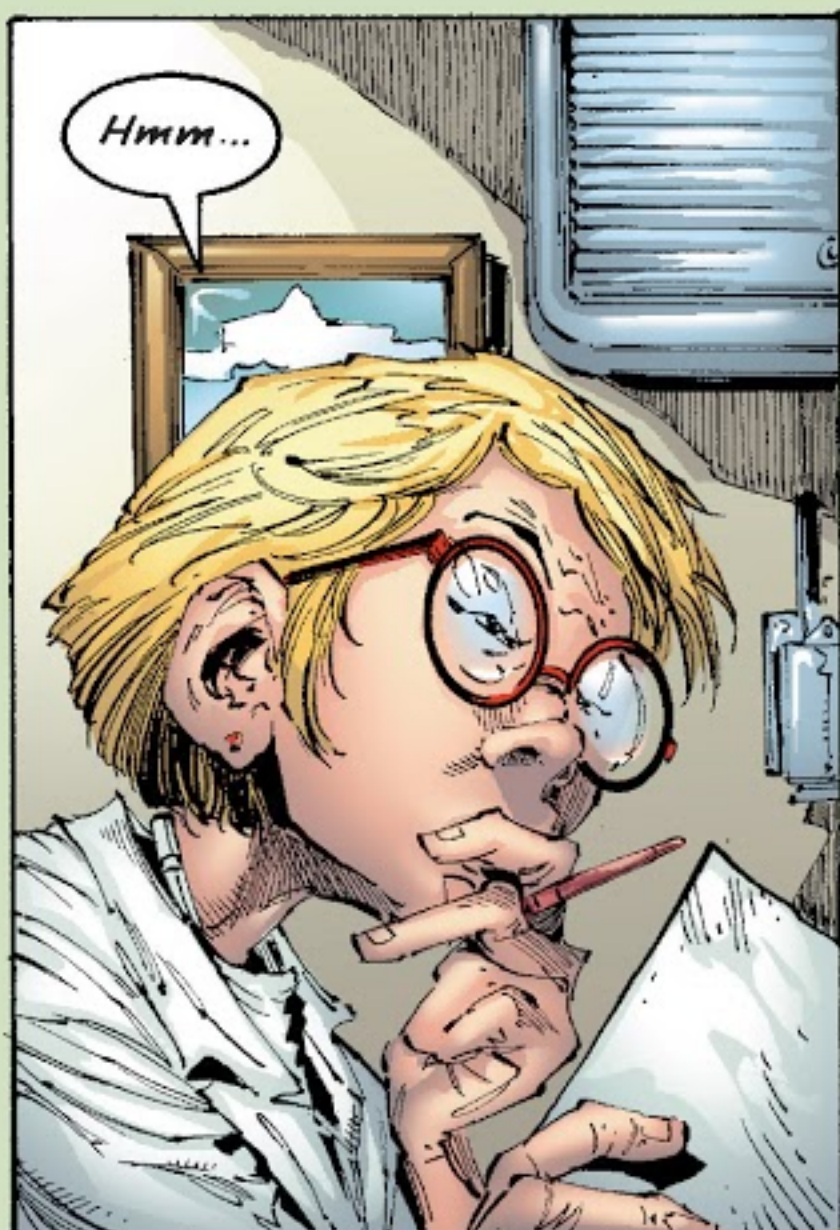


Capullo  
McFARLANE  
D  
2005 AD



98  
DIGITAL  
EDITION









I DON'T GET IT. I THOUGHT... THEY TOLD ME I WAS MAYBE SIX, SEVEN WEEKS AT THE MOST.

BUT THEN... WELL... LOOK AT ME. HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?



SIMPLE. WE MADE A MISTAKE. IT'S BEEN KNOWN TO HAPPEN. VERY RARELY, OF COURSE.

WAIT. SIX MONTHS? YOU'RE SURE?

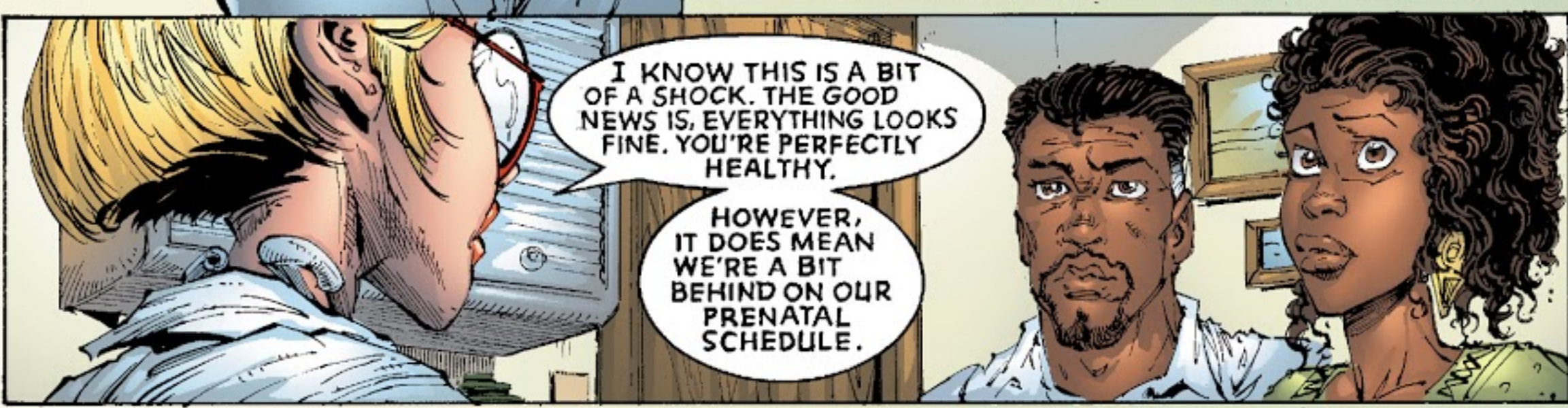
UNLESS YOUR KID'S METABOLIZING FOUR TIMES FASTER THAN OTHER BABIES, I'D SAY I'M VERY SURE.



SO THAT MEANS THAT THE ACTUAL... YOU KNOW... THE *PHYSICAL*, um, *CONCEPTION*...?

OCCURRED A LITTLE MORE THAN SIX MONTHS AGO. YES.

OKAY.



I KNOW THIS IS A BIT OF A SHOCK. THE GOOD NEWS IS, EVERYTHING LOOKS FINE. YOU'RE PERFECTLY HEALTHY.

HOWEVER, IT DOES MEAN WE'RE A BIT BEHIND ON OUR PRENATAL SCHEDULE.

BUT IT'S NOTHING WE CAN'T CATCH UP ON. MAKE AN APPOINTMENT FOR NEXT WEEK, OKAY?

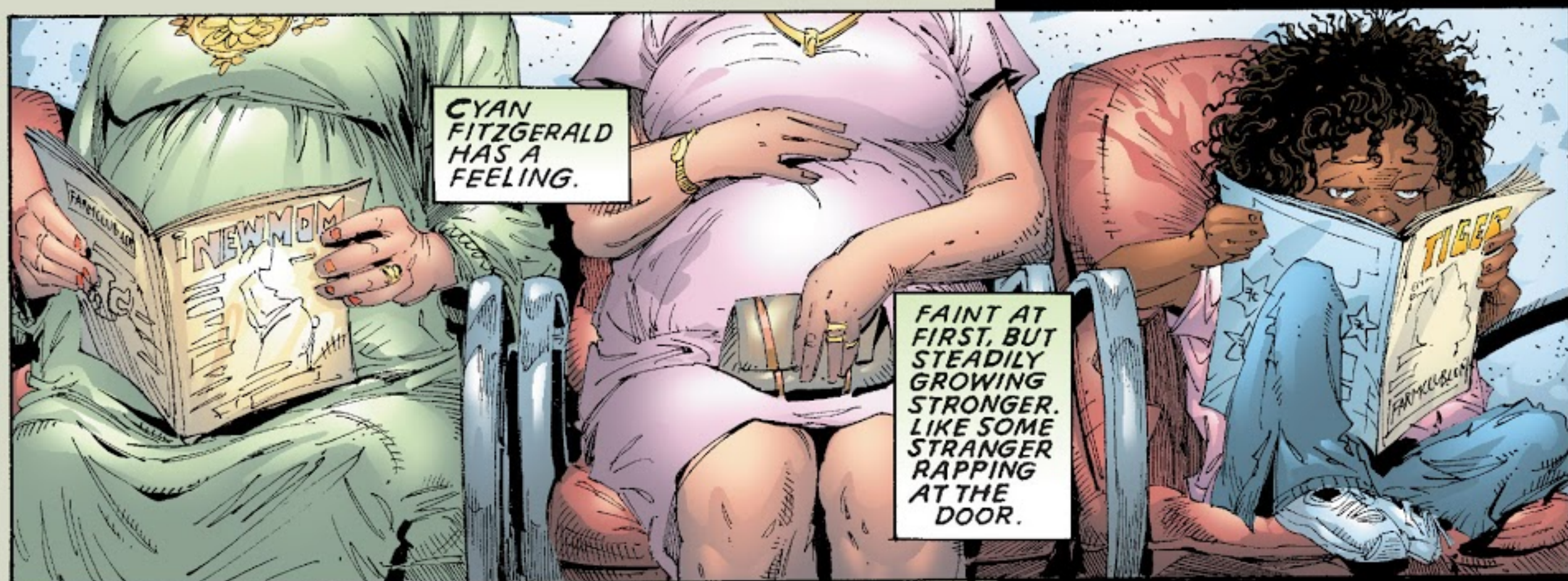
OH, AND IF YOU HAVEN'T SET UP THE *NURSERY* YET, I'D SUGGEST YOU GET RIGHT ON IT.

YES, DOCTOR.



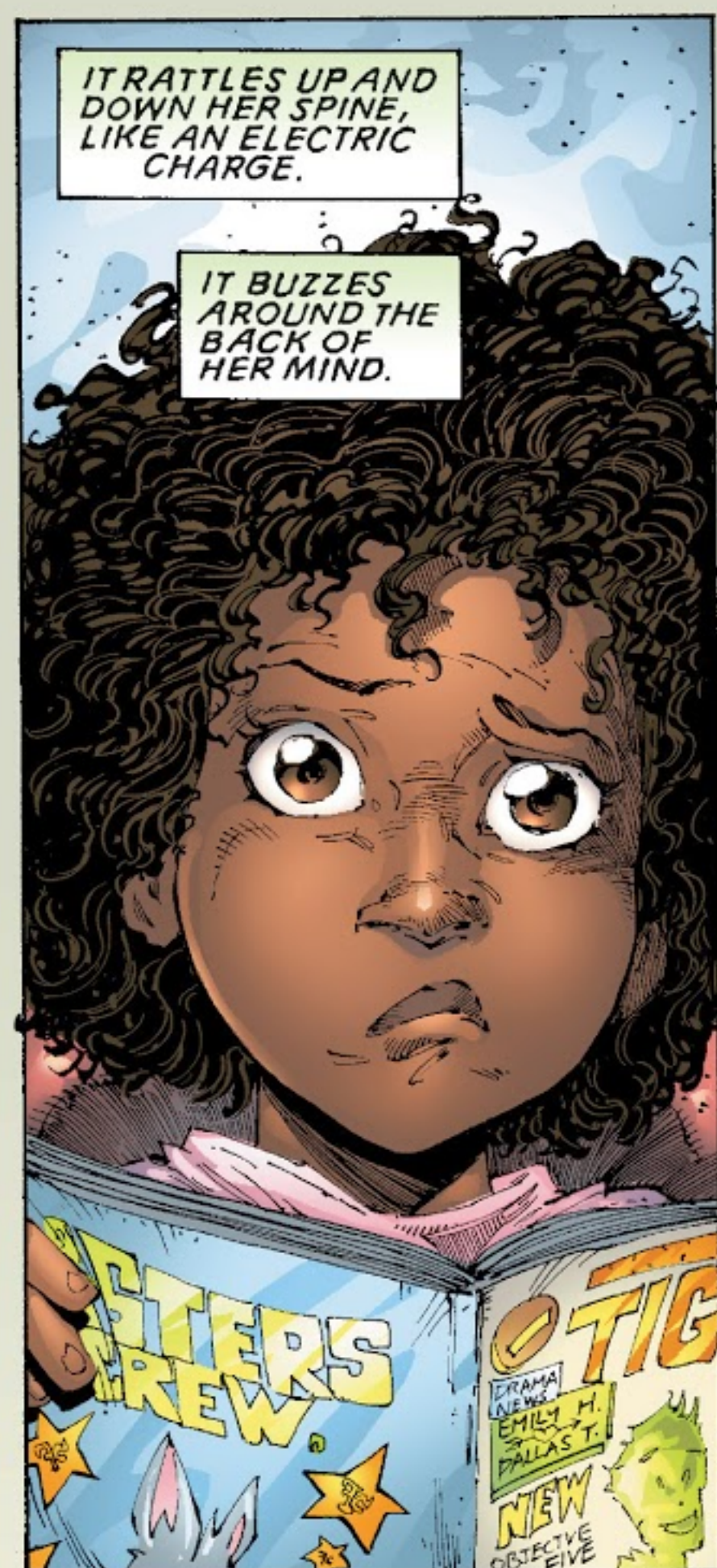
THANK YOU, DOCTOR.





CYAN  
FITZGERALD  
HAS A  
FEELING.

FAINT AT  
FIRST, BUT  
STEADILY  
GROWING  
STRONGER.  
LIKE SOME  
STRANGER  
RAPPING  
AT THE  
DOOR.



IT RATTLES UP AND  
DOWN HER SPINE,  
LIKE AN ELECTRIC  
CHARGE.

IT BUZZES  
AROUND THE  
BACK OF  
HER MIND.



CYAN'S TOO  
YOUNG TO  
KNOW SUCH  
WORDS AS  
"DREAD" OR  
"FOREBODING."



BUT SHE KNOWS SOME-  
THING IS GOING TO  
HAPPEN. AND SOON.

SOMETHING  
BAD.





GURPH!



I'D ANSWER HIM, IF I WERE YOU. I DON'T THINK YOU WANT TO SEE HIS BAD SIDE.



TELL HIM!

SHUT UP!

SOMEONE HIRED YOU TO RELEASE THE DARK GOD URIZEN, HOPING THAT WOULD JUMP-START THE APOCALYPSE.

WHO-EVER IT IS, IT SEEMS YOU'RE MORE AFRAID OF THEM THAN YOU ARE OF US.



SO THAT MEANS WHO-EVER SENT YOU IS UNSPEAKABLY POWERFUL, OR YOU TWO ARE UNBELIEVABLY STUPID.

MY HUNCH IS IT'S A LITTLE BIT OF BOTH.





WE DON'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME HERE, KIDDIES. SO UNLESS YOU'RE READY TO GIVE US THE NAME RIGHT NOW...

... SPAWN HERE IS GOING TO TAKE ONE OF YOU AND SHOVE YOU RATHER BRUTALLY UP THE OTHER ONE'S COLON.

I CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO IMAGINE WHICH PART OF THAT EXPERIENCE IS MORE UNPLEASANT.

I TRUST WE'RE ALL ON THE SAME PAGE NOW.

ONE...

IT... IT WAS... SHUT UP!

THEN YOU TELL HIM!

ALL RIGHT! IT WAS--

TWO...

MM-MMPH...

=PMMPF=

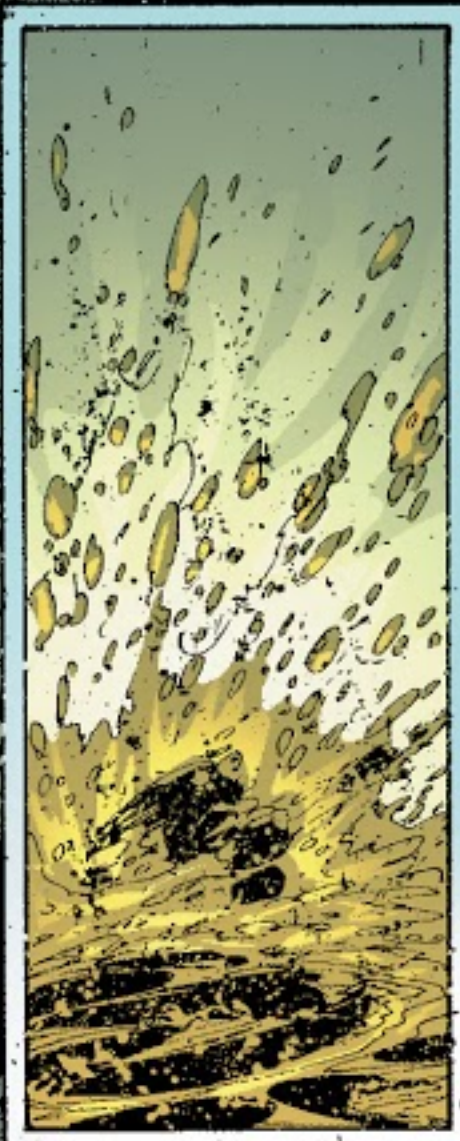




NNNGH.

HMPPT.

DAMN IT!



THEY CAN'T TALK.  
THERE'S A **SILENCE CHARM** ON THEM. THEY'RE PHYSICALLY INCAPABLE OF SAYING THE NAME.

WHOEVER HE IS, HE'S MAKING A POINT TO COVER HIS TRACKS.

NOW WHAT?



THE WORD "INCINERATE" LEAPS TO MIND.



NO. THEY'RE COMING WITH US.



*THE AETHER. A CELESTIAL REALM  
FLICKERING AT THE NEAR EDGE OF REALITY.*

*PHALANXES OF  
ANGELIC WARRIORS  
SQUARE OFF,  
THEIR NUMBERS  
SPREAD ACROSS  
THE INFINITE  
HORIZONS.*

THERE  
IS NO  
TIME FOR  
DEBATE,  
NOR IS  
THERE  
CALL.

ARE WE  
NOT SWORN  
TO DEFEND THE  
TERRESTRIAL  
SPHERE? DOES  
NOT THAT OATH  
BURN HOT  
IN ALL OUR  
BLOOD?

EARTH IS  
IN PERIL  
AND WE  
MUST ACT.  
IT IS THAT  
SIMPLE.

NO! IT IS  
NOT THAT  
SIMPLE. THE  
THRONE HAS  
ORDERED US  
TO STAND  
DOWN.

A  
RIDICULOUS  
ORDER AND  
ONE WE ARE  
NOT BOUND  
TO OBEY.

YOU SPEAK  
OF MUTINY!  
OF HERESY! OF  
BLASPHEMY!





NO! I  
SPEAK OF  
**HONOR!**  
I SPEAK OF  
**GLORY!**

DON'T BE SO PRIDEFUL,  
DOMINA, LEST YOU FORGET:  
THE **ENEMY** WAS CAST OUT FOR  
SUCH AN ACT AS THIS. IT IS NOT  
OUR PLACE TO QUESTION  
THE **THRONE**.

AND WHAT OF  
EARTH? HOW WILL  
YOU ANSWER WHEN SHE  
IS A SMOLDERING HUSK?  
THAT YOU WERE ONLY  
FOLLOWING ORDERS?

I MUST  
DO AS MY  
CONSCIENCE  
DICTATES.



CONSCIENCE  
IS FOR LESSER  
CREATURES. A  
TRUE ANGEL  
KNOWS ONLY  
DUTY.

CALL IT  
DUTY THEN,  
BUT WE WILL  
NOT JOIN  
YOU.



WE  
WILL NOT  
DEFY THE  
THRONE.



VERY WELL.  
BUT NEITHER DEFY  
US, SISTER. OUR DECISION  
IS MADE. WE WILL ACCEPT  
THE CONSEQUENCES.  
PRAY, DO NOT STAND  
IN OUR WAY.





MALICE,  
PENNSYLVANIA.

URIZEN.

BY THE  
SHINING  
CITY...

I THINK  
YOU'RE GOING  
TO NEED A  
**BIGGER  
BOAT.**



LOOK AT  
THIS! TAKE  
A GOOD LOOK  
AT WHAT YOU  
LET LOOSE! GIVE  
ME ONE GOOD  
REASON WHY I  
SHOULDN'T THROW  
YOU STRAIGHT  
DOWN HIS  
GULLET!

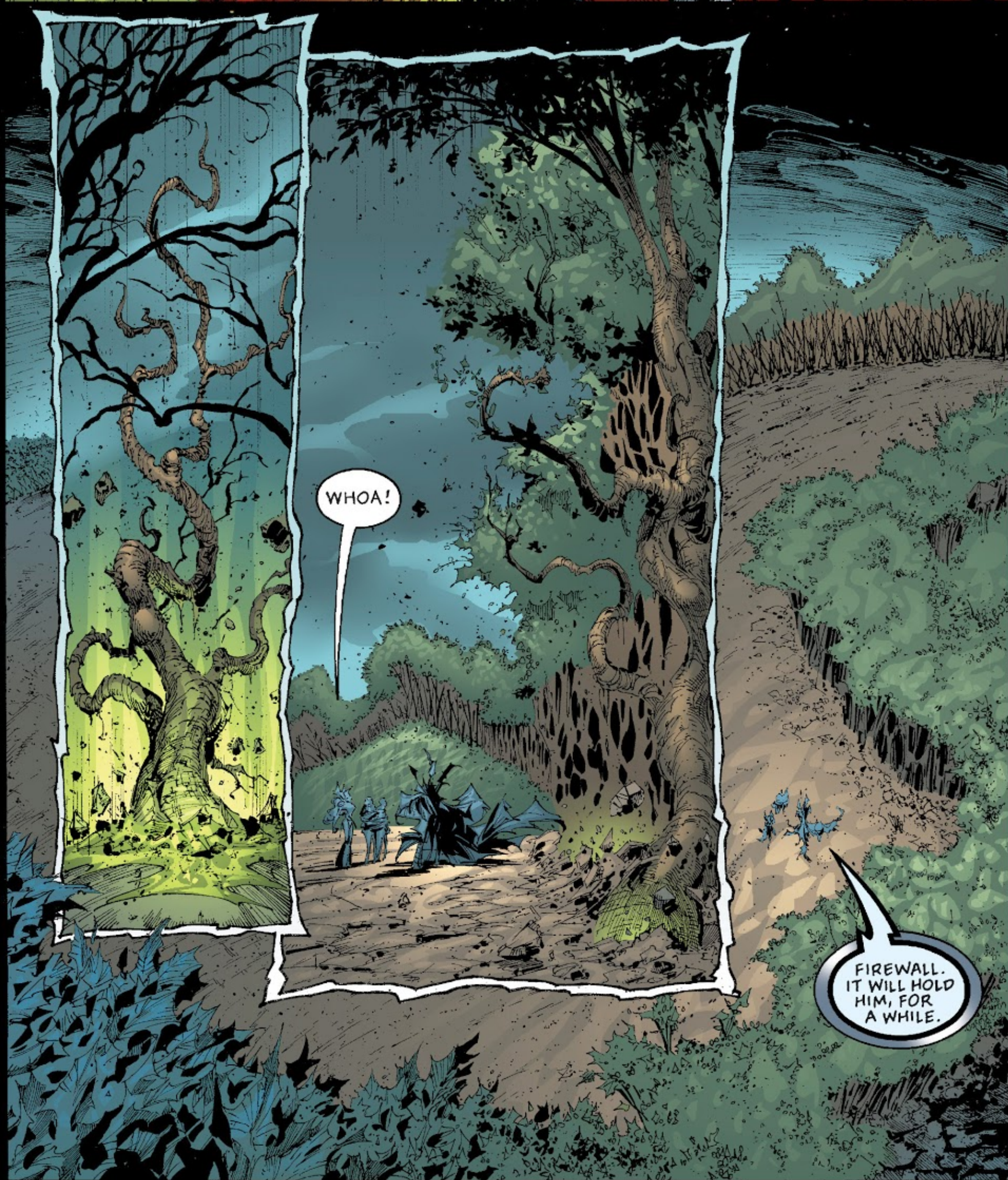


WHAT'S  
OUR MOVE,  
SPAWN?

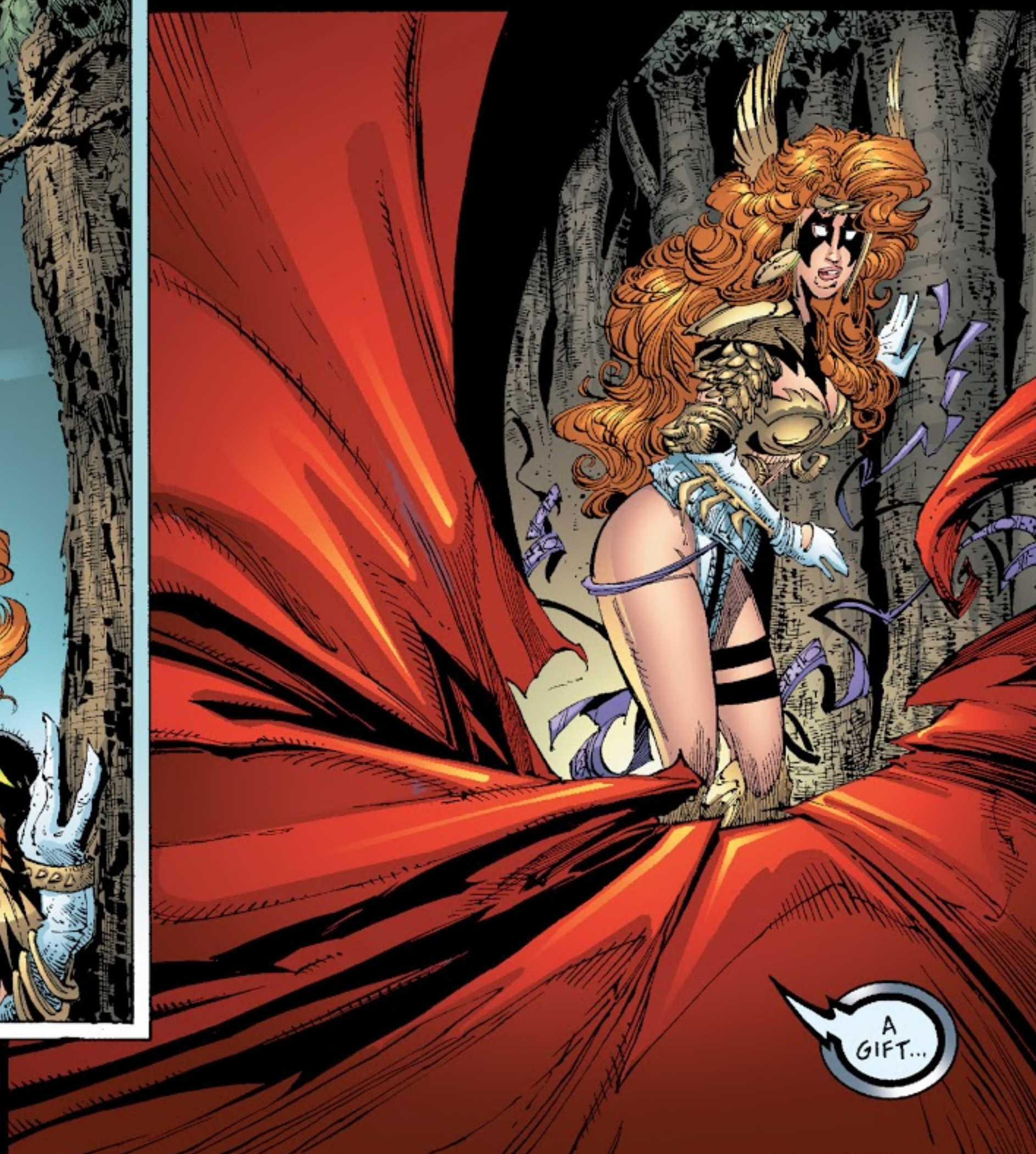


FIRST...  
CONTAINMENT.

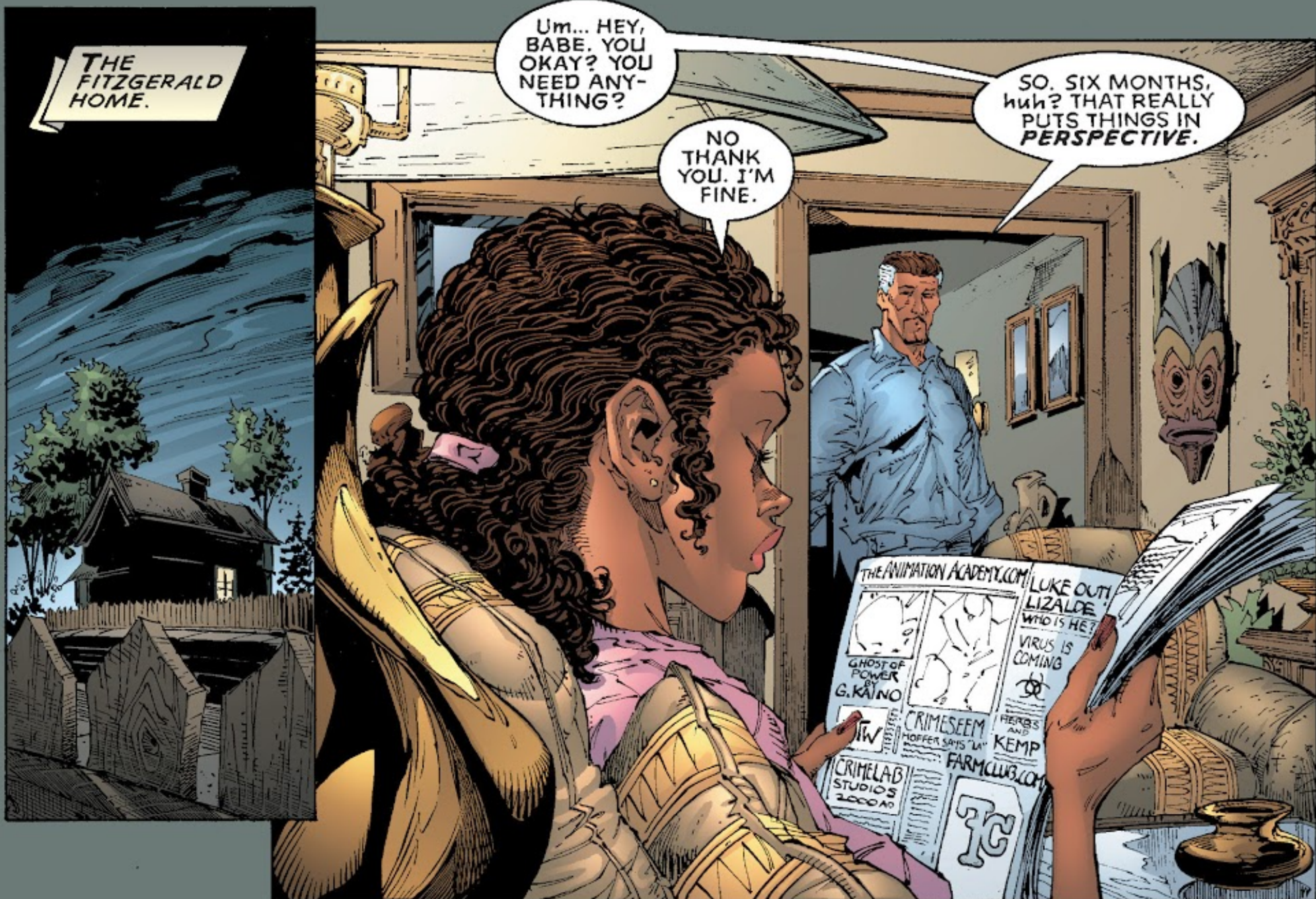
















HOW'D I EVER  
GET SO LUCKY?

YOU GOT  
ME *DRUNK*,  
IF I RECALL  
PROPERLY.

I ALWAYS  
WAS A  
SUCKER FOR  
THE CLASSICS.  
CAN I ASK YOU  
SOMETHING?  
FOR REAL?

SHOOT.



ARE YOU  
EVER SORRY YOU'RE  
MARRIED TO ME? I  
MEAN THAT YOU WOUND  
UP WITH *ME* INSTEAD...  
INSTEAD OF...

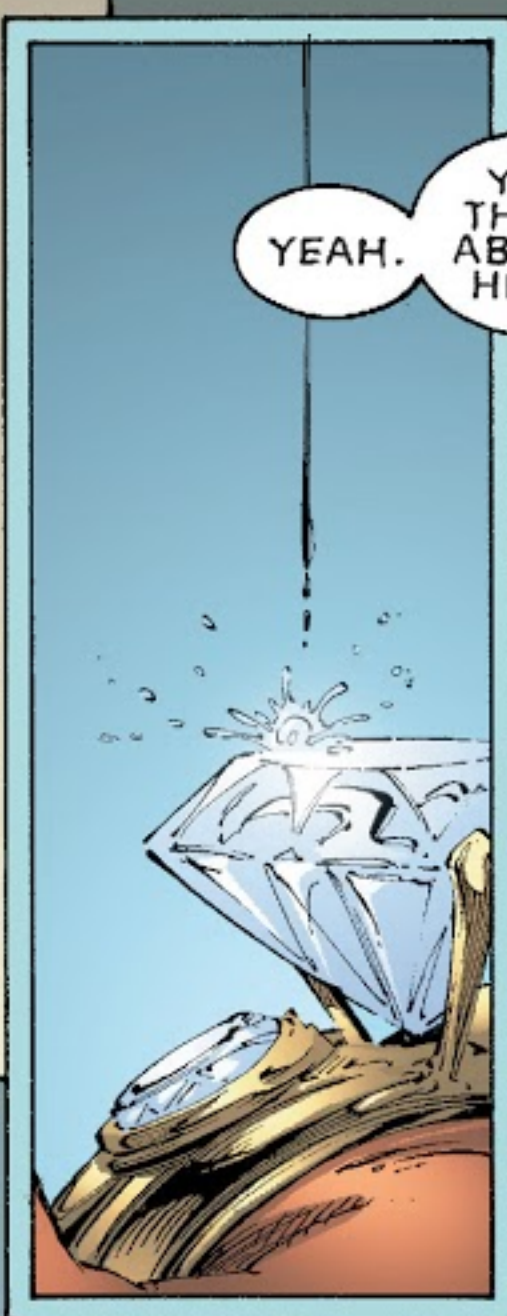
INSTEAD  
OF *AL*?

YEAH.  
I GUESS  
THAT'S WHAT  
I'M ASKING.  
IT'S JUST...  
SOMETIMES I  
FEEL LIKE I'M  
COMPETING  
WITH A  
GHOST,  
Y'KNOW?



AM I  
SORRY HE  
DIED? GOD  
YES. BUT AM  
I SORRY I'M  
WITH YOU?  
NO. NEVER.  
NOT FOR A  
MOMENT.

YOU'VE  
BEEN  
NEEDING  
TO HEAR  
THAT FOR  
A WHILE,  
huh?



YEAH.

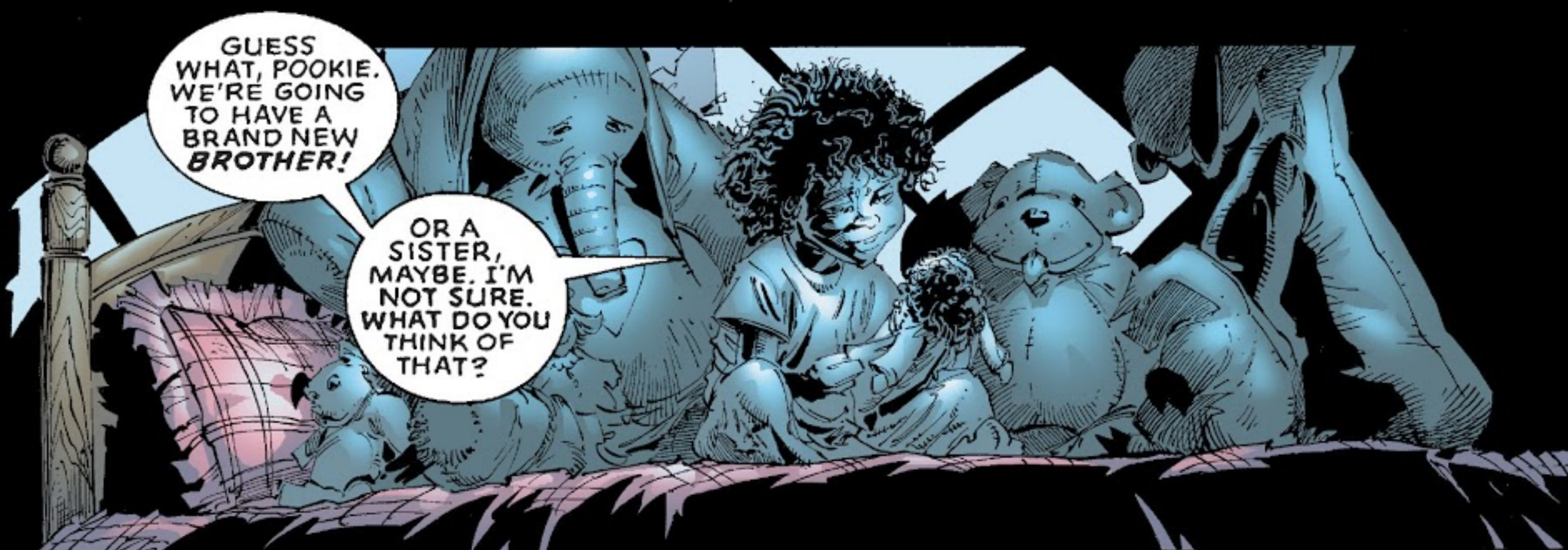
YOU  
THINK  
ABOUT  
HIM?

TRUTH? I  
DO. EVERY DAY.  
BUT YOU KNOW  
WHAT? SO *DO*  
*YOU*.

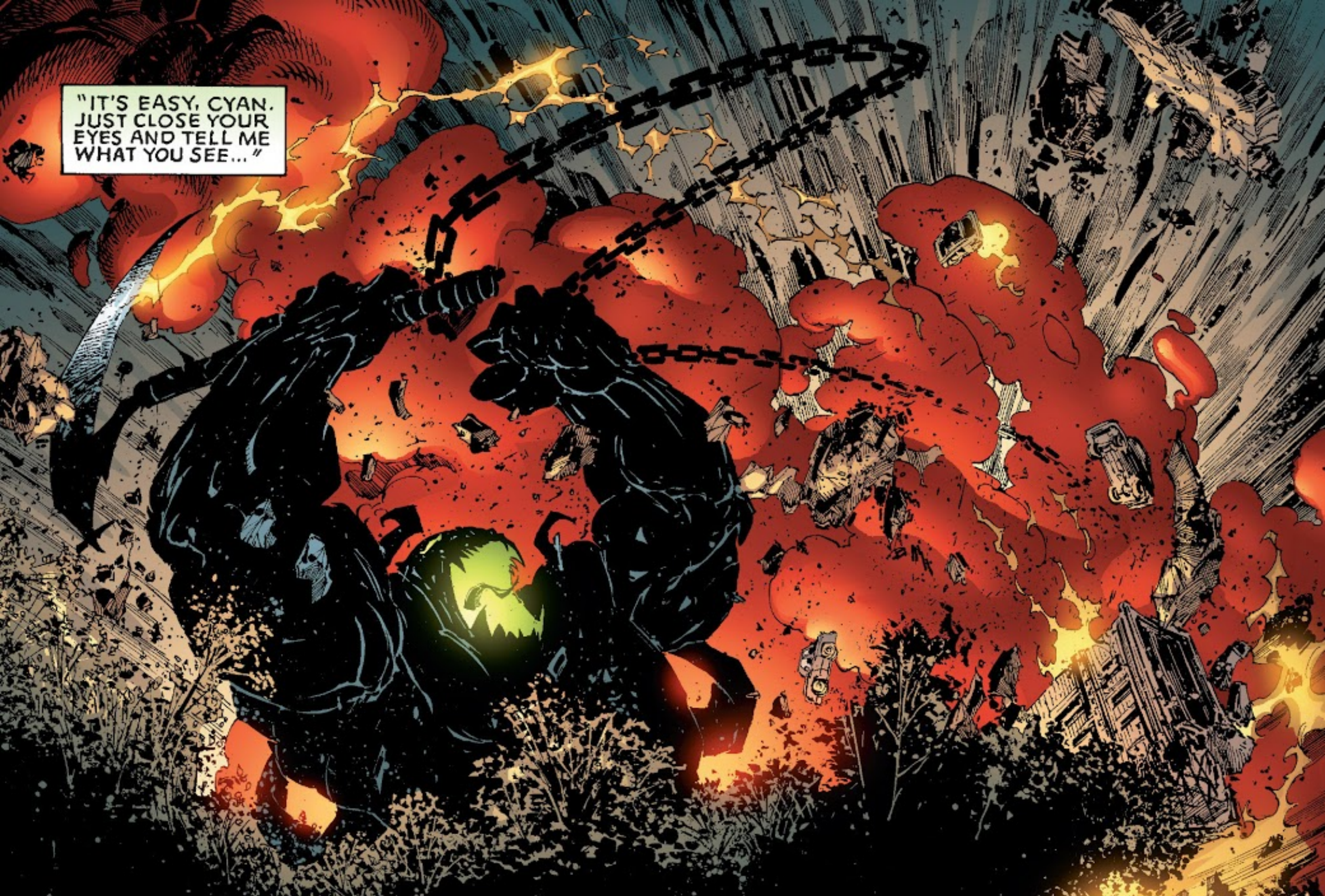
YOU'RE  
RIGHT.  
I DO.



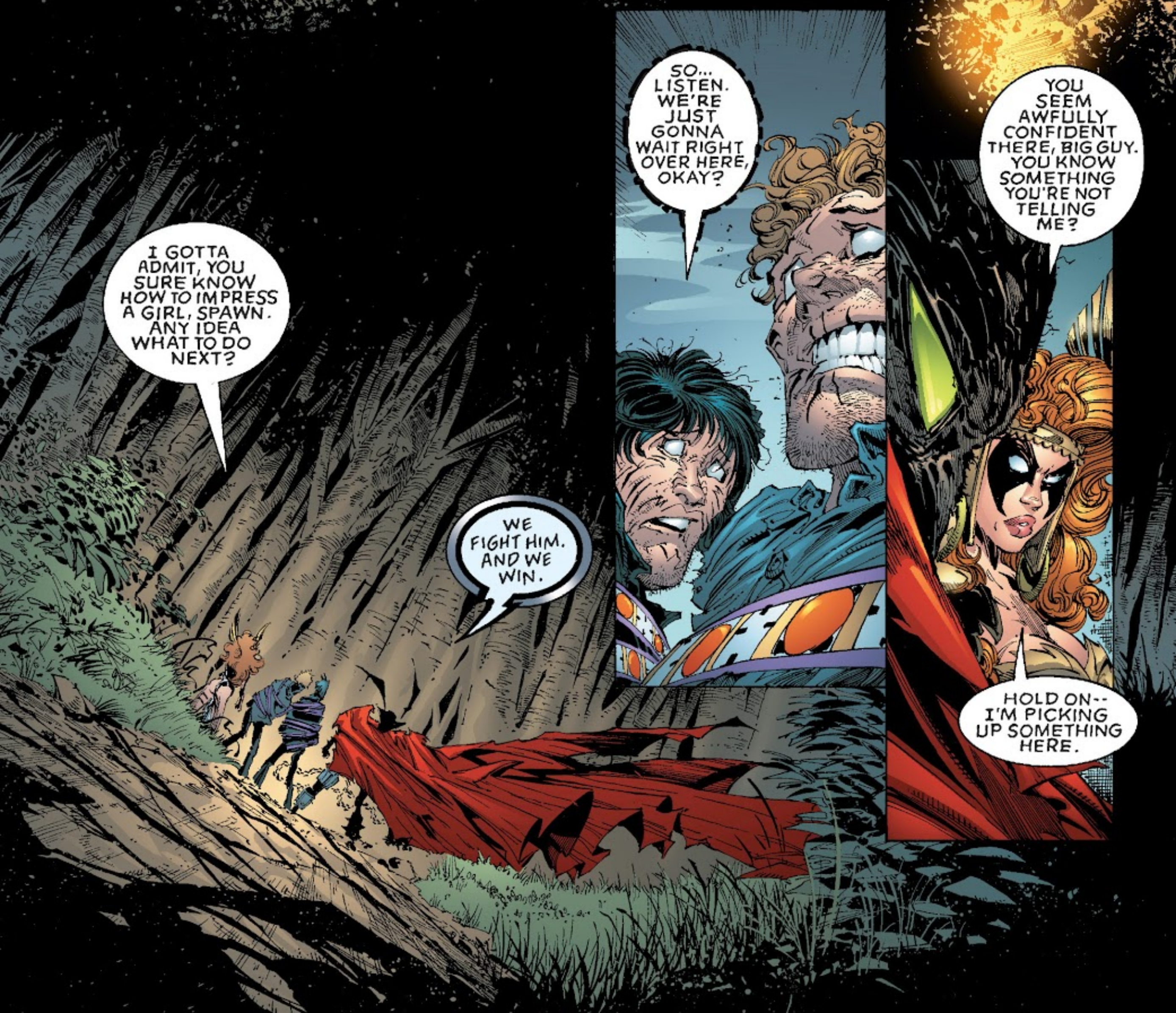








"IT'S EASY, CYAN.  
JUST CLOSE YOUR  
EYES AND TELL ME  
WHAT YOU SEE..."



I GOTTA  
ADMIT, YOU  
SURE KNOW  
HOW TO IMPRESS  
A GIRL, SPAWN.  
ANY IDEA  
WHAT TO DO  
NEXT?

WE  
FIGHT HIM.  
AND WE  
WIN.



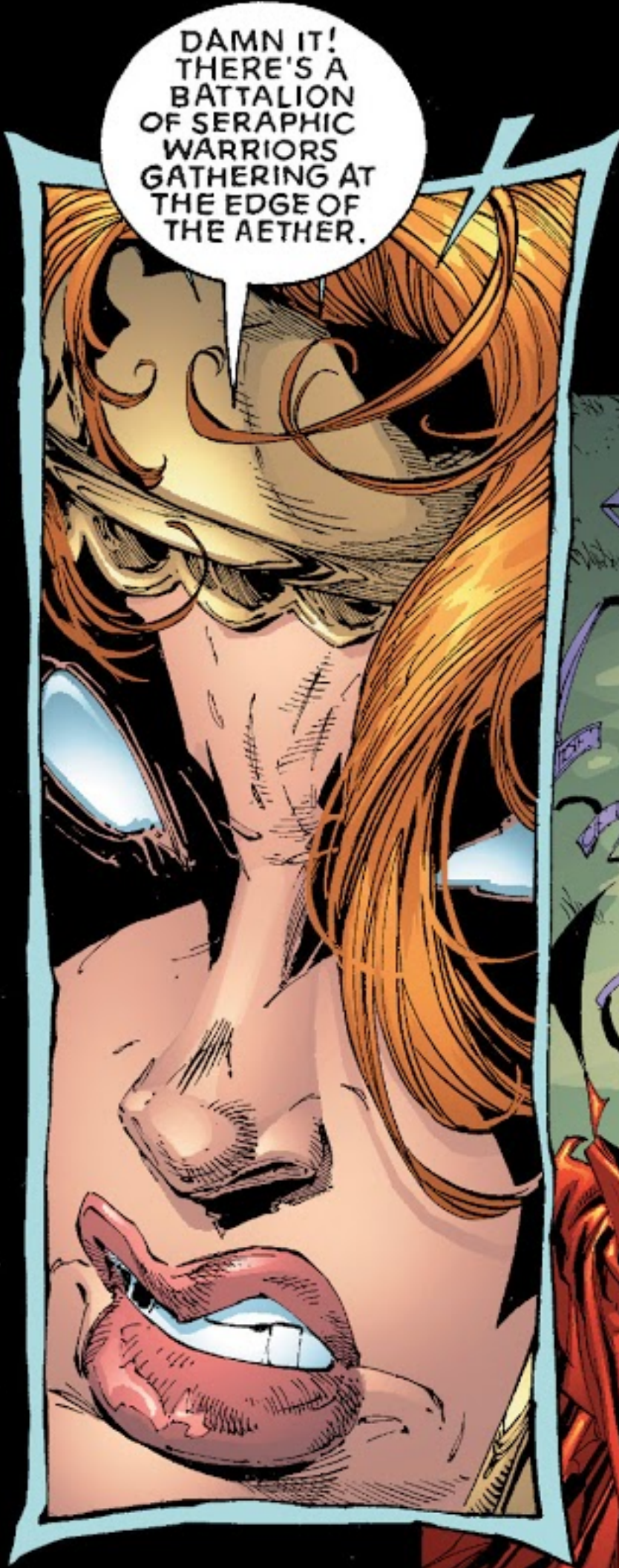
SO...  
LISTEN.  
WE'RE  
JUST  
GONNA  
WAIT RIGHT  
OVER HERE,  
OKAY?



YOU  
SEEM  
AWFULLY  
CONFIDENT  
THERE, BIG GUY.  
YOU KNOW  
SOMETHING  
YOU'RE NOT  
TELLING  
ME?

HOLD ON--  
I'M PICKING  
UP SOMETHING  
HERE.





DAMN IT!  
THERE'S A  
BATTALION  
OF SERAPHIC  
WARRIORS  
GATHERING AT  
THE EDGE OF  
THE AETHER.



WHY'D  
EVERYONE  
HAVE TO PICK  
**TODAY**  
TO BE A  
HERO?

I'VE  
GOT  
TO GO  
STOP  
THEM.



SPAWN,  
WAIT HERE.  
I'LL BE BACK  
IN A FLASH.  
DON'T MAKE  
A MOVE  
WITHOUT  
ME.

I'M  
**SERIOUS.**



LET'S GO.

HEY!

WAIT!  
THE NICE  
LADY  
SAID TO  
**WAIT!**



FOR THE  
GLORY OF THE  
KINGDOM...



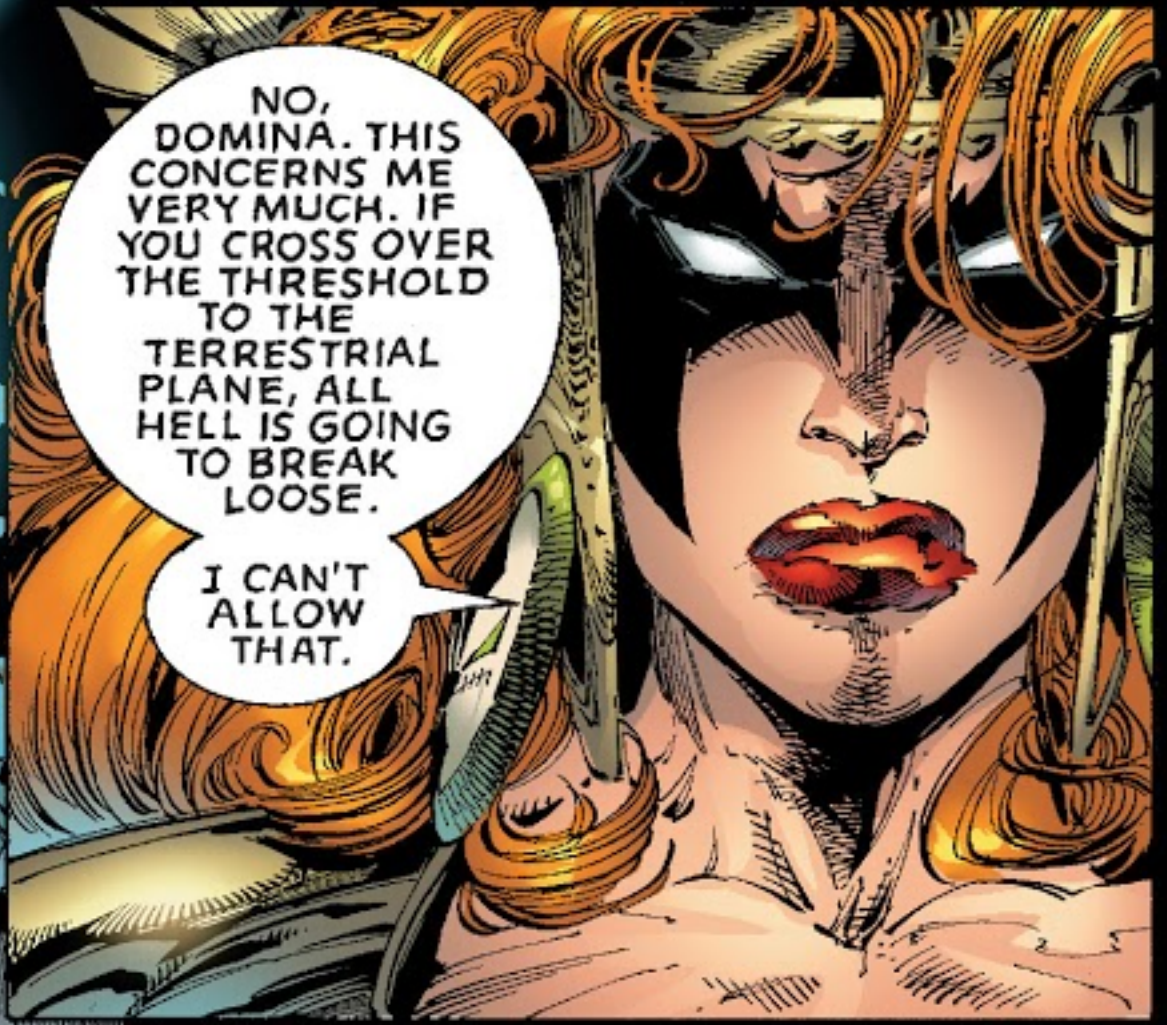
WHO--?



THAT'S FAR  
ENOUGH,  
DOMINA!



NO,  
DOMINA. THIS  
CONCERNS ME  
VERY MUCH. IF  
YOU CROSS OVER  
THE THRESHOLD  
TO THE  
TERRESTRIAL  
PLANE, ALL  
HELL IS GOING  
TO BREAK  
LOOSE.  
I CAN'T  
ALLOW  
THAT.



ANGELA!  
GET OUT OF  
MY WAY! YOU  
ARE NO LONGER  
OUR *SISTER*.  
THIS IS NO  
CONCERN OF  
YOURS!

STAND  
ASIDE,  
ANGELA.  
EARTH IS IN  
PERIL AND  
WE MEAN TO  
DEFEND  
HER.

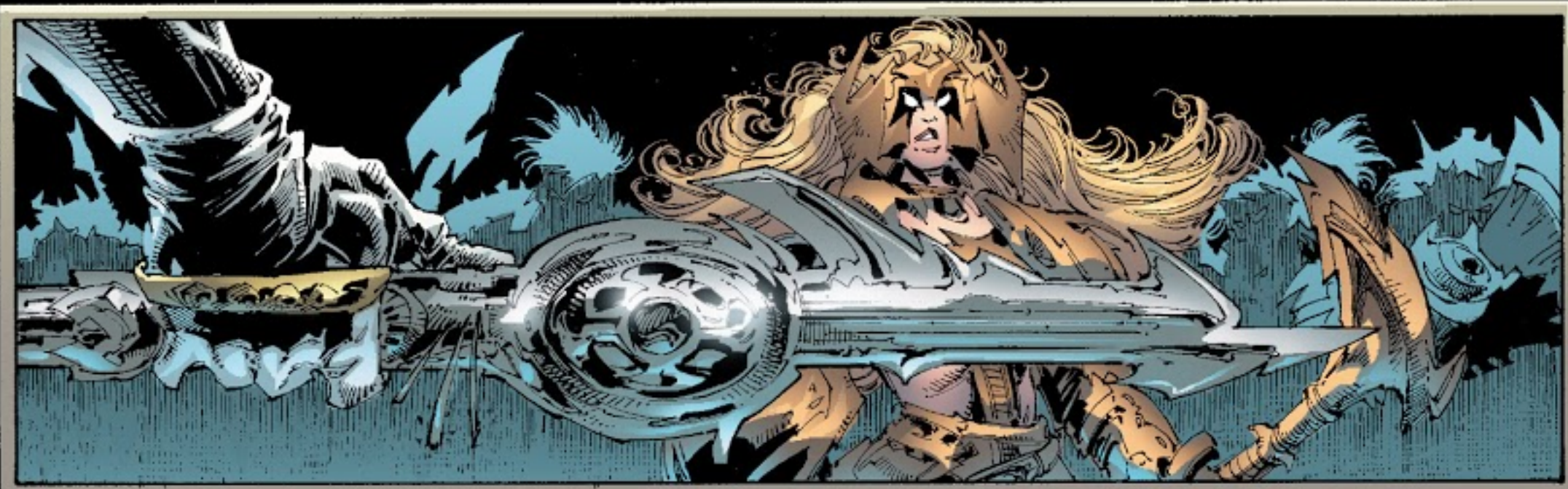




NO!  
YOU WILL  
**DESTROY** HER!  
LISTEN TO ME!  
ALL OF YOU! IT  
IS A TRICK, A  
SCHEME  
OF THE  
ENEMY.

INTERFERE AND  
YOU WILL USHER IN  
THE **FINAL WAR!**  
YOU WILL START  
**ARMAGEDDON.**

BUT I'M  
NOT GOING  
TO LET THAT  
HAPPEN...



EVEN IF  
I HAVE TO  
**CRIPPLE**  
EVERY **LAST**  
**ONE** OF  
YOU!





"DON'T BOTHER  
TO CRY OUT, DEAR.  
THEY CAN'T HEAR  
YOU. THEY THINK  
YOU'RE SLEEPING."

"MAYBE  
YOU ARE.  
MAYBE  
THIS IS  
ALL JUST  
A BAD  
DREAM."

"NOW, TELL  
ME ABOUT  
YOUR FRIEND.  
TELL ME  
ABOUT THE  
*SAD MAN.*"





"TELL ME WHAT  
YOU THINK IS  
GOING TO HAPPEN."



"DOES THE HERO  
WIN THE DAY?"



"DOES DARKNESS  
TRIUMPH?"



"HOW IS  
IT ALL  
GOING  
TO END?"





STOP IT!  
GO AWAY!  
LEAVE ME  
ALONE!



LEAVE  
*HIM*  
ALONE...

IT'S A  
LITTLE  
TOO LATE  
FOR THAT,  
I'M  
AFRAID...



EVENTS  
HAVE BEEN  
SET IN MOTION  
AND THERE'S  
NO WAY TO  
STOP  
THEM.

*Sniff...*



THE DIE  
IS CAST, THE  
BATTLE IS JOINED.  
NOW, ONLY ONE  
QUESTION  
REMAINS...





"WHO IS GOING TO WIN?"

TO BE  
CONTINUED...





SPAWN.COM

# SPAWN



Capullo  
00

DANNY  
Mik  
2000AD



99  
DIGITAL  
EDITION



MAYBE  
YOU DIDN'T  
HEAR ME  
THE FIRST  
TIME...





THE  
ÆTHER:

STAY  
AWAY  
FROM  
EARTH!

THERE IS A  
RENEGADE  
ANGEL  
WHO RAILS  
AGAINST  
AN ARMY OF  
HEAVEN'S  
ELITE.

THE  
AIRLESS  
NOTHING  
OF DEMI-  
SPACE  
ECHOES  
WITH HER  
BATTLE  
FURY.

ROOKIES.

STOP  
HER!  
SHE'S  
MAD!

UMNF!

SHE IS  
CALLED  
ANGELA.





DON'T  
YOU GET IT?  
SOMEONE'S  
ENGINEERING  
THE  
APOCALYPSE.

ONCE  
YOU CROSS  
OVER THE VEIL,  
HELL WILL  
UNLEASH ITS  
ARMIES...



THIS IS NOT  
YOUR CONCERN,  
ANGELA.  
YOU ARE AN  
**OUTCAST.**

YOUR  
OPINION  
MEANS  
NOTHING  
HERE.



SHE CURSES  
HER ZEALOUS  
RIVALS FOR THE  
PRECIOUS TIME  
THAT THEY  
COST HER.



BUT SHE IS  
RESOLUTE. HER  
DETERMINATION  
WILL NOT WAVER.



THIS  
ISN'T A  
DEBATE,  
KIDDIES.

YOU WANT  
TO GET PAST  
ME, YOU'RE  
GOING TO  
HAVE TO  
**KILL ME.**



AND WE  
BOTH KNOW  
THAT'S **NOT**  
GOING TO  
HAPPEN.





ON THE  
EARTH:

TURN  
AROUND,  
URZEN...

THERE IS A HELL-  
BORN CREATURE WHO  
BATTLES WITH A DARK  
GOD, UNLEASHED  
FROM TIMELESS  
SLUMBER.

I WANT  
YOU TO SEE  
THE FACE  
OF YOUR  
UNDOING.

ONCE HE WAS A  
MAN, BUT THAT  
WAS LONG AGO.  
NOW, HE IS  
SOMETHING  
MUCH GREATER.

I WANT  
YOU TO SEE  
WHAT I AM  
MADE OF...





HE IS  
CALLED  
SPAWN.

IN LIFE, HE WAS A  
SOLDIER. THAT LIFE IS  
JUST A FAINT MEMORY  
NOW, BUT HIS WARRIOR  
INSTINCT STILL BURNS  
DEEP WITHIN HIM.

URIZEN REELS. HIS  
VOICE ECHOES WITH  
A THOUSAND  
THUNDERS, BELLOWING  
IN SOME ANCIENT,  
WORDLESS LANGUAGE.

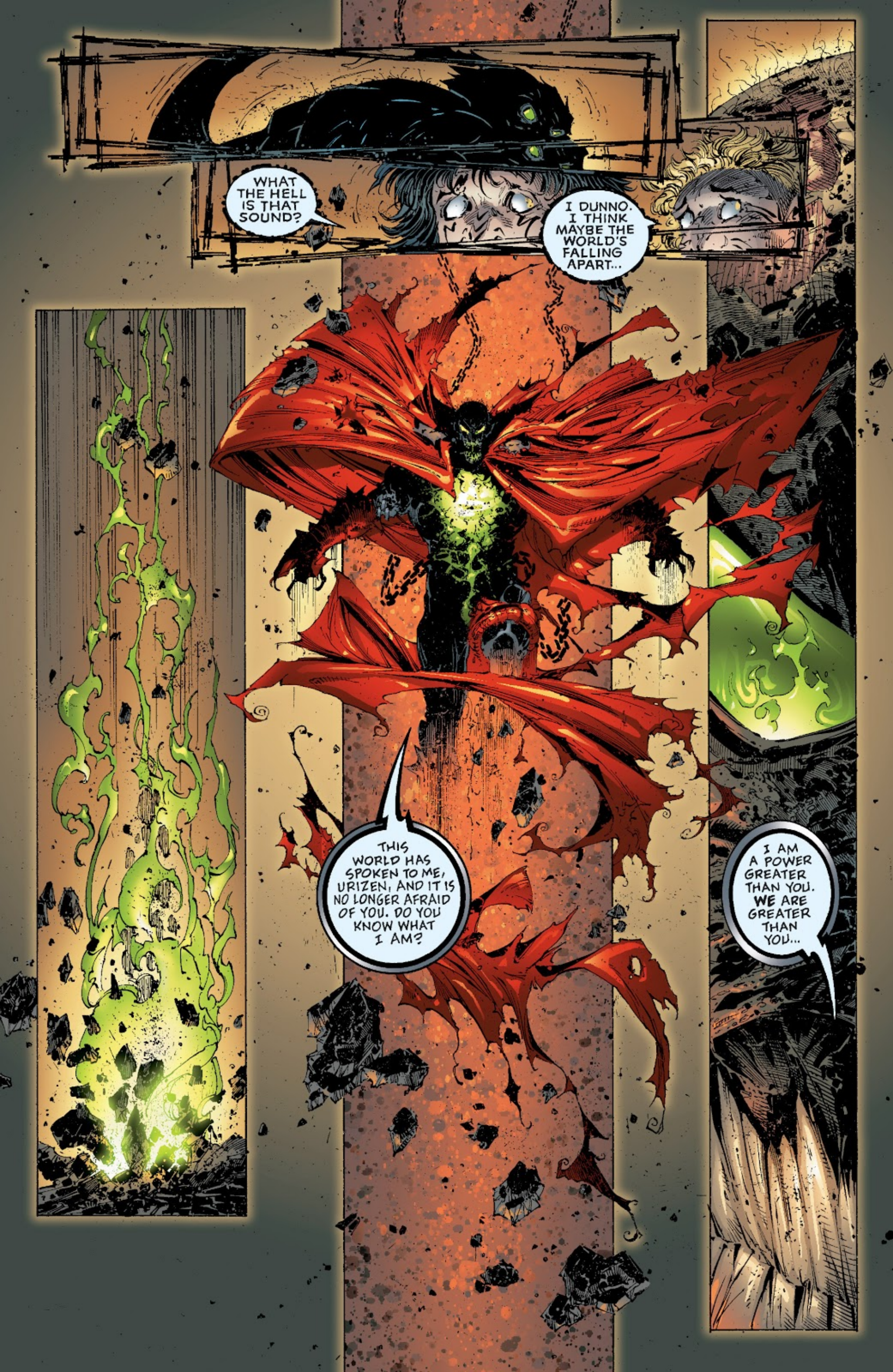
HE IS SHADOW  
GIVEN FORM, A  
SOUL-DENYING  
STORM UN-  
LEASHED ON  
A FRAGILE  
EARTH.

THE WORLD  
SHUDDERS  
BENEATH  
HIM.









WHAT  
THE HELL  
IS THAT  
SOUND?

I DUNNO.  
I THINK  
MAYBE THE  
WORLD'S  
FALLING  
APART...

THIS  
WORLD HAS  
SPOKEN TO ME,  
URIZEN, AND IT IS  
NO LONGER AFRAID  
OF YOU. DO YOU  
KNOW WHAT  
I AM?

I AM  
A POWER  
GREATER  
THAN YOU.  
WE ARE  
GREATER  
THAN  
YOU...





THERE IS A  
LITTLE GIRL  
WHO DOES NOT  
UNDERSTAND  
THE GREAT  
EVENTS THAT  
MOVE SILENTLY  
AROUND HER.



SHE ONLY  
KNOWS  
THAT SOME-  
ONE SHE  
CARES  
ABOUT IS  
IN TROUBLE.

YOU  
OKAY,  
BABY?

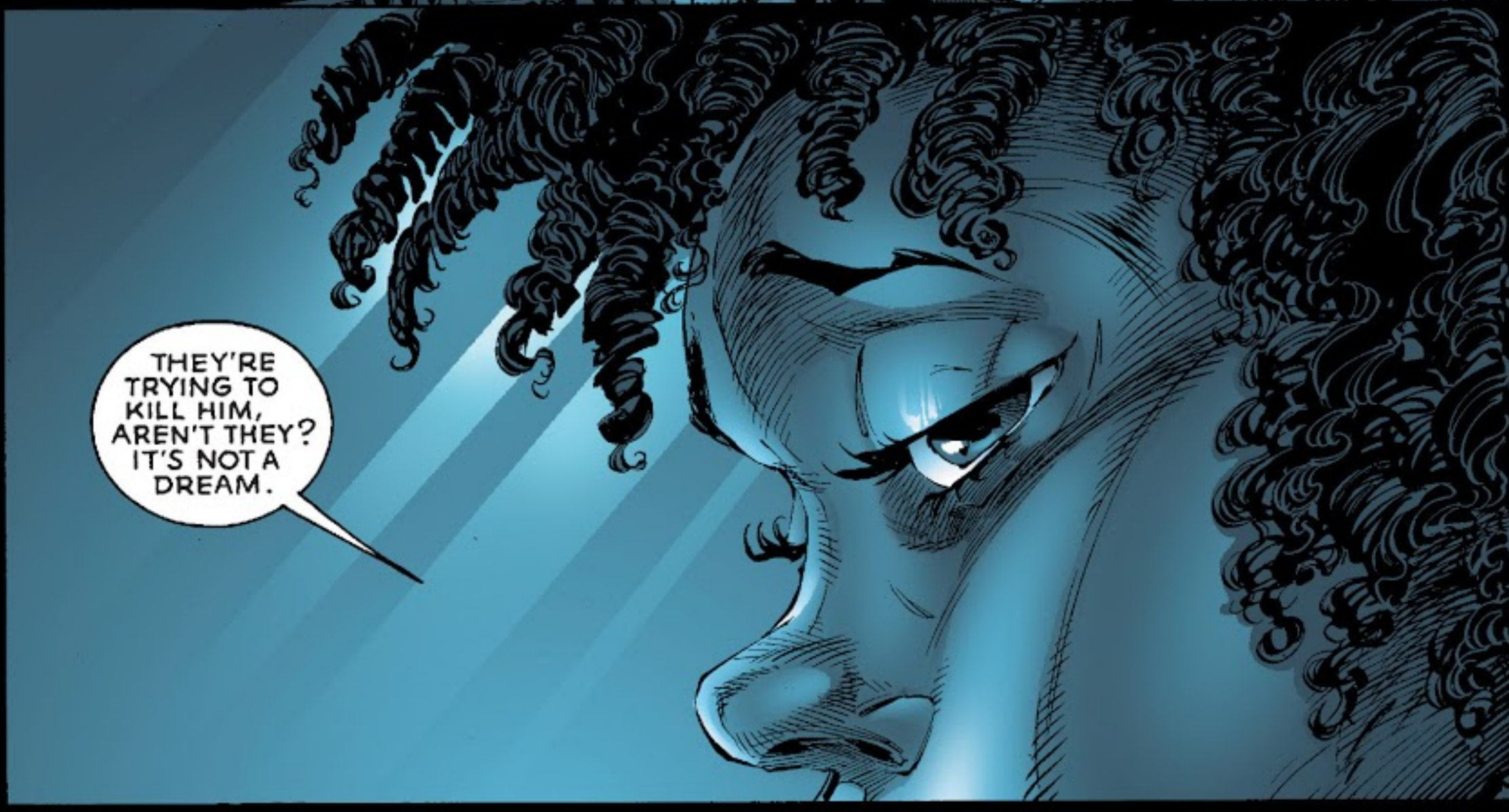
SHE IS  
CALLED  
CYAN.



IT'S OKAY  
TO TALK ABOUT  
IT, HONEY. YOU  
CAN TELL ME. I  
KNOW NOT EVERY-  
BODY UNDERSTANDS  
THESE THINGS,  
SUGAR. BUT  
GRANNY BLAKE  
DOES.

YOU'RE SPECIAL.  
YOU SEE THINGS  
NO ONE ELSE DOES.  
NO SHAME IN THAT.  
IT'S IN YOUR BLOOD.  
UNDERSTAND?

Mmm-  
hmm.



THEY'RE  
TRYING TO  
KILL HIM,  
AREN'T THEY?  
IT'S NOT A  
DREAM.



WHO IS?  
WHO'S TRYING TO  
KILL WHO?

I DON'T  
KNOW. THE  
**BAD PEOPLE.**  
THEY WANT TO HURT  
THE **SAD MAN.**  
THEY WANT TO  
PULL HIM BACK  
DOWN.

THEY  
WANT TO  
BRING  
HIM BACK  
HOME WITH  
THEM.

WELL  
THEN, WE  
CAN'T LET THAT  
HAPPEN  
THEN, CAN  
WE?

YOU CAN  
FEEL HIM, CAN'T  
YOU? THE SAD MAN.  
YOU CAN FEEL HIM  
AND HE CAN FEEL  
YOU, RIGHT?

I  
THINK  
SO.

THEN  
YOU NEED  
TO HOLD HIM  
AS HARD AS YOU  
CAN. HOLD HIM IN  
YOUR MIND.  
SURROUND HIM  
WITH YOUR  
THOUGHTS AND  
**PROTECT**  
HIM.

SEE, YOU'VE  
GOT TO BE HIS  
ANCHOR AND THEN  
THEY CAN'T DRAG  
HIM DOWN WITH  
THEM. OKAY?

'KAY.

AND  
I'VE GOT YOU,  
BABY. NO ONE'S  
GONNA HURT  
YOU, 'CAUSE I'M  
GONNA BE  
**YOUR**  
ANCHOR.



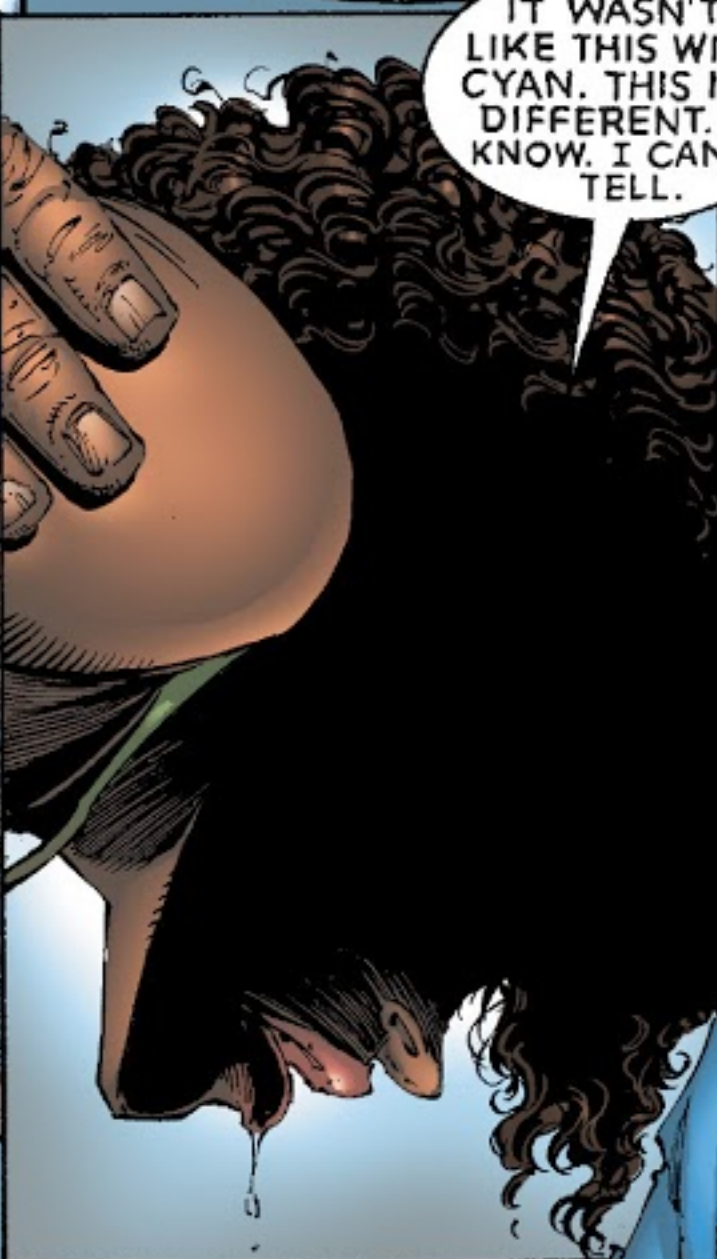


I GOT GRANNY WATCHING CYAN. DO YOU WANT ME TO CALL THE DOCTOR?

I... I... I...



OKAY, BABY. I'M GONNA TAKE THAT AS A "YES."



OH CHRIST, TERRY. THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG. THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG INSIDE OF ME. I CAN FEEL IT.

IT WASN'T LIKE THIS WITH CYAN. THIS IS DIFFERENT. I KNOW. I CAN TELL.

LOOK, THIS PREGNANCY HAS GOT US BOTH A LITTLE FREAKED OUT. IT'S PROBABLY JUST NERVES OR SOMETHING.

BUT DON'T WORRY. IT'LL ALL BE OKAY IN THE END. IT ALWAYS IS.

PROMISE.



I PROMISE YOU, BABY.





UGH!

WHAT'S IT GOING TO TAKE TO GET YOU GIRLS TO BUY A *CLUE*? I'M NOT LETTING YOU NEAR THE EARTH.

NOW, EVERYONE CAN JUST BACK AWAY A THOUSAND LIGHT-YEARS OR SO, OR I'M GONNA TAKE YOUR LEADER'S *HEAD* HERE, AND CHUCK IT INTO THE HEART OF THE *SUN*.

ARE WE CLEAR?

nnnnng.



STOP THIS ABSURD BEHAVIOR IMMEDIATELY.

WE ARE HERE

AT THE BIDDING

OF THE THRONE.

BY ELYSIUM! THE HEAVENLY HOSTS!











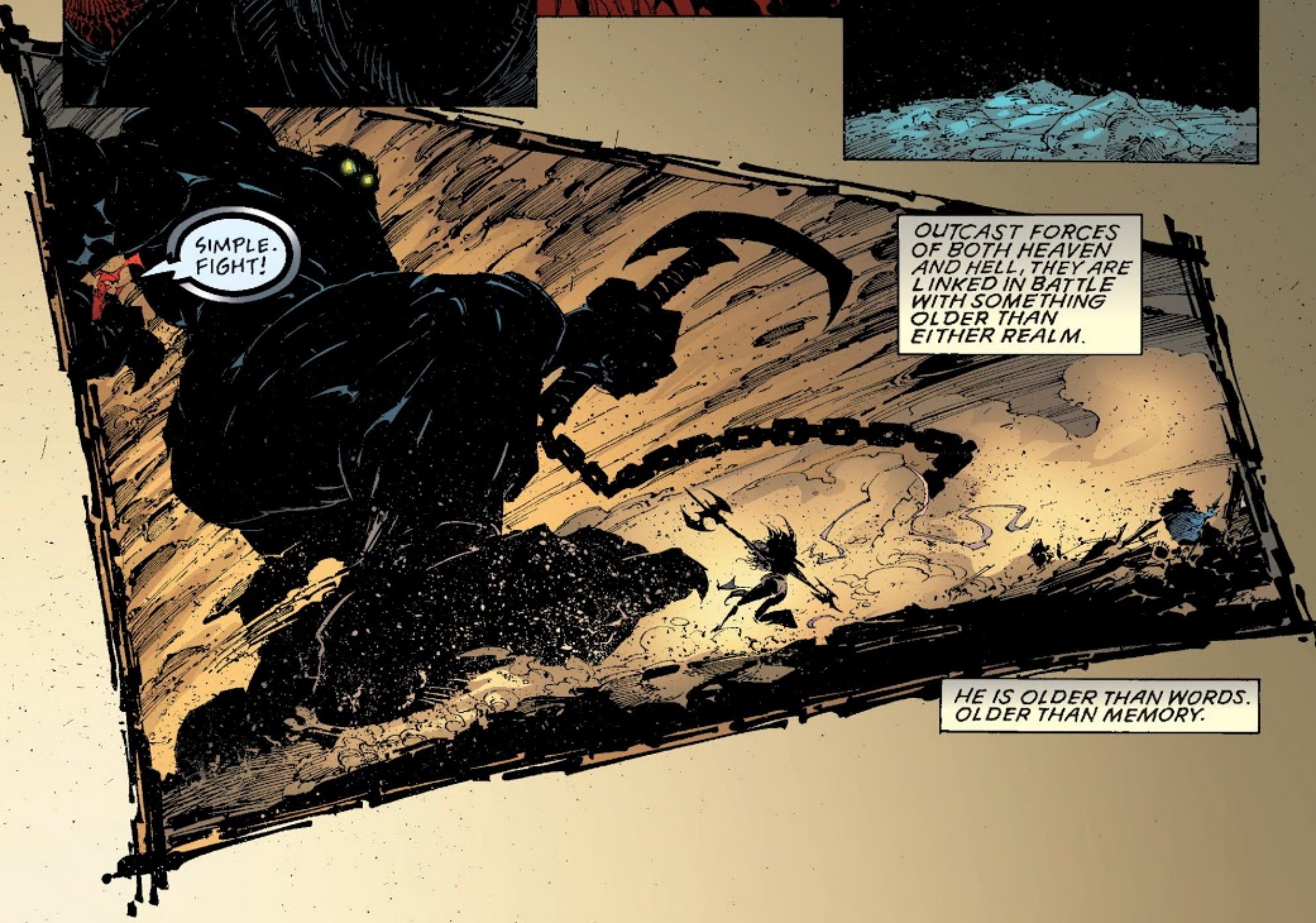
ANGELA...  
WHAT  
ABOUT THE  
ARMIES OF  
HEAVEN?



STARING  
INTO THE  
EYE OF  
URIZEN,  
SPAWN  
SEES THE  
DESOLA-  
TION THAT  
AWAITS  
EARTH IF  
HE FAILS.



UNDER  
CONTROL, BIG  
GUY. I JUST HOPE  
YOU KNOW WHAT  
WE'RE DOING  
HERE.



SIMPLE.  
FIGHT!

OUTCAST FORCES  
OF BOTH HEAVEN  
AND HELL, THEY ARE  
LINKED IN BATTLE  
WITH SOMETHING  
OLDER THAN  
EITHER REALM.

HE IS OLDER THAN WORDS.  
OLDER THAN MEMORY.





--STORM IS ONE OF SEVERAL STRANGE WEATHER PATTERNS AFFECTING THE GLOBE.

METEOROLOGISTS ARE AT A LOSS TO EXPLAIN THESE ANOMALIES, WHICH INCLUDE SNOW FLURRIES OFF OF JAPAN, HURRICANES IN THE NORTH SEA--



HOLD ON, CYAN. BE STRONG. I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT.



TERRY! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG... SOMETHING BAD IS HAPPENING!



HANG ON, BABY. HANG ON.

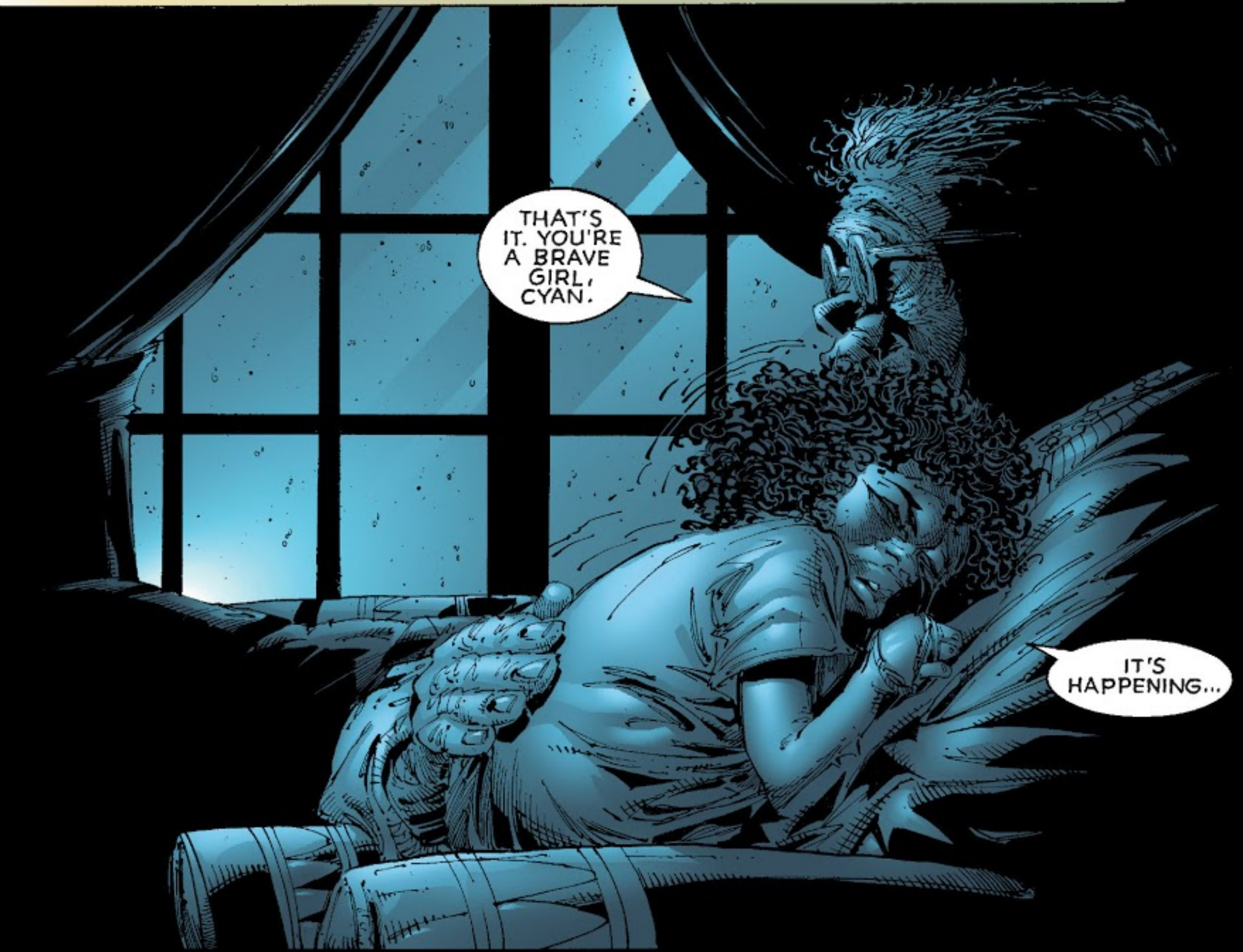


TERRY, I'M BLEEDING!

HANG ON, BABY. HANG ON.



JUST BE BRAVE.



THAT'S IT. YOU'RE A BRAVE GIRL, CYAN.

IT'S HAPPENING...



THE MERE HEM OF HIS SHADOW IS ENOUGH TO CAUSE EARTH TO GROW FALLOW, TO CAUSE PLANTS TO WITHER, TO MAKE MEN TO GO MAD.

BUT STILL, FOR THE FIRST TIME, URIZEN SHOWS FEAR.

HARDER!

HAH!

THE NIGHT EXPLODES IN FURIOUS MOTION. STORMS OF SOD AND ROOT, OF STEEL, FLESH AND SHADOW BURST ACROSS THE SKY.

NOW! GIVE IT EVERYTHING.



ABOVE:  
THE ANGELS  
WATCH  
HELPLESSLY.

BELOW: THE  
LEGIONS OF HELL  
GATHER, AWAITING  
COMMAND.

BETWEEN:  
THE SOUL OF  
THE EARTH  
BREATHES AND  
UNDULATES,  
GATHERING ITS  
STRENGTH...

AND FINALLY,  
BURSTS  
FORTH.

AAAAAH!

URIZEN SHRIEKS, HIS  
VOICE THE TIMBRE  
OF STORM CLOUDS  
GATHERING.

THE CHAINS OF HELL,  
THE RIBBONS OF  
HEAVEN, THE VINES OF  
EARTH ALL THREAD  
AROUND HIM,  
ENVELOPING THE  
SHADOW GOD.



WATER...

EARTH...

AIR...

JNNNGH...

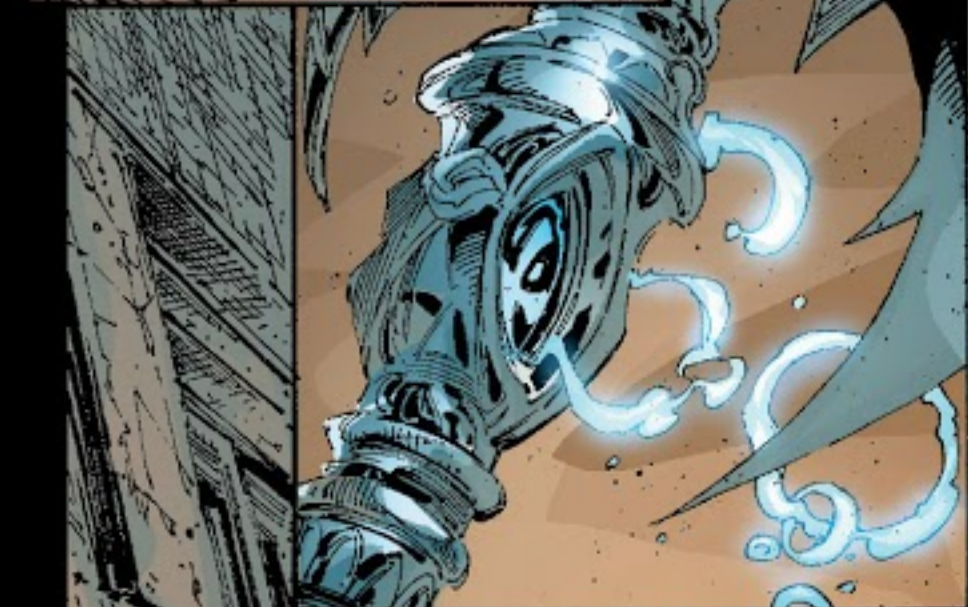
CYAN!

AND  
FIRE.





THAT'S  
RIGHT, YOU  
UGLY PILE OF  
CRAP, YOU'RE  
GOING BACK  
TO WHERE  
YOU CAME  
FROM.



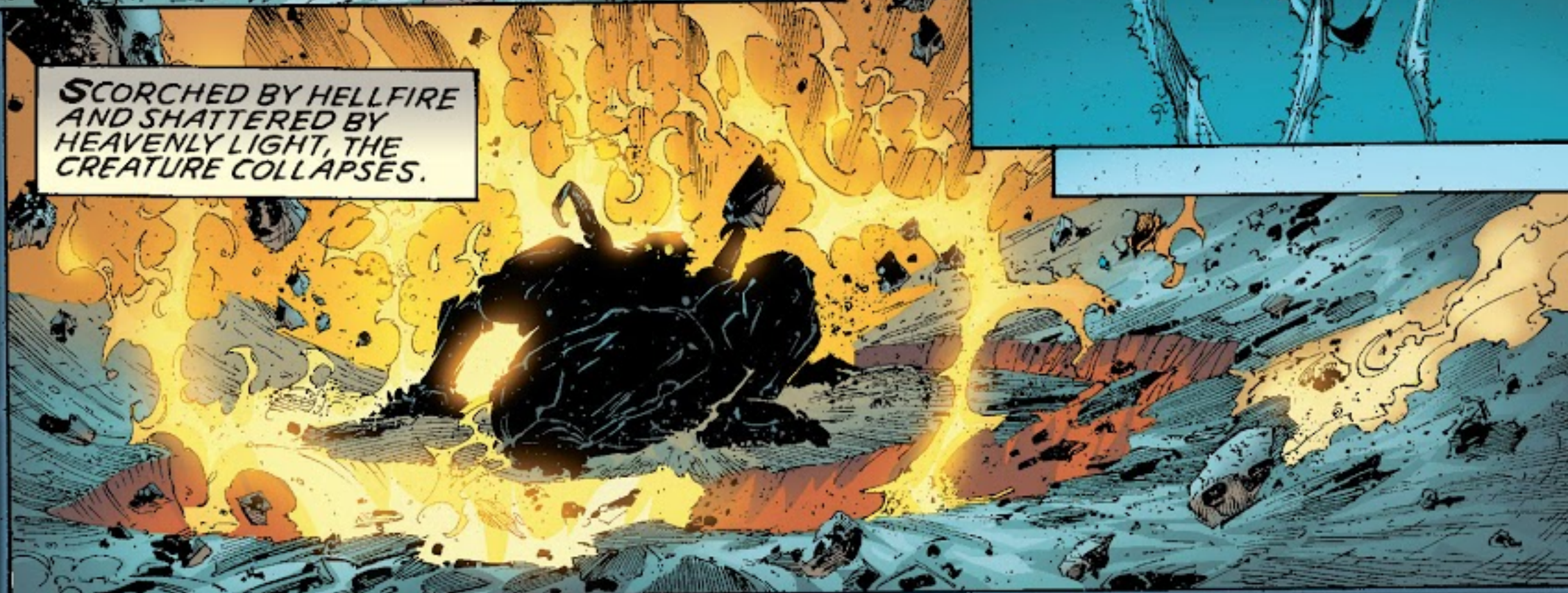




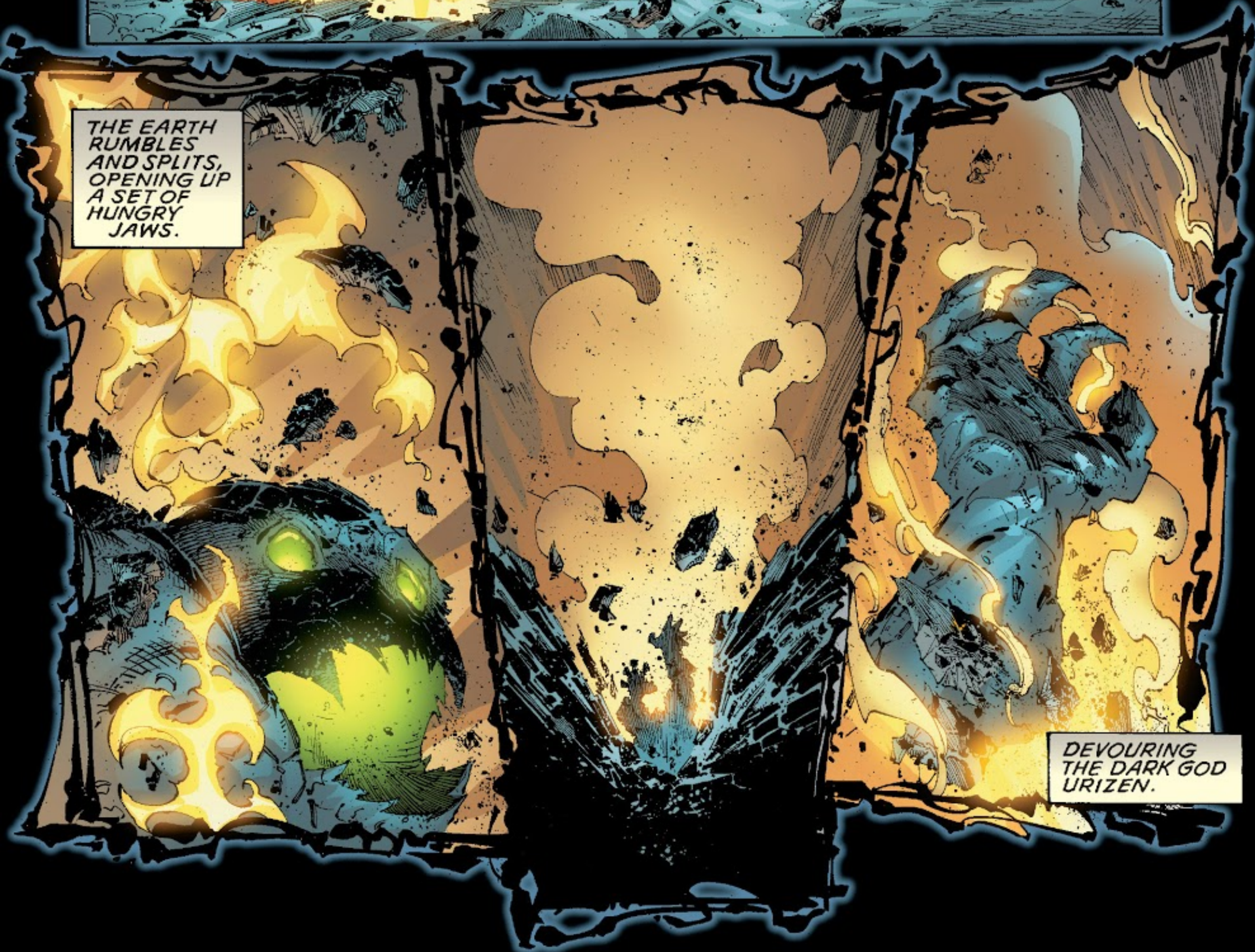
CYAN...  
CHILD, TALK  
TO ME. ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT  
SUGAR?  
CYAN?



SCORCHED BY HELLFIRE  
AND SHATTERED BY  
HEAVENLY LIGHT, THE  
CREATURE COLLAPSES.



THE EARTH  
RUMBLES  
AND SPLITS,  
OPENING UP  
A SET OF  
HUNGRY  
JAWS.



DEVOURING  
THE DARK GOD  
URIZEN.



RETURNING  
HIM TO THE  
COLD, STONY  
PRISON OF  
THE EARTH.











SHUT UP!  
LISTEN  
TO ME...



I WANT  
TO KNOW  
WHO SENT  
YOU. I WANT  
TO KNOW  
NOW!

WHAT YOU  
JUST SAW ME  
DO TO URIZEN  
IS NOTHING  
COMPARED TO  
WHAT I WILL DO  
TO YOU IF YOU  
DON'T TELL ME  
WHAT I WANT  
TO KNOW.



CAN YOU  
FEEL THAT?  
THOSE ARE MY  
NAILS AROUND  
YOUR HEART.  
TELL ME: WHO  
SENT YOU!

IT...  
IT...

TELL  
ME!

IT WAS...  
MMM...



SAY  
IT!

MM-M-MALEBOLGIA...

TO BE  
CONTINUED.

